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JONES'S

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING,

I.
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

II.
RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

III.
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

IV.
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JOHN CHAMBERS,

FOR WILLIAM JONES, No. 86, DAME-STREET.

1795.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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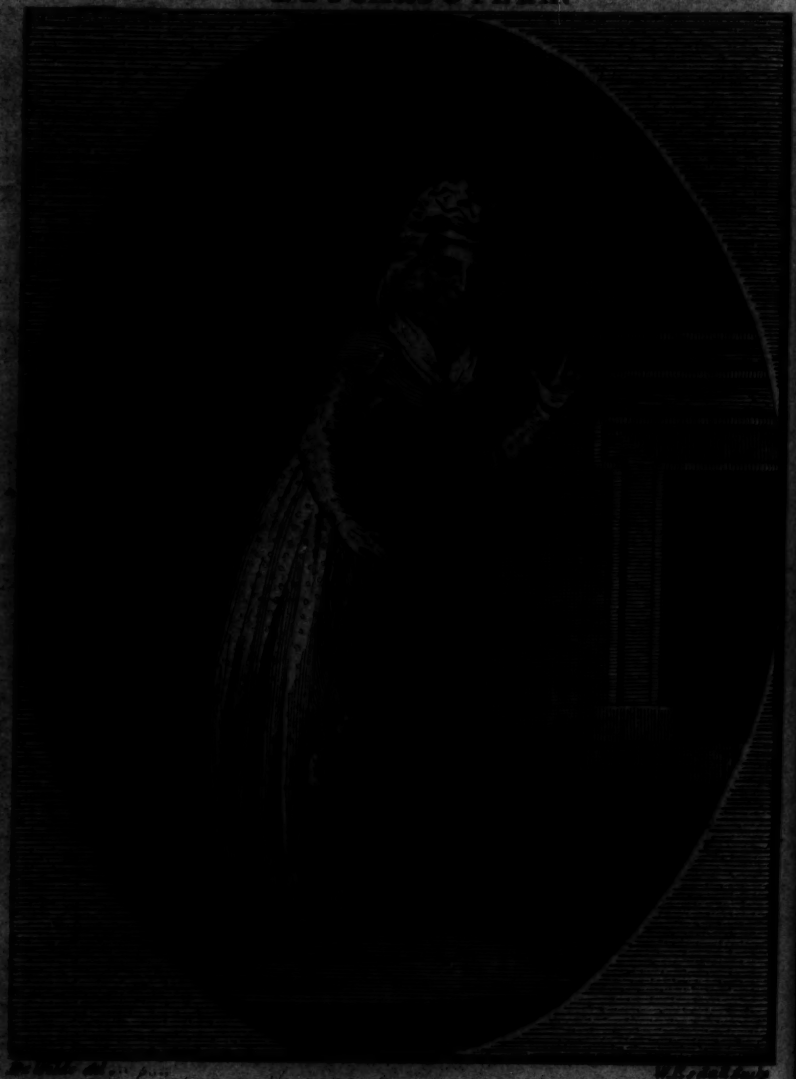
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BEGGARS OPERA.



Mr. CROUCH as POLLY.

Dublin, Published by William Jones, N.º 86 Dame Street.



Dublin, Published by William Jones, N.° 68 Dame Street.


BRITISH MUSEUM
28
55
FEB

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

A

COMIC OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY the Poet.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permiſſion of the Managers.

"The Lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Repreſentation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,
FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCI.

THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

A

COMIC OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY.



AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Mr. [illegible].

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRATTAN, BERRY AND CAMPBELL,

FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M,DCC,LXX.

JOHN GAY.

THE ſubject of this confined narrative, has frequently been held up as a monument of the fallacies of Hope and the diſappointments of Courts.

The commerce between the courtier and the poet ſeems not ſufficiently underſtood—the aim of the one is imputed taſte, and of the other reflected importance:—The patron is immediately a *Mecænas*—the poet a ſervile aſſociate.

GAY conceived himſelf injured by the great and the powerful; as he expected much, ſo he conſidered much as equivalent to his fancied value.

Expectations, however, are generally unreaſonable: the man who, for agreeable and tuneful trifling, hopes a mitre or an embaſſy, ſurely overrates his Talents; and, if he obtain his *food* for his Flattery, carries away its *full worth*.—The diſappointment is too weak for ſympathy.

GAY, the poet, was born at Exeter, in the year 1688, his family was ancient and reſpectable. What education he poſſeſſed, was received under the care of RAYNER, in the free-ſchool of Barnſtaple. Of what extent then were theſe attainments there is no mention; and his works, wherein what he poſſeſſed, would moſt probably be diſplayed, diſcover little of claſſic thought or claſſic alluſion. Perhaps his education had a reference to his intended profeſſion—for *that* little was ſufficient —he was bred a mercer.

For a man, upon whoſe cradle the Muſes had dropt the ſeeds of Poeſy, ſuch an occupation could have but few charms:—Accordingly in 1712 he is known to have been houſe-ſteward to the dutcheſs of Monmouth, there he continued until the year 1714, when, upon lord Clarendon's going to Hanover, GAY accompanied him moſt probably as a private ſecretary. Such appointments for a young man are peculiarly honourable, they indicate aſſiduity and talents, and what are ſtill better, fidelity and amiableneſs of manners.

About the end of that year, 1714, on the Queen's death, he returned to his native country. He was highly favor'd by the Princeſs of Wales,

and had the honour, *in the cold ſweat of aukward reverence*, to read to her, and the ladies of her court, his tragedy of the CAPTIVES in M. S. GAY, here, was nearly in the ſituation of that lackleſs play-wright deſcribed ſo ludicrouſly in the *Adventurer*.—His homage was *proſtration*, for he ſtumbled as he advanced before her Royal Highneſs. He, nevertheleſs, read this play—certainly dull, unpoetical, and unintereſting.

In 1726 he dedicated, by permiſſion, his Fables to the Duke of Cumberland—the year following he was offered the poſt of *Gentleman Uſher* to one of the youngeſt Princeſſes. The pride of Talents revolted at the Indignity—He rejected it with anger—and remonſtrated warmly through his Friends.

GAY's reſidue of life was entirely literary.—Diſappointing viſions of Court-preferment broke his ſpirits, and gloom'd his ſolitary hours; yet the fate of that man cannot be much mourn'd, whoſe patron was QUEENSBURY; who could leave a *fortune* of ſome THOUSAND Pounds at his death, and who, living, had the yet *better* fortune, to call SWIFT and POPE, and ARBUTHNOT and CON-

GREVE, his friends and intimate companions. He died December 1732, in Burlington-Gardens, and was interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

The *Beggar's Opera* is the only dramatic Work by which he ſurvives on the modern ſtage.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

THE intention of the Author in thus naming the piece is not clear.—It may refer to *himſelf*—it may refer to his audience—both ways it proved a *miſnomer*.

This deſign was originally caught from a hint by Swift; and, as a man, into whatever ground he may venture, uſually carries his anger and his prejudices along with him, ſo the BEGGAR'S OPERA became the vehicle of his ſpleen; and thoſe, whoſe influence he could not obtain, he lowered to the level of *Highwaymen* and *Houſebreakers*. That the Court felt any *ſoreneſs* at the ſatire, it is not eaſy to imagine:—If the ſeverity were inſupportable, they knew how to *ſtop* it. The anger of mortification uſually vindicates where it injures—*injuſtice* heals the *venom* in which reſentment ſteeps the ſhafts of the ſatyriſt.

The Characters of this Opera are *low* and *vicious*—the good here can derive no encouragement of virtue, the bad no diſcouragement of vice.

The Airs were ſelected from popular tunes—their popularity is ſtill freſh.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

Beggar.

If poverty be a title to poetry, I am ſure nobody can diſpute mine. I own myſelf of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly feſtivals at St. Giles's. I have a ſmall yearly ſalary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I pleaſe, which is more than moſt poets can ſay.

Play. As we live by the Muſes, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muſes, contrary to all other ladies, pay no diſtinction to dreſs, and never partially miſtake the pertneſs of embroidery for wit, nor the modeſty of want for dullneſs. Be the author who he will, we puſh his play as far as it will go; ſo (though you are in want) I wiſh you ſucceſs heartily.

Beg. This Piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two moſt excellent ballad-ſingers. I have introduced the ſimilies that are in all your celebrated operas, The Swallow, The Moth, The Bee, The Ship, The Flower, *&c.* beſides, I have a priſon ſcene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have obſerved ſuch a nice impartiality to

our two ladies, that it is impoſſible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like thoſe in vogue, for I have no recitative excepting this. As I have conſented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it muſt be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently repreſented by ourſelves in our great room at St. Giles's, ſo that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the ſtage.

Play. But I ſee it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
PEACHUM - - -	Mr. Moody.
LOCKIT - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
MACHEATH - - -	Mr. Kelly.
FILCH - - - -	Mr. Suett.
JEMMY TWITCHER - -	Mr. Webbe.
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK -	Mr. Lyons.
WAT DRARY - - -	Mr. Alfred.
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT - -	Mr. Hayms.
NIMMING NED - - -	Mr. Chapman.
HARRY PADDINGTON - -	Mr. Phillimore.
MAT OF THE MINT -	Mr. Williames.
BEN BUDGE - -	Mr. Burton.
BEGGAR - - -	Mr. Maddox.
PLAYER - - -	Mr. Benson.
	Women.
Mrs. PEACHUM - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
POLLY PEACHUM - -	Mrs. Crouch.
LUCY LOCKIT - - -	Mrs. Edwards.
DIANA TRAPES - -	Mrs. Booth.
Mrs. COAXER - - -	Mrs. Fox
DOLLY TRULL - -	Mrs. Davies.
BETTY DOXEY - - -	Mrs. Shaw.
JENNY DIVER - -	Miss Barnes.
Mrs. SLAMMEKIN - -	Miss Tidswell.
SUKEY TAWDRY - -	Mrs. Heard.
MOLLY BRAZEN - -	Mrs. Butter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
PEACHUM	Mr. Ryder.
LOCKIT	Mr. Cubit.
MACHEATH	Mr. Banniſter.
FILCH	Mr. Blanchard.
JEMMY TWITCHER	Mr. Evatt.
CROOK-FINGER'D JACK	Mr. Milburn.
WAT DREARY	Mr. Letteny.
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT	Mr. Burton.
NIMMING NED	Mr. Lee.
HARRY PADDINGTON	Mr. Painter.
MAT OF THE MINT	Mr. Darley.
BEN BUDGE	Mr. Rock.
BEGGAR	Omitted.
PLAYER	Ditto.
DRAWER	Mr. Farley.

	Women.
Mrs. PEACHUM	Mrs. Webb.
POLLY PEACHUM	Mrs. Billington.
LUCY LOCKIT	Mrs. Martyr.
DIANA TRAPES	Omitted.
Mrs. COAXER	Mrs. Francis.
DOLLY TRULL	Mrs. Rowſon.
Mrs. VIXEN	Mrs. Brangin.
BETTY DOXEY	Mrs. Lloyd.
JENNY DIVER	Mrs. Stuart.
Mſs. SLAMMEKIN	Mrs. Rock.
SUKEY TAWDRY	Mrs. Maſters.
MOLLY BRAZEN	Mrs. Leſevre.

THE

BEGGAR's OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE, PEACHUM's *House.*

PEACHUM *ſitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR.

An old woman clothed in gray.

THRO' all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuſes his brother,
Whore and rogue they call huſband and wife,
All profeſſions berogue one another:
The prieſt calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine,
And the ſtateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks his trade as honeſt as mine.

A lawyer's is an honeſt employment, ſo is mine; like me too he acts in a double capacity, both againſt rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we ſhould protect and encourage cheats, ſince we live by 'em.

Enter Filch.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath ſent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and ſhe hopes you will order matters ſo as to bring her off.

Peach. Why ſhe may plead her belly at worſt; to my knowledge ſhe hath taken care of that ſecurity: but, as the wench is very active and induſtrious, you may ſatisfy her that I'll ſoften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! when I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand—This is death without reprieve; I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll ſave her from tranſportation, for I can get more by her ſtaying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock this year than any five of the gang, and in truth 'tis pity to loſe ſo good a cuſtomer.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off, ſhe may in the common courſe of buſineſs live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'ſcape. A good ſportſman always lets the hen partridges fly, becauſe the breed of the game depends upon them. Beſides, here

the law allows us no reward. There is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without diſpute ſhe is a fine woman! 'twas to her I was obliged for my education. (To ſay a bold word.) She hath trained up more young fellows to the buſineſs than the gaming table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy obſervation is right. We and the ſurgeons are more beholden to women than all the profeſſions beſides.

AIR.

The bonny gray-ey'd morn, &c.

Filch. *'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind;*
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And Beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

Peach. But make haſte to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them eaſy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in ſuſpenſe, penitence may break his ſpirit ever after. Beſides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him riſk another without fear or ſcruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleaſure to be the meſſenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution againſt next ſeſſions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A regiſter of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crook-finger'd Jack, a year and a half in the ſervice: let me ſee how much the ſtock owes to his induſtry? one, two, three, four, five, gold watches, and ſeven ſilver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! ſixteen ſnuff-boxes, five of them of true gold, ſix dozen of hand-kerchiefs, four ſilver-hilted ſwords, half a dozen of ſhirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Conſidering theſe are only fruits of his leiſure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging preſence of mind upon the road. Wat. Dreary, alias Brown Will; an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of diſpoſing of his goods. I'll try him only for a ſeſſion or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington; a poor petty-larceny raſcal, without the leaſt genius! that fellow, tho' he were to live theſe ſix months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next Seſſions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honeſt employment. Mat. of the Mint, liſted not above a month ago; a promiſing ſturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; ſomewhat too bold and haſty, and may raiſe good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himſelf ſhort by murder. Tom Tipple; a guzzling ſoaking ſot, who is always too drunk to ſtand himſelf or to make others ſtand! a cart is abſolutely neceſſary for him. Robin

of Bagſhot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty—— 94

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty, huſband? I hope nothing bad has betided him. You know, my dear! he's a favourite cuſtomer of mine; 'twas he made me a preſent of this ring.

Peach. I have ſet his name down in the black-liſt, that's all, my dear! he ſpends his life among women, and, as ſoon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds loſt to us for ever. 103

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear! I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave thoſe affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in theſe caſes, for they are ſo partial to the brave, that they think every man handſome, who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR.

Cold and raw, *&c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear 110
Tho' ſhe be never ſo ugly,
Lilies and roſes will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous ſmugly.
Beneath the left ear ſo fit but a cord
(A rope ſo charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis.

But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear! that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and, if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? so, my dear! have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear, and, though the bank hath stopt payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get mo-

ney by play ſhould have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am ſorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more diſcretion. What buſineſs hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any ſkill in the ways of women, I am ſure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be ſo mad to have the wench marry him! Gameſters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly ſhould be in love, how ſhould we help her, or how can ſhe help herſelf? Poor girl! I'm in the utmoſt concern about her.

AIR.

Why is your faithful ſlave diſdain'd?

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!

If ſoon ſhe be not made a wife
Her honour's ſing'd, and then for life
She's—what I dare not name. 176

Peach. Look ye, wife, a handſome wench, in our way of buſineſs, is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee houſe, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You ſee I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but marriage: after that, my dear, how ſhall we be ſafe? are we not then in her huſband's power? for the huſband hath the abſolute power over all a wife's ſecrets but her own. If the girl had the diſcretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen of young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I ſhould not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a ſpark will at once ſet her in a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, ſure ſhe knows her own pleaſure better than to make herſelf a property! My daughter to me ſhould be like a court-lady to a miniſter of ſtate, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear! you may injure the girl: ſhe loves to imitate the fine ladies, and ſhe may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of intereſt. 199

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl againſt her ruin, and to inſtruct her how to make the moſt of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment

and ſift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of theſe dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can diſpoſe of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my huſband! Why muſt our Polly forſooth differ from her ſex, and love only her huſband? and why muſt Polly's marriage, contrary to all obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR.

Of all the ſimple things we do, &c.

A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinſical in 't,
Whoſe worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold
Stampt with the name of her ſpouſe,
Now here, now there, is bought or is ſold,
And is current in ev'ry houſe.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, Filch. "I am as fond of this child as tho' my mind miſgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is nimble-fingered as a juggler." If

an unlucky ſeſſion does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory. Where was your poſt laſt night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera, Madam, and conſidering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, ſo that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones I ſee. They are of ſure ſale from our warehouſe at Redriff among the ſeamen.

Filch. And this ſnuff box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forced to make my eſcape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth, ſo that every now and then, ſince I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to ſea.

Mrs. Peach. You ſhould go to Hockley-in-the Hole and to Marybone, child, to learn valour: theſe are the ſchools that have bred ſo many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the firſt fact I'll enſure thee from being hanged; and going to ſea, Filch, will come time enough upon a ſentence of tranſportation. But now ſince you have nothing better to do, even go to your book and learn your catechiſm; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's

paper, who cannot give a ſatisfactory anſwer to his queſtions. But hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar; do you know of any thing that hath paſt between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't aſk me, for I muſt either tell a lie to you or to Miſs Polly, for I promiſed her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned——

Filch. I ſhall lead a ſad life with Miſs Polly if ever ſhe come to know that I told you. Beſides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my huſband and Polly. Come Filch, you ſhall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole ſtory. I'll give thee a glaſs of a moſt delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Peachum *and* Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the moſt of myſelf and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though ſhe hath never been at court or at an aſſembly: we have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath ſome trifling liberties, I have this watch and other viſible marks of his favour to ſhow for it. A girl who cannot grant ſome things, and refuſe what is moſt material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and ſoon be thrown upon the common.

AIR.

What ſhall I do to ſhow how much I love her?

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around;
But when once pluck'd 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis ſent, (as yet ſweet)
There fades, and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring,
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not againſt your toying and trifling with a cuſtomer in the way of buſineſs, or to get out a ſecret or ſo; but if I find out that you have play'd the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, huſſy. Now you know my mind.

Enter Mrs. Peachum.

AIR.

O London is a fine town.

Mrs. Peachum [*in a very great paſſion.*]

Our Polly is a ſad ſlut! nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!

For ſhe muſt have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to
ſwell her pride,
With ſcarfs and ſtays, and gloves and lace, and ſhe'll
have men beſide;
And when ſhe's dreſt with care and coſt, all-tempting,
fine and gay,
As men ſhould ſerve a cucumber, ſhe flings herſelf away.

You baggage! you huſſy! you inconſiderate jade! had you been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do ſuch a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, huſband.

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will riſk any thing for money: to be ſure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I ſhould have lived comfortably ſo long together if ever we had been married, baggage?

Mrs. Peach. I knew ſhe was always a proud ſlut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, becauſe forſooth ſhe would do like the gentry. Can you ſupport the expence of a huſband, huſſy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who ſhall ſquander moſt? There are not many huſbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handſome way. If you muſt be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, thou fooliſh jade, thou wilt be

as ill uſed, and as much neglected, as if thou hadſt married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himſelf in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profeſſion. Beſides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both theſe ways, let me tell you, are moſt excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, huſſy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune ſhe might very well have gone off to a perſon of diſtinction: yes, that you might, you pouting ſlut!

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? ſpeak? or I'll make you plead by ſqueezing out an anſwer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handſome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all: they have as much pleaſure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I ſhall ſoon know if you are married by Macheath's keeping from our houſe.

AIR.

Grim king of the ghoſts, &c.

Polly. *Can love be controll'd by advice?*
Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Tho' my heart was as frozen as ice
At his flame 't would have melted away.
When he kiſt me, ſo ſweetly he preſt,
'T was ſo ſweet that I muſt have comply'd,
So I thought it both ſafeſt and beſt
To marry for fear you ſhould chide. 359

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 't is the faſhion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worſe and worſe! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh huſband! huſband! her folly makes me mad! my head ſwims! I'm diſtracted! I cann't ſupport myſelf—Oh! 371

[*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glaſs of cordial this inſtant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out and returns with it.*

Ah, huſſy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glaſs, Sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever ſhe is out of order. This you ſee fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl ſhows ſuch a readineſs and ſo much concern, that, I could almoſt find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR.

O Jenny, O Jenny! where haſt thou been?

O Polly! you might have toy'd and kiſt;
By keeping men off you keep them on.

Polly. *But he ſo teas'd me,*
And he ſo pleas'd me,
What I did you muſt have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you ſorry ſlut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take a man without conſent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman my dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the ſex is frail; but the firſt time a woman is frail ſhe ſhould be ſomewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that, ſhe hath nothing to do but to guard herſelf from being found out, and ſhe may do what ſhe pleaſes.

Peach. Make yourſelf a little eaſy; I have a thought ſhall ſoon ſet all matters again to rights. Why ſo melancholy Polly? ſince what is done cannot be undone, we muſt all endeavour to make the beſt of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of you, huſſy.

Polly. Then all my ſorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely ſpeech in troth for a wench who is juſt married!

AIR.

Thomas, I cannot, &c.

Polly. *I like a ſhip in ſtorms was toſt,*
Yet afraid to put into land.
For ſeiz'd in the port the veſſel's loſt
Whoſe treaſure is contraband,
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expreſſion!
Thus ſafe aſhore
I aſk no more;
My all's in my poſſeſſion.

Peach. I hear cuſtomers in t' other room; go talk with them Polly, but come again as ſoon as they are gone.—But hark ye, child, if 't is the gentleman who was here yeſterday about the repeating watch, ſay, you believe we cann't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury-lane. If t' other gentleman calls for the ſilver-hilted ſword, you know beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he

doth not come from Tunbridge till Tueſday night, ſo that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your paſſion run away with your ſenſes: Polly, I grant you, hath done a raſh thing.

Mrs. Peach. If ſhe had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very beſt families have excuſed and huddled up a frailty of that ſort. 'Tis marriage, huſband, that makes it a blemiſh.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a ſpot or a ſtain but what it can take out. A rich rogue, now-a-days, is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not ſuch a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very ſenſible, huſband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then, if he ſhould die in a ſeſſion or two, Polly's dower would come into diſpute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be conſidered.

AIR.

A ſoldier and a ſailor.

A fox may ſteal your hens, ſir,
A whore your health and pence, ſir,
Your daughter rob your cheſt, ſir,
Your wife may ſteal your reſt, ſir,
A thief your goods and plate;

But this is all but picking,
With reſt, peace, cheſt, and chicken:
It ever was decreed, ſir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, ſir,
He ſteals your whole eſtate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to thoſe in our way; they don't care that any body ſhould get a clandeſtine livelihood but themſelves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned; he brought in a damaſk window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of ſilver candleſticks, a periwig, and one ſilk ſtocking, from the fire that happen'd laſt night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and ſaves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters muſt not be as they are. You are married then it ſeems?

Polly. Yes, ſir.

Peach. And how do you propoſe to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, ſir; upon the induſtry of my huſband.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a ſoldier's, hath as little of his pay as his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, ſir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, ſir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him? why that is the whole ſcheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable eſtate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's ſpirits. Where is the woman who would ſcruple to be a wife if ſhe had it in her power to be a widow whenever ſhe pleaſed? If you have any views of this ſort, Polly, I ſhall think the match not ſo very unreaſonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I muſt beg you to explain yourſelf.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next ſeſſions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fy, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing ſooner or later muſt happen, I dare ſay the Captain himſelf would like that we ſhould get the reward for his death ſooner than a ſtranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, ſo 't is ours to take robbers; every man in his buſineſs: ſo that there is no malice in the caſe.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, huſband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR.

Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

Polly. *Oh ponder well! be not ſevere;*
So ſave a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, huſſy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for ſuch an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot ſurvive him.

AIR.

Le printemps rappelle aux armes.

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove;
Down ſhe drops quite ſpent with ſighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, ſir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What? is the fool in love in earneſt then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a ſhame to thy very ſex.

Polly. But hear me mother—if you ever lov'd——

Mrs. Peach. Thoſe curſed play-books ſhe reads have been her ruin. One word more, huſſy, and I ſhall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of miſchief, and conſider of what is propoſed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, huſſy. Hang your huſband, and be dutiful. [*Polly liſtening.*] The thing, huſband, muſt and ſhall be done. For the ſake of intelligence we muſt take other meaſures, and have him peach'd the next ſeſſion without her conſent. If ſhe will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I conſider his perſonal bravery, his fine ſtratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I cannot find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wiſh you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a caſe of neceſſity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we muſt comply with the cuſtoms of the world, and make gratitude give way to intereſt.—He ſhall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed.—Methinks I ſee him already in the cart, ſweeter and more lovely than the noſegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his reſolution and intrepidity!—What vollies of ſighs are ſent from the windows of Holborn, that ſo comely a youth ſhould be brought to diſgrace!—I ſee him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himſelf heſitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to loſe his fee, by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their deſign, and aid him in his eſcape.—It ſhall be ſo.——But then he flies, abſents himſelf, and I bar myſelf from his dear, dear converſation! that too will diſtract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he ſtays, he is hang'd, and then he is loſt for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room till the duſk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this inſtant let him out, leſt ſome accident ſhould prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns with Macheath.*

AIR.

Pretty parrot, ſay, *&c.*

Mac. *Pretty Polly, ſay,*
When I was away
Did your fancy never ſtray
To ſome newer lover?

Polly. *Without diſguiſe,*
Heaving ſighs,
Doting eyes,
My conſtant heart diſcover.
Fondly let me loll.

Mac. *O pretty, pretty Poll!*

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever, my dear?

Mac. Suſpect my honour, my courage, ſuſpect any thing but my love.—May my piſtols miſs fire, and my mare ſlip her ſhoulder while I am purſued, if I ever forſake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reaſon to doubt you, for I find, in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever falſe in love.

AIR.

Pray fair one be kind.

Mac. *My heart was ſo free,*
It rov'd like the bee,
Till Polly my paſſion requited;
I ſipt each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you ſentenc'd to tranſportation, ſure my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might ſooner tear a penſion out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking glaſs, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impoſſible!

AIR.

Over the hills and far away.

Mac. *Were I laid on Greenland's coaſt,* 512
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs,
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half year's night would paſs.

Polly. *Were I ſold on Indian ſoil,*
Soon as the burning day was cloſ'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.

Mac. *And I would love you all the day,*

Polly. *Ev'ry night would kiſs and play,*

Mac. *If with me you'd fondly ſtray*

Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!——how ſhall I ſpeak it? I muſt be torn from thee. We muſt part.

Mac. How! part!

Polly. We muſt, we muſt.—My papa and mamma are ſet againſt thy life: they now, even now, are in ſearch after thee: they are preparing evidence againſt thee: thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR.

Gin thou wert my awn thing.

Polly. *O what pain it is to part!*
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But leſt death my love ſhould thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee. 539

One kiſs and then——one kiſs——Begone——Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear, are ſo riveted to thine, that I cannot looſe my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I ſhould loſe the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. Muſt I then go?

Polly. And will not abſence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it, let me ſtay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when ſafety will give you leave, you will be ſure to ſee me again, for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR.

O the broom, &c.

[*Parting, and looking back at each other with fondneſs, he at one door, ſhe at the other.*]

Mac. *The miſer thus a ſhilling ſees*
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With ſighs reſigns it by degrees,
And fears 't is gone for aye.

Polly. *The boy thus, when his ſparrow's flown,*
The bird in ſilence eyes,
But ſoon as out of ſight 't is gone
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOK-FINGER'D JACK, WAT DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT OF THE MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the reſt of the gang, at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.*

Ben.

BUT pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not ſeen him ſince my return from tranſportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and ſo clever made a fellow he was that I could not ſave him from thoſe flaying raſcals the ſurgeons, and now, poor man, he is among the otamys at Surgeons'-hall.

Ben. So it ſeems his time was come.

Jem. But the preſent time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more diſhoneſt than the reſt of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conqueſt.

Crook. Where ſhall we find ſuch another ſet of practical philoſophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Rob. Of tried courage and indefatigable induſtry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Har. Who is there here that would betray him for his intereſt?

Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can ſay as much.

Ben. We are for a juſt partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the ſuperfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it. Theſe are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make uſe of?

Jem. Our ſeveral ſtations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glaſſes.

AIR.

Fill ev'ry glaſs, &c.

Mat. *Fill ev'ry glaſs, for wine inſpires us*
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine ſhould life employ;
Is there ought elſe on earth deſirous?
Chorus. *Fill ev'ry glaſs,* &c.

Enter Macheath.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but——

Mat. But what, sir?

Mac. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty have I ever shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you, Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to shew us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Buſineſs cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a neceſſary agent to us. We have had a ſlight difference, and till it is accommodated, I ſhall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill conſequence to my friends. You muſt continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break looſe from him our gang is ruined.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or ſo will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your inſtructions ſhall be obſerved. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our ſeveral duties; ſo till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I ſhall wiſh myſelf with you. Succeſs attend you.

[*Sits down melancholy at the table.*

AIR.

March in Rinaldo with drums and trumpets.

Mat. *Let us take the road.*
Hark! I hear the ſound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms brave boys and load.

See the ball I hold!
Let the chymiſts toil like aſſes,
Our fire their fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our lead to gold. 99

[*The gang, ranged in the front of the ſtage, load their piſtols, and ſtick them under their girdles, then go off ſinging the firſt part in chorus.*]

Mac. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is moſt confoundedly bit. I love the ſex, and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the ſword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR.

Would you have a young virgin, &c.

If the heart of a man is depreſs'd with cares,
The miſt is diſpell'd when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly
Raiſes the ſpirits and charms our ears.

Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips are more ſweet than thoſe;
Preſs her,
Careſs her:
With bliſſes
Her kiſſes
Diſſolve us in pleaſure and ſoft repoſe.

I muſt have women! there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not ſo ſtrong a cordial for the time—Drawer,

Enter DRAWER.

is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute; but you know, Sir, you ſent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about Lewkner's lane. Sure, ſome of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will ſhew them up. Coming, coming!

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, *Mrs.* Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, *Mrs.* Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, *and* Molly Brazen.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer! you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.——Dolly Trull! kiſs me, you ſlut! are you as amorous as ever, huſſy! you are always ſo taken up with ſtealing hearts, that you don't allow yourſelf time to ſteal any thing elſe: ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen! I'm your's; I always loved a woman of wit and ſpirit; they make charming miſtreſſes, but plaguy wives. ——Betty Doxy! come hither, huſſy; do you drink as hard as ever? you had better ſtick to good wholeſome beer, for in troth, Betty, ſtrong waters will in time ruin your conſtitution: you ſhould leave thoſe to your betters.——What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever ſo high bred, hath a more ſanctified look with a more miſchievous heart; ah, thou art a dear artful hypocrite!——Mrs. Slammekin! as careleſs and genteel as ever: all you fine ladies who know your own beauty affect an undreſs.—But ſee! here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was ſaying; every thing ſhe gets one way ſhe lays out upon her back: why, Suky, you muſt keep at leaſt a dozen tallymen.——Molly Brazen! [*She kiſſes him.*] "that's well done; I love a free-hearted wench: thou "haſt a moſt agreeable aſſurance, girl, and art as

" willing as a turtle.—But hark! I hear muſic:
" the harper is at the door. If muſic be the food of
" love, play on." Ere you ſeat yourſelves, ladies,
what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was ſo fond of. " [*A dance* à la ronde *in the French manner, near the end of it this ſong and chorus.*]"

AIR.

Cotillon.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r deſpis'd in decay.

Chorus. *Youth's the ſeaſon,* &c.

Let us drink and ſport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow;
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.

Chorus. *Let us drink,* &c.

Mac. Now pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow [*Pays the harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine. [*Exit harper.*] If any of the ladies chuſe gin, I hope they will be ſo free to call for it.

Jen. You look as if you meant me. Wine is ſtrong enough for me. Indeed, ſir, I never drink ſtrong waters but when I have the cholic.

Mac. Juſt the excuſe of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good ſucceſs of late in your viſits among the mercers.

Coax. We have ſo many interlopers; yet with induſtry one may ſtill have a little picking. I carried a ſilver-flowered luteſtring and a piece of black padeſoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but laſt week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattle-ſnake: ſhe riveted a linen-draper's eye ſo faſt upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam!——But ſure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have ſuch a ſweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman muſt have fine parts, indeed, who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a ſmall compaſs, and is of eaſy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another, to be ſure 'tis Jenny Diver: though her fellow be never ſo agreeable, ſhe can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleaſure. Now that is a command of the paſſions uncommon in a woman.

Jen. I never go to the tavern with a man but in the view of buſineſs. I have other hours, and other ſort of men for my pleaſure: but had I your addreſs, Madam——

Mac. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not ſo fond of me, Jenny, as you uſed to be.

Jen. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to ſhew my fondneſs among ſo many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR.

All in a miſty morning.

Before the barn-door, crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended;
Then one he ſingles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do agen?

Mac. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear ſlut!

Trul. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'n't been ſo long upon the Town but I have met with ſome good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the queſtion; 't was only in the way of converſation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handſomely with my laſt friend; but upon his miſſing five guineas, he turned me off. Now I never ſuſpected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your beſt ſort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew, and bating their religion, to women they are a good ſort of people.

Tawd. Now, for my part, I own I like an old fellow, for we always make them pay for what they cannot do.

Vix. A ſpruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely: I have ſent at leaſt two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

Jen. But to be ſure, ſir, with ſo much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you muſt be grown immenſely rich.

Mac. The road, indeed, hath done me juſtice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin.

AIR.

When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.

Jen. *The gameſters and lawyers are jugglers alike,*
If they meddle, your all is in danger;

Like gipſies, if once they can finger a ſouſe,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your houſe,
And give your eſtate to a ſtranger. 267

A man of courage ſhould never put any thing to the riſk but his life. Theſe are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his piſtol, Tawdry takes up the other.*

Tawd. This, ſir, is fitter for your hand. Beſides your loſs of money, 'tis a loſs to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 't is ill bred.

Mac. Wanton huſſies!

Jen. I muſt and will have a kiſs to give my wine a zeſt.

[*They take him about the neck, and make ſigns to Peachum and Conſtables, who ruſh in upon him.*

Peach. I ſeize you, ſir, as my priſoner. 279

Mac. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can truſt them? beaſts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

Peach. Your caſe, Mr. Macheath, is not particular. The greateſt heroes have been ruined by women. But to do them juſtice I muſt own they are a pretty ſort of creatures if we could truſt them. You muſt now, ſir, take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a viſit they will be ſure to

find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Conſtables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR.

When firſt I laid ſiege to my Chloris.

Mac. *At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,*
At the tree I ſhall ſuffer with pleaſure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I ſhall find no ſuch Furies as theſe are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning ſhall be diſcharged.

[*Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Conſtables; the women remain.*]

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all aſſiſting, we ought all to ſhare alike.

Coax. I think, Mr. Peachum, after ſo long an acquaintance, might have truſted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am ſure at leaſt three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me juſtice) ſhould be ſet down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair, for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me: as for any thing elſe, ladies, you cannot in conſcience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impoſſible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be ſaved, Madam——

Slam. Nay, then I muſt ſtay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt, with great ceremony.*

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LOCKIT, *Turnkeys*, MACHEATH, *and Conſtables.*

Lock. Noble Captain! you are welcome; you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the cuſtom, ſir; garniſh, Captain, garniſh. Hand me down thoſe fetters there.

Mac. Thoſe, Mr. Lockit, ſeem to be the heavieſt of the whole ſet. With your leave I ſhould like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fitteſt for our priſoners. When a gentleman uſes me with civility, I always do the beſt I can to pleaſe him.—Hand them down, I ſay.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Mac. I underſtand you, ſir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are ſo many and ſo exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handſomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Thoſe I ſee will ſit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.——Do but examine them, ſir.—Never was better work—how genteelly they are made!—They will ſit as eaſy as a glove, and the niceſt man in England might not be aſhamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the beſt gentleman in the land in my cuſtody I could not equip him more handſomely. And ſo, ſir—I now leave you to your private meditations,

[*Exeunt* Lockit, *Turnkeys, and Conſtables.*

AIR.

Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.

Mac. *Man may eſcape from rope and gun,*
Nay, ſome have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman muſt be undone,
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.
The fly that ſips treacle is loſt in the ſweets,
So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought myſelf! Here muſt I (all day long till I am hanged) be confined to

hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door.—I am in the cuſtody of her father, and to be ſure if he knows of the matter I ſhall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.——But I promiſed the wench marriage.——What ſignifies a promiſe to a woman? does not man in marriage itſelf promiſe a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promiſe as an excuſe for following their own inclinations——But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her——would I were deaf.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. You baſe man you!—how can you look me in the face after what hath paſt between us?—See here, perfidious wretch! how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—Oh, Macheath! thou haſt robbed me of my quiet—to ſee thee tortured would give me pleaſure.

AIR.

A lovely laſs to a friar came.

Thus when a good huſwife ſees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleaſure her heart goes pit a pat
In revenge for her loſs of bacon;

Then ſhe throws him
To the dog or cat
To be worried, cruſh'd and ſhaken.

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear Lucy! to ſee a huſband in theſe circumſtances?

Lucy. A huſband!

Mac. In every reſpect but the form, and that, my dear! may be ſaid over us at any time.——Friends ſhould not inſiſt upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruined.

AIR.

'Twas when the ſea was roaring.

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and reſt?
Whoever ſteals a ſhilling,
Thro' ſhame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjur'd villain
With boaſts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very firſt opportunity my dear! (have but patience) you ſhall be my wife in whatever manner you pleaſe.

Lucy. Inſinuating monſter! And ſo you think I know nothing of the affair of Miſs Polly Peachum? ——I could tear thy eyes out.

Mac. Sure, Lucy, you cannot be ſuch a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute you?

Mac. Married! very good! The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the houſe, I chat with the girl, I kiſs her, I ſay a thouſand things to her (as all gentlemen do that mean nothing,) to divert myſelf; and now the ſilly jade hath ſet it about that I am married to her, to let me know what ſhe would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! theſe violent paſſions may be of ill conſequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your aſſurance, you know that Miſs Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the juſtice you promiſed me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her paſſion ſuggeſts. To convince you of my ſincerity, if we can find the Ordinary I ſhall have no ſcruples of making you my wife; and I know the conſequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and ſo get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you ſatisfaction——if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour ſay more?

Lucy. So then it ſeems you are not married to Miſs Polly.

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiouſly conceited: no man can ſay a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR.

The ſun had looſed his weary teams.

The firſt time at the looking glaſs
The mother ſets her daughter,
The image ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With ſelf-love ever after:
Each time ſhe looks, ſhe, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger,
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can ſee you are not younger. 441

When women conſider their own beauties, they are all alike unreaſonable in their demands, for they expect their lovers ſhould like them as long as they like themſelves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—Perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary, who ſhall try if you will be as good as your word——for I long to be made an honeſt woman.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Peachum *and* Lockit, *with an account book.*

Lock. In this laſt affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have conſented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We ſhall never fall out about an execution. —But as to that article, pray how ſtands our laſt year's account?

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly ſtated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we ſhould hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly ſave theirs without being paid for it. Unleſs the people in employment pay better, I promiſe them for the future I ſhall let other rogues live beſides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid theſe matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profeſſion were not reputable.

Peach. In one reſpect indeed our employment may be reckoned diſhoneſt, becauſe, like great ſtateſmen, we encourage thoſe who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where elſe might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR.

How happy are we, &c.

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe
Each cries——That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I ſee: ſure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's caſe, for he told me, in the condemned hold, that, for value received, you had promiſed him a ſeſſion or two longer without moleſtation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the firſt time my honour was ever called in queſtion.

Peach. Buſineſs is at an end—if once we act diſhonourably.

Lock. Who accuſes me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—And this uſage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to ſpeak—I muſt tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money for the apprehending of Curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we muſt punctually pay our ſpies, or we ſhall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, ſirrah—who have ſav'd you from the gallows, ſirrah! [*Collaring each other.*

Peach. If I am hanged, it ſhall be for ridding the world of an errant raſcal.

Lock. This hand ſhall do the office of the halter you deſerve, and throttle you—you dog!——

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we ſhall be both loſers in the diſpute—for you know, we have it in our power to hang each other. You ſhould not be ſo paſſionate.

Lock. Nor you ſo provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual intereſt, 'tis for the intereſt of the world, we ſhould agree. If I ſaid any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I aſk pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as reſent—Give me your hand: ſuſpicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occaſion to juſtify yourſelf. But I muſt now ſtep home, for I expect the gentleman about this ſnuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, huſſy?

Lucy. My tears might anſwer that queſtion.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a ſpaniel over the fellow that hath abuſed you.

Lucy. One can't help love, one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman: 'tis not the fashion now-a-days so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR.

Of a noble race was Shenkin.

Lucy. *Is then his fate decreed, Sir?*
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met so moves me yet,
Oh! see how my heart is splitting.

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—there is no saving him—so I think you must even do like other widows—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR.

You'll think ere many days ensue
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee,

Like a good wife go moan over your dying huſband: that, child, is your duty.—Conſider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—ſo make yourſelf as eaſy as you can by getting all you can from him.

[*Exit.*

Enter Macheath.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear! you will upon the firſt opportunity quiet my ſcruples.—Oh, ſir!—my father's hard heart is not to be ſoftened, and I am in the utmoſt deſpair.

Mac. But if I could raiſe a ſmall ſum—would not twenty guineas think you move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of buſineſs the perquiſite is the moſt prevailing.—Your father's perquiſites for the eſcape of priſoners muſt amount to a conſiderable ſum in the year. Money well timed and properly applied, will do any thing.

AIR.

London ladies.

If you at an office ſolicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You muſt quicken the clerk with the perquiſite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquiſite ſoftens her into conſent;
That reaſon with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do, ſhall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your ſafety.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Where is my dear huſband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck!—Oh let me throw my arms about it and throttle thee with love!—Why doſt thou turn away from me?—'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

Mac. Was ever ſuch an unfortunate raſcal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever ſuch another villain!

Polly. Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! impriſoned! tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll ſtay with thee till death——no force ſhall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly ſuffers to ſee thee in this condition.

AIR.

All in the Downs, &c.

Thus when the ſwallow, ſeeking prey,
Within the ſaſh is cloſely pent,
His conſort with bemoaning lay
Without ſits pining for th' event;
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her ſkim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her ſoul's with him.

Mac. I muſt diſown her. [*Aſide.*] The wench is diſtracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy averſion to me, too ſeverely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous huſband!

Lucy. Hadſt thou been hanged five months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too.—If you had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreaſonable requeſt (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above ſeven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? haſt thou two wives, monſter?

Mac. If womens' tongues can ceaſe for an anſwer —hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Fleſh and blood cannot bear my uſage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own?—Juſtice bids me ſpeak?

AIR.

Have you heard of a frolickſome ditty.

Mac. *How happy could I be with either,*
Were t' other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teaſe me together,
To neither, a word will I ſay,
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear! there ought to be ſome preference ſhewn to a wife; at leaſt ſhe may claim the appearance of it. He muſt be diſtracted with his misfortunes or he could not uſe me thus.

Lucy. Oh, villain! villain! thou haſt deceived me. —I could even inform againſt thee with pleaſure.— Not a prude wiſhes more heartily to have facts againſt her intimate acquaintance, than I now wiſh to have facts againſt thee. I would have her ſatisfaction, and they ſhould all out. 633

AIR.

Iriſh Trot.

Polly. *I'm bubbled.*
Lucy. ——— *I'm bubbled.*
Polly. *Oh how I am troubled!*
Lucy. *Bamboozled and bit!*
Polly. ——— *My diſtreſſes are doubled.*
Lucy. *When you come to the tree, ſhould the hangman refuſe,*
Theſe fingers with pleaſure could faſten the nooſe.
Polly. *I'm bubbled,* &c.

Mac. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me deſperate with you in caſe I get off. If I am hanged, ſhe would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a diſpute of this ſort, for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in diſowning me?

Mac. And haſt thou the heart to perſiſt in perſuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miſs Peachum, you but expoſe yourſelf: beſides 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumſtances.

AIR.

Polly. *Ceaſe your funning,*
Force or cunning
Never ſhall my heart trepan:
All theſe ſallies
Are but malice
To ſeduce my conſtant man.
'Tis moſt certain
By their flirting
Women oft' have envy ſhown,
Pleas'd to ruin
Others wooing,
Never happy in their own!

Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourſelf with ſome reſerve with the huſband while his wife is preſent.

Mac. But ſeriouſly, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raiſe a diſturbance in the priſon, I ſhall be obliged to ſend

for the Turnkey to ſhew you the door. I am ſorry, Madam, you force me to be ſo ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, theſe forward airs don't become you in the leaſt, Madam; and my duty, Madam, obliges me to ſtay with my huſband, Madam.

AIR.

Good-morrow, goſſip Joan.

Lucy. *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?*
If you thus muſt chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try who beſt can ſpatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why, how now, ſaucy jade?*
Sure the wench is tipſy!
How can you ſee me made [To him.
The ſcoff of ſuch a gipſy?
Saucy jade! [To her.

Enter Peachum.

Peach. Where's my wench! Ah huſſy, huſſy!—Come you home you ſlut; and, when your fellow is hanged, hang yourſelf to make your family ſome amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I muſt ſpeak; I have more to ſay to him.—Oh,

twiſt thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly, they are ſure to commit another by expoſing themſelves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my priſoner now, huſſy. 702

AIR.

Iriſh howl.

Polly. *No pow'r on earth can e'er divide*
The knot that ſacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw againſt our mind,
The true-love's knot they faſter bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.

[*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her. Exeunt Peachum, and Polly.*]

Mac. I am naturally compaſſionate, wife, ſo that I could not uſe the wench as ſhe deſerved, which made you at firſt ſuſpect there was ſomething in what ſhe ſaid. 711

Lucy. Indeed, my dear! I was ſtrangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the caſe, her father would never have brought me into this circumſtance—No, Lucy—I had rather die than be falſe to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you ſay this from your heart! for I love thee ſo, that I could ſooner bear to ſee thee hanged, than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldſt thou bear to ſee me hanged?

Lucy. Oh Macheath! I can never live to ſee that day.

Mac. You ſee, Lucy, in the account of love you are in my debt; and you muſt now be convinced that I rather chuſe to die, than be another's—Make me if poſſible love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuſe to aſſiſt me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of eſcape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the priſoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—If I can procure the keys, ſhall I go off with thee, my dear?

Mac. If we are together 't will be impoſſible to lie concealed. As ſoon as the ſearch begins to be a little cool, I will ſend to thee—till then my heart is thy priſoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear huſband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head ſtrangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR.

The laſs of Pattie's mill.

Lucy. *I like the fox ſhall grieve*
Whoſe mate hath left her ſide,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chaſe o'er the country wide.

Where can my lover hide,
Where cheat the weary pack?
If love be not his guide
He never will come back. 749

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene, *Newgate.* Lockit, Lucy.

Lockit.

To be ſure, wench, you muſt have been aiding and abetting to help him to this eſcape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be ſure they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why muſt all your ſuſpicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy! I will have none of theſe ſhuffling anſwers. 9

Lucy. Well then——if I know any thing of him, I wiſh I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I ſhall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's, ſir,——I do wiſh I may be burnt, I do——and what can I ſay more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handſomely?——how much did he come down with? Come, huſſy, don't cheat your father, and I ſhall not be angry with you———Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, ſir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard, for a girl in the bar of an alehouſe is always beſieged.

Lucy. Dear ſir! mention not my education——for 't was to that I owe my ruin.

AIR.

If love's a ſweet paſſion, *&c.*

When young at the bar you firſt taught me to ſcore,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more,
I was kiſs'd by the parſon, the ſquire, and the ſot;
When the gueſt was departed the kiſs was forgot:
But his kiſs was ſo ſweet, and ſo cloſely he preſt,
That I languiſh'd and pin'd till I granted the reſt.

If you can forgive me, ſir, I will make a fair confeſſion, for to be ſure he hath been a moſt barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And ſo you have let him eſcape, huſſy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can perſuade her to any thing——and I could aſk no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar ſlut. Lucy,—if you would not be looked upon as a fool, you ſhould never do any thing but upon the footing of intereſt: thoſe that act otherwiſe are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, ſir, is a misfortune that may happen to the moſt diſcreet women, and in love we are all fools alike——Notwithſtanding all he ſwore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife——Did I let him eſcape (fool that I was!) to go to her?——Polly will wheedle herſelf into his money, and then Peachum will hang him and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, becauſe forſooth you muſt be in love!——A very pretty excuſe!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent, happy ſtrumpet——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the ſweets of it——Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR.

South Sea ballad.

My love is all madneſs and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toſs, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!

Was e'er ſuch a wretch as I!
With rage I redden like ſcarlet,
That my dear inconſtant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms
Is loſt in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my reſentment alarms.

Lock. And ſo, after all this miſchief, I muſt ſtay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Miſtreſs Puſs!——Out of my ſight, wanton ſtrumpet! you ſhall faſt and mortify yourſelf into reaſon, with now and then a little handſome diſcipline to bring you to your ſenſes.———Go. [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him———The dog is leaky in his liquor, ſo I'll ply him that way, get the ſecret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.——"Lions, "wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, "droves, or flocks——Of all animals of prey, man is "the only ſociable one. Every one of us preys upon "his neighbour, and yet we herd together."—— Peachum is my companion, my friend——According to the cuſtom of the world, indeed, he may quote thouſands of precedents for cheating me——and ſhall not I make uſe of the privilege of friendſhip to make him a return?

AIR.

Packington's pound.

Thus gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Tho' they know that their induſtry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit:
But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands they each other entrap; 99
Like ſtikes lank with hunger, who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends:

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honeſt tradeſmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can over-reach the other.—Lucy——[*Enter Lucy.*] are there any of Peachum's people now in the houſe?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of ſtrong waters in the next room with black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookeſt as if thou wert half-ſtarved, like a ſhotten herring. 110

Filch. "One had need have the conſtitution of a "horſe to go through the buſineſs.——Since the fa-

" vourite child-getter was diſabled by a miſhap, I " have picked up a little money by helping the ladies " to a pregnancy againſt their being called down to " ſentence—but if a man cannot get an honeſt live- " lihood any eaſier way, I am ſure 't is what I can- " not undertake for another ſeſſion.

Lock. " Truly if that great man ſhould tip off, it " would be an irreparable loſs. The vigour and " proweſs of a knight errant never ſaved half the " ladies in diſtreſs that he hath done."—But, boy, canſt thou tell me where thy maſter is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, ſir, at The Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to ſettle with him, and in the way of thoſe tranſactions I'll artfully get into his ſecret—ſo that Macheath ſhall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*

Scene, *a gaming-houſe.*

Macheath *in a fine tarniſhed coat,* Ben Budge, Mat *of the* Mint.

Mac. I am ſorry, gentlemen, the road was ſo barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be ſerviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You ſee, gentlemen, I am

not a mere court-friend, who profeſſes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR.

Lillibulero.

The modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendſhip for intereſt is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get:
'Tis true you find
Some friends ſo kind
Who will give you good counſel themſelves to defend,
In ſorrowful ditty
They promiſe, they pity,
But ſhift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have ſtill honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world—and, while I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that ſo generous a man ſhould be involved in ſuch difficulties as oblige him to live with ſuch ill company and herd with gameſters.

Mat. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may ſteal a horſe better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanicks, of all ſervile handicraftſmen, a gameſter is the vileſt: but yet as many of the quality are of the profeſſion, he is admitted amongſt

the politeſt company. I wonder we are not more reſpected!

Mac. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and conſequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth ſetting.

Mat. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told is never without money.

Mac. What do you mean, Mat?—ſure you will not think of meddling with him!—he's a good honeſt kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be ſure, ſir, we will put ourſelves under your direction.

Mac. Have an eye upon the money-lenders—A rouleau or two would prove a pretty ſort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Mat. Thoſe rouleaus are very pretty things—I hate your bank-bills—there is ſuch a hazard in putting them off.

Mac. There is a certain man of diſtinction who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready; he is in my caſh, Ben—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you ſhall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room; ſo, gentlemen, your ſervant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Mat. Upon honour.

SCENE, PEACHUM's *lock.*

A table, with wine, brandy, pipes, and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation-account, brother Peachum, is of ſo intricate a nature that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Peach. It conſiſts, indeed, of a great variety of articles—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten inſtalments——" This is part of the " account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. " A lady's tail of rich brocade.—That I ſee " is diſpoſed of. 194

Peach. " To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally woman, " and ſhe will make a good hand on't in ſhoes and " ſlippers to trick out young ladies upon their going " into keeping.—

Lock. " But I don't ſee any article of the jewels.

Peach. " Thoſe are ſo well known that they muſt " be ſent abroad—you'll find them entered under the " article of Exportation—As for the ſnuff boxes, " watches, ſwords, *&c.* I thought it beſt to enter them " under their ſeveral heads.

Lock. " Seven and twenty women's pockets com- " plete, with the ſeveral things therein contained, all " ſealed, numbered, and entered."

Peach. But, brother, it is impoſſible for us now to enter upon this affair—we ſhould have the whole day

before us—Beſides, the account of the laſt half-year's plate is in a book by itſelf, which lies at the other office.

Lock. "Bring us then more liquor"——To-day ſhall be for pleaſure—to-morrow for buſineſs. Ah, brother! thoſe daughters of ours are two ſlippery huſſies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two ſhall be our own again.

AIR.

Down in the North country.

Lock. *What gudgeons are we men!*
Ev'ry woman's eaſy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook, again
We bite and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what ſignifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will ſet open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were anſwerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correſpondence together for two days—This is unkind of you, brother, for among good friends what they ſay or do goes for nothing.

Enter FILCH.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to ſpeak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means——ſhe's a good cuſtomer, and a fine ſpoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks ſo freely, will enliven the converſation.

Peach. Deſire her to walk in. [*Exit Filch.*

Enter Mrs. TRAPES.

Dear Mrs. Dye! your ſervant—one may know by your kiſs, that your gin is excellent. 242

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavor of thoſe lips—ha'nt I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR.

A ſhepherd kept ſheep, &c.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c. 249

Like a ſparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.

The life of all mortals in kiſſing ſhould paſs,
Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glaſs,
fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our buſineſs. If you have blacks of any kind brought in of late, mantuas—velvet ſcarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—— I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why look ye, Mrs. Dye—you deal ſo hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be ſure of late years I have been a great ſufferer by the parliament—three thouſand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for deſtroying the Mint was a ſevere cut upon our buſineſs——till then, if a cuſtomer ſtept out of the way—we knew where to have her:——No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer—There's a wench now (till to-day) with a good ſuit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never ſet eyes upon her for three months together.——Since the act too againſt impriſonment for ſmall ſums, my loſs there too hath been very conſiderable; and it muſt be ſo when a lady can borrow a handſome petticoat or a clean gown, and I not have the leaſt hank upon her; and o' my conſcience, now-a-days, moſt ladies take delight in cheating when they can do it with ſafety! 277

Peach. Madam, you had a handſome gold watch of us th' other day for ſeven guineas——Conſidering we muſt have our profit——to a gentleman upon the road a gold watch will be ſcarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Conſider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very ſafe ſale——If you have any black velvet ſcarfs——they are a handſome winter wear, and take with moſt gentlemen who deal with my cuſtomers——'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot: 'tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price; the gentlemen always pay according to their dreſs, from half-a-crown to two guineas, and yet thoſe huſſies make nothing of bilking of me——Then too, allowing for accidents——I have eleven fine cuſtomers now down under the ſurgeon's hand ——what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at leaſt a month's clothing——We run great riſks——great riſks indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you ſaid ſomething juſt now of Mrs. Coaxer. 298

Trapes. Yes, ſir,—to be ſure I ſtripped her of a ſuit of my own clothes about two hours ago, and have left her, as ſhe ſhould be, in her ſhift, with a lover of her's, at my houſe. She called him up ſtairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach——and I hope, for her own ſake and mine, ſhe will perſuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him——an intimate acquaintance of your's, Mr. Peachum——only Captain Macheath——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye! you ſhall ſet your own price upon any of the goods you like——We have at leaſt half a dozen velvet ſcarfs, and all at your ſervice. Will you give me leave to make you a preſent of this ſuit of night-clothes for your own wearing?——But are you ſure it is Captain Macheath!

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at ſecond hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dreſt.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little buſineſs with the Captain——you underſtand me——and we will ſatisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't inquire after your affairs—ſo whatever happens, I waſh my hands on't—It hath always been my maxim, that one friend ſhould aſſiſt another—But if you pleaſe, I'll take one of the ſcarfs home with me; 'tis always good to have ſomething in hand. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, *Newgate.*

Enter Lucy.

Jealouſy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and ſhattered with diſtreſſes!

AIR.

One evening having loſt my way.

I'm like a ſkiff on the ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor loſt,
Deſerted and all forlorn.
While thus I lie rolling and toſſing all night,
That Polly lies ſporting on ſeas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appeaſe my reſtleſs ſprite.

I have the ratſbane ready——I run no riſk, for I can lay her death upon the gin, and ſo many die of that naturally, that I ſhall never be called in queſtion——But ſay I were to be hanged———I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poiſoning that ſlut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miſs Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear Madam! your ſervant.——I hope you will pardon my paſſion when I was ſo happy to ſee you laſt — I was ſo over-run with the ſpleen, that I was perfectly out of myſelf; and really when one hath the ſpleen, every thing is to be excuſed by a friend.

AIR.

Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, becauſe thou'rt my ſon.

When a wife's in her pout
(As ſhe's ſometimes no doubt)
The good huſband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to ſtill
Firſt grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

——I wiſh all our quarrels might have ſo comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuſe for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes——and really, Madam, I ſuffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miſs Polly——in the way of friendſhip, will you give me leave to propoſe a glaſs of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headache.—I hope, Madam, you will excuſe me.

Lucy. Not the greateſt lady in the land could have better in her cloſet for her own private drinking——You ſeem mighty low in ſpirits, my dear!

Polly. I am ſorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer——I ſhould not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met laſt, Madam, had not my papa hauled me away ſo unexpectedly——I was, indeed, ſomewhat provoked, and perhaps might uſe ſome expreſſions that were diſreſpectful——but really, Madam, the Captain treated me with ſo much contempt and cruelty, that I deſerved your pity rather than your reſentment.

Lucy. But ſince his eſcape, no doubt all matters are made up again——Ah, Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you, as if you were only his miſtreſs.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me ſo happy as to be the object of your jealouſy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—ſo that I muſt expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our caſes, my dear Polly, are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR.

O Beſſy Bell, &c.

Polly. *A curſe attends that woman's love*
Who always would be pleaſing.

Lucy. *The pertneſs of the billing dove,*
Like tickling is but teaſing.

Polly. *What then in love can woman do?*
Lucy. *If we grow fond, they ſhun us,*
Polly. *And when we fly them they purſue,*
Lucy. *But leave us when they 'ave won us.*

Lucy. Love is ſo very whimſical in both ſexes that it is impoſſible to be laſting—but my heart is particular, and contradicts my own obſervation.

Polly. But really, Miſtreſs Lucy, by his laſt behaviour I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him, he did not ſhew the leaſt tenderneſs—but perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR.

Wou'd fate to me Belinda give.

Among the men coquettes we find
Who court by turns all womankind,
And we grant all their hearts deſir'd,
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both ſexes are ſelf-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs. I fear, my dear Lucy, our huſband is one of thoſe.

Lucy. Away with theſe melancholy reflections—Indeed, my dear Polly! we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR.

Come ſweet laſs.

Come, ſweet laſs!
Let's baniſh ſorrow
Till to-morrow;
Come, ſweet laſs!
Let's take a chirping glaſs.
Wine can clear
The vapours of deſpair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and baniſh care.

I can't bear, child, to ſee you in ſuch low ſpirits—and I muſt perſuade you to what I know will do you good——I ſhall now ſoon be even with the hypocritical ſtrumpet. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too, when I know ſhe hates me! —The diſſembling of a woman is always the forerunner of miſchief—By pouring ſtrong waters down my throat, ſhe thinks to pump ſome ſecrets out of me

—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taſte a drop of her liquor I'm reſolved.

Enter Lucy *with ſtrong waters.*

Lucy. Come, Miſs Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourſelf trouble to no purpoſe—You muſt, my dear, excuſe me.

Lucy. Really, Miſs Polly, you are as ſqueamiſhly affected about taking a cup of ſtrong waters, as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I ſhall take it monſtrouſly ill if you refuſe me—Brandy and men (tho' women love them never ſo well) are always taken by us with ſome reluctance—unleſs 'tis in private.

Polly. I proteſt, Madam, it goes againſt me—What do I ſee! Macheath again in cuſtody!—now every glimmering of happineſs is loſt!

[*Drops the glaſs of liquor on the ground.*

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath eſcap'd, for by this event 'tis plain ſhe was not happy enough to deſerve to be poiſon'd. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lockit, Macheath, *and* Peachum.

Lock. Set your heart at reſt, Captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another eſcape, for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away huſſies!—this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you ſee the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O huſband, huſband! my heart long'd to ſee thee, but to ſee thee thus, diſtracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear huſband look upon his Polly? Why hadſt thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadſt been ſafe.

AIR.

The laſt time I came o'er the moor.

Polly. *Hither, dear huſband! turn your eyes.*
Lucy. *Beſtow one glance to cheer me.*
Polly. *Think with that look thy Polly dies.*
Lucy. *O ſhun me not, but hear me.*
Polly. *'Tis Polly ſues.*
Lucy. *'Tis Lucy ſpeaks.*
Polly. *Is thus true love requited?*
Lucy. *My heart is burſting.*
Polly. *Mine too breaks.*
Lucy. *Muſt I,*
Polly. *Muſt I be ſlighted?*

Mac. What would you have me ſay, ladies?—You ſee this affair will ſoon be at an end, without my diſobliging either of you.

Peach. But the ſettling this point, Captain, might prevent a law-ſuit between your two widows.

AIR.

Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.

Mac. *Which way ſhall I turn me—how can I decide?*
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
One wife is too much for moſt huſbands to hear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear,
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, t' other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him inſenſible to mine—a father, ſure, will be more compaſſionate—Dear, dear, Sir! ſink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial—Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR.

I am a poor ſhepherd undone.

When my hero in court appears,
And ſtands arraign'd for his life,
Then think of your Polly's tears,
For, ah! poor Polly 's his wife.
Like the ſailor he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the daſhing wave;
To die a dry death at land
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
Alack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in love
Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened, ſure you, ſir, will have more compaſſion on a daughter——— I know the evidence is in your power———How then can you be a tyrant to me? [*Kneeling.*

AIR.

Ianthe the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O, think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or claſhing of ſwords:
For death is more certain by witneſſes' words:
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy—We know our own affairs, therefore, let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR.

A cobler there was, &c.

Ourſelves, like the great, to ſecure a retreat,
When matters require it, muſt give up our gang;
And good reaſon why,
Or inſtead of the fry
Ev'n Peachum and I

Like poor petty raſcals might hang, hang,
Like poor petty raſcals might hang.

Peach. Set your heart at reſt, Polly—your huſband is to die to-day—therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you ſlut.

Lock. We are ready, ſir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR.

Bonny Dundee.

Mac. *The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,*
The judges all rang'd (a terrible ſhow!)
I go undiſmay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—ſo take what I owe.
Then farewell my love—dear Charmers! adieu,
Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
Here ends all diſpute the reſt of our lives,
For this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

[*Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.*

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court, and when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happened—You'll find me here with Miſs Lucy. [*Exit Filch.*] But why is all this muſick?

Lucy. The priſoners, whoſe trials are put off till next ſeſſion, are diverting themſelves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing ſo charming as muſick! I'm fond of it to diſtraction—But, alas!—now all mirth ſeems an inſult upon my affliction.—Let us retire, my dear Lucy! and indulge our ſorrows—— The noiſy crew, you ſee, are coming upon us.

[*Exeunt.*

A dance of priſoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *the condemn'd hold.*

MACHEATH *in a melancholy poſture.*

AIR.

Happy groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel caſe!
Muſt I ſuffer this diſgrace?

AIR.

Of all the girls that are ſo ſmart.

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one ſo ſure can bring relief
As this beſt friend, a brimmer. [*Drinks.*

AIR.

Britons ſtrike home.

Since I muſt ſwing—I ſcorn, I ſcorn to wince or whine.

[*Riſes.*

AIR.

Chevy chaſe.

But now again my ſpirits ſink,
I'll raiſe them high with wine.

[*Drinks a glaſs of wine.*

AIR.

To old Sir Simon the king.

But valour the ſtronger grows
The ſtronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we 'ave loſt the trouble of thinking?

[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Joy to great Cæſar.

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.

[*Pours out a bumper of brandy.*

AIR.

There was an old woman, &c.

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can ſtand the teſt,
And my comrades ſhall ſee that I die as brave as the beſt.

[*Drinks.*

AIR.

Did you ever hear of a gallant ſailor.

But can I leave my pretty huſſies
Without one tear or tender ſigh?

AIR.

Why are mine eyes ſtill flowing.

Their eyes, their lips, their buſſes,
Recall my love—Ah! muſt I die!

AIR.

Green ſleeves.

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the ſting,
And if rich men like us were to ſwing,
'Twould thin the land ſuch numbers to ſtring
Upon Tyburn tree.

Jail. Some friends of your's, Captain, deſire to be admitted—I leave you together. [*Exit.*

Enter Ben Budge *and* Mat *of the* Mint.

Mac. For my having broke priſon, you ſee, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The ſheriff's officers I believe are now at the door.——That Jemmy Twitcher ſhould peach me, I own ſurpriſed me—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more truſt one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourſelves, for, in all probability, you may live ſome months longer.

Mat. We are heartily ſorry, Captain, for your miſfortunes—but 'tis what we muſt all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous ſcoundrels: their lives are as much in your power, as your's are in theirs——Remember your dying friend——'tis my laſt requeſt——Bring thoſe villains to the gallows before you, and I am ſatisfied.

Mat. We'll do't 603

Re-enter Jailor.

Jail. Miſs Polly and Miſs Lucy entreat a word with you.

Mac. Gentlemen, adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben. Budge and Mat of the Mint.*

Enter Lucy *and* Polly.

Mac. My dear Lucy——my dear Polly——whatſoever hath paſt between us, is now at an end—If you are fond of marrying again, the beſt advice I can give you is, to ſhip yourſelves off for the Weſt Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a huſband apiece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like beſt.

Polly. How can I ſupport this ſight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one ſo much as a great man in diſtreſs.

AIR.

All you that muſt take a leap.

Lucy. *Wou'd I might be hang'd!*

Polly. *And I would ſo too.*

Lucy. *To be hang'd with you,*

Polly. *My dear with you.*

Mac. *O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.* [*Turns up the empty bottle.*

Polly. *No token of love?*

Mac. *See, my courage is out.* [*Turns up the empty pot.*

Lucy. *No token of love?*

Polly. *Adieu!*

Lucy. *Farewell!*

Mac. *But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*

Jail. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece. See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Mac. What! four wives more!—this is too much—Here—tell the ſheriff's officers I am ready. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEGGAR *and* PLAYER.

Play. But, honeſt friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath ſhall be really executed.

Beg. Moſt certainly, Sir: to make the Piece perfect, I was for doing ſtrict poetical juſtice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other perſonages of the drama, the audience muſt ſuppoſe they were all either hanged or tranſported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The cataſtrophe is manifeſtly wrong; for an Opera muſt end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very juſt, and is eaſily removed; for you muſt allow that in this kind of drama 'tis no matter how abſurdly things are brought about: ſo you rabble there—run and cry, A Reprieve—Let the priſoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we muſt do to comply with the taſte of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may obſerve ſuch a ſimilitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether, in the faſhionable vices, the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at firſt intended, it would have carried a moſt excellent moral; 'twould have ſhewn that the lower ſort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are puniſhed for them.

Enter to them Macheath, *with rabble, &c.*

Mac. So it ſeems I am not left to my choice, but muſt have a wife at laſt.——Look ye, my dears, we will have no controverſy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am ſure ſhe who thinks herſelf my wife, will teſtify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance, a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to preſent a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time I take Polly for mine—and for life, you ſlut, for we were really married—As for the reſt—But at preſent keep your own ſecret. [*To Polly.*

[*A dance.*]

AIR.

Lumps of pudding, &c.

Thus I ſtand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound,
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And the diff'rent beauties ſubdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his deſires,
Tho' willing to all, with but one he retires.
Then think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.
Chorus. *Then think of this maxim,* &c. 679


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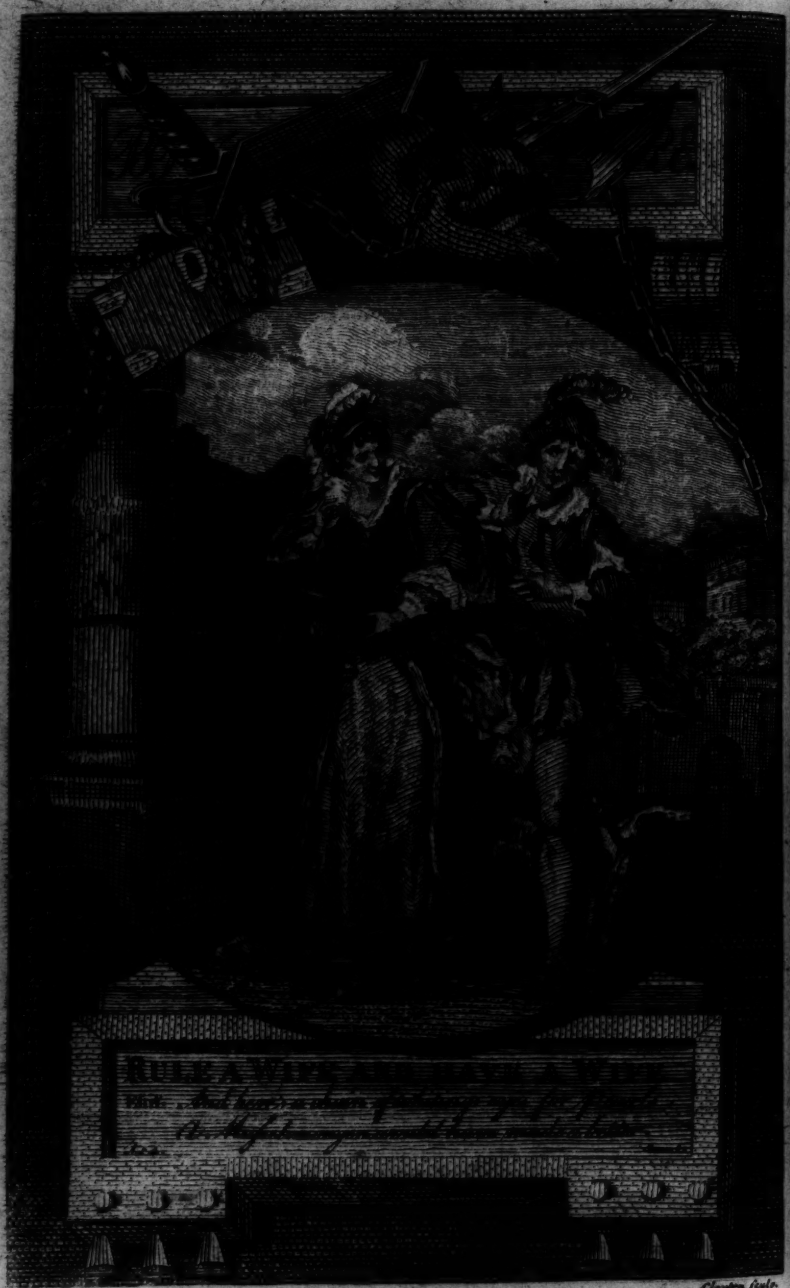
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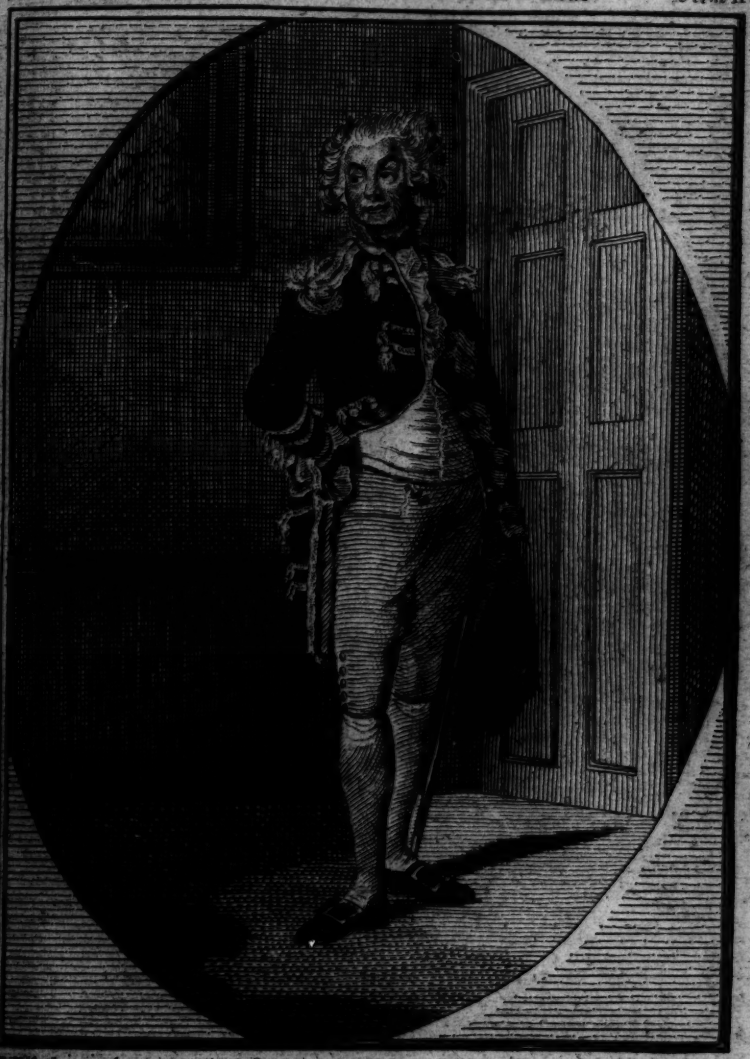
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Wm Bailey pinx^t

Clayton sculp.

Dublin Publish'd by Wm Jones N.º 86 Dame Street.



Clayton sculp.

MT. LEWIS as the COPPER CAPTAIN.

Alas! I am a fellow of no reckoning!
Not worth a ladys eye.

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RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

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FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCII.

RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

A

COMEDY.

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
JOHN FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, thoſe twin ſtars that run
Their glorious courſe round SHAKSPERE's golden ſun.

IT has ſeldom happened, that ſo perfect a parallel has been ſeen, as that which theſe friendly and illuſtrious Bards exhibited, in their births, minds, and accompliſhments. By birth they were alike illuſtrious, for the father of BEAUMONT was a Judge of the Common Pleas, and the parent of FLETCHER arrived to the dignity of the Biſhoprick of London.—Mentally their gifts were ſo ſimilar, that it were indeed a fruitleſs labour for curioſity to attempt a diſcrimination of their blended labours.—They both, too, poſſeſſed that faſhionable eaſe, and ſprightly fancy, which ſo conſiderably poliſh life; and the *firſt* and *beſt* was the only company they frequented.

THE year of FLETCHER's birth was 1576—that of BEAUMONT's 1585. The latter died in 1615—the former lived nearly the ſame time after him as he

had lived before him, for his death happened during the plague of 1625.

How that complete co-operation of deſign and execution, that is viſible in their works was effected, there are now no means of aſcertaining;—but we are given to underſtand, traditionally, that the fancy of FLETCHER was fertile even to luxuriance, and that BEAUMONT poſſeſſed moſt of the reſtraining ſeverity of judgment—that BEAUMONT regulated the plots, and that FLETCHER rapidly furniſhed out the dialogue———that FLETCHER had moſt *wit*, and BEAUMONT moſt *thought*.—Equally gifted otherways, holding frequent conferences together, with ſouls that were perfectly congenial, the difficulty was ſoon done away, and it is probable, that the colliſion of theſe wits might ſtimulate an activity which ſolitude is apt to dull, and invigorate the minds that began to ſtagnate when they were ſundered.—They produced the following amazing liſt of Dramatic Works:

The Woman Hater	1607	*Philaſter*	1622
Maſque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn	1612	*The Faithful Shepherdeſs*	
The Knight of the Burning Peſtle	1613	*The Two Noble Kinſmen*	1634
Cupid's Revenge	1615	*The Elder Brother*	1637
The Scornful Lady	1616	*Monſieur Thomas*	1638
The King and no King	1619	*Wit without Money*	1639
The Maid's Tragedy	1619	*Rollo*	1639
Thierry and Theodoret	1621	*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*	1640
		The Night Walker	1640

The following 34 Plays were firſt publiſhed together in 1647.

The Mad Lover
The Spaniſh Curate
The Little French Lawyer
The Cuſtom of the Country
The Noble Gentleman
The Captain
The Beggar's Buſh
The Coxcomb
The Falſe one
The Chances
The Loyal Subject
The Laws of Candy
The Lover's Progreſs
The Iſland Princeſs
The Humorous Lieutenant
The Nice Valour
The Maid in the Mill
The Propheteſs
Bonduca
The Sea Voyage
The Double Marriage
The Pilgrim
The Knight of Malta
The Woman's Prize
Love's Cure
The Honeſt Man's Fortune
The Queen of Corinth
Women pleaſed
A Wife for a Month
Wit at ſeveral Weapons
Valentinian
The Fair Maid of the Inn
Love's Pilgrimage
Four Plays in one

The Wild Gooſe Chaſe 1679
The Widow 1652
The Jeweller of Amſterdam; or, *The Hague*
The Faithful Friend
A Right Woman
The Hiſtory of Mador King of Britain

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

THE piece now to be characterized has ever been a favourite, and perhaps deſervedly will continue to be ſo—for though the fable be improbable, and much of the ſentiment prurient, yet moſt of the thoughts will ſtand upon the baſes of truth and nature.

OF SHAKSPERE'S ſchool, the language ſeems ſimilar with his—It diſcovers the want of grammar remarkable in the writings of that age—it diſcovers alſo that pregnant power of expreſſion which no other age has equalled.

THIS play intereſts variouſly and oddly——LEON and PEREZ are comic perfection. In modern repreſentation, from the delight attached to female performances, ESTIFANIA is thought the principal character; but the fact is, ſhe occaſions comic ſituation rather than conſtitutes it:—if ſhe *did* no more than ſhe *ſays*, ſhe would be diſmiſſed with little favour or affection.

CACAFOGO is a creation of the Poet, for Nature never formed a combination of beaſtly *gluttony* and griping *avarice*—The characters never have been, it is believed, or will be, otherwiſe than dramatically compounded.

PROLOGUE.

PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye ſit
The ſprings of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To ſtir you up; do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Becauſe this day we're Spaniards all again;
The ſtory of our play, and our ſcene Spain:
The errors, too, do not for this cauſe hate,
Now we preſent their wit, and not their ſtate.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you ſee
A young freſh beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuſe her huſband, ſtill 'tis Spain;
No ſuch groſs errors in your kingdom reign:
You're Veſtals all, and though we blow the fire,
We ſeldom make it flame up to deſire:
Take no example neither to begin,
For ſome by precedent delight to ſin;
Nor blame the poet if he ſlip aſide
Sometimes laſciviouſly, if not too wide.
But hold your fans cloſe, and then ſmile at eaſe;
A cruel ſcene did never lady pleaſe.
For, gentlemen, pray be not you diſpleas'd,
Though we preſent ſome men fool'd, ſome diſeas'd,
Some drunk, ſome mad; we mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our comedy,
You are our friends, ſit noble, them, and ſee.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
DUKE of MEDINA - - -	Mr. Barrymore.
DON JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Spaniſh Colonel*	Mr. Packer.
SANCHIO, } *Officers in the Army* - -	Mr. Phillimore.
ALONZO, } - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain* -	Mr. Palmer.
LEON, *Brother to* Altea, *and by her contrivance married to* Margaritta - - -	Mr. Kemble.
CACAFOGO, *a rich Uſurer* - - -	Mr. Moody.
	Women.
MARGARITTA, *a wanton Lady, married to* Leon, *by whom ſhe is reclaimed* - -	Mrs. Ward.
ALTEA, *her Servant* - - -	Mrs. Tidswell.
CLARA, *a Spaniſh Lady* - - -	Miſs Barnes.
ESTIFANIA, *a Woman of intrigue* - -	Miſs Farren.
An Old Woman - - - -	Mr. Baddeley.
Maid - - - - -	Mrs. Waldron.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
DUKE of MEDINA - - -	Mr. Macready.
DON JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Spaniſh Colonel*	Mr. Davies.
SANCHIO, } *Officers in the Army* - -	Mr. Thompſon.
ALONZO, } - -	Mr. Powell.
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain* -	Mr. Lewis.
LEON, *Brother to* Altea, *and by her contrivance married to* Margaritta - - -	Mr. Holman.
CACAFOGO, *a rich Uſurer* - - -	Mr. Cubit.
	Women.
MARGARITTA, *a wanton Lady, married to* Leon, *by whom ſhe is reclaimed* - -	Mrs. Bernard.
ALTEA, *her Servant* - - -	Miſs Stewart.
CLARA, *a Spaniſh Lady* - - -	Miſs Platt.
ESTIFANIA, *a Woman of intrigue* - -	Mrs. Abington.
An Old Woman - - - -	Mr. Quick.
Maid - - - - -	Miſs Painter.

Viſiting Ladies. SCENE, Spain.

RULE A WIFE
AND
HAVE A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Enter DON JUAN DE CASTRO *and* MICHAEL PEREZ.

Michael.

ARE your companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, ſir.
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How riſes your command?

Mich. We pick up ſtill,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time, I think, we ſhall be full too:
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd.
" The wars are dainty dreams to young hot ſpirits;
" Time and experience will allay thoſe viſions.
" We have ſtrange things to fill our numbers:"
There's one Don Leon, a ſtrange goodly fellow,
Commended to me from ſome noble friends,
For my Alferes.

Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath ſerv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, not ever meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet: aſk him a queſtion,
He bluſhes like a girl, and anſwers little,
To the point leſs. " He wears a ſword, a good one,
" And good cloaths too; he's whole ſkinn'd, has no hurt yet;
" Good promiſing hopes," I never yet heard certainly,
Of any gentleman that ſaw him angry.

Mich. Preſerve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be;
Many as ſtout as he will go along with us,
That ſwear as valiantly as heart can wiſh.
Their mouths charg'd with ſix oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, ſuch we muſt look for. But, Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margaritta, the great heireſs?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er ſaw her;

She is the main diſcourſe. Noble Don Juan de Caſtro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at eaſe! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But ſhe is proud, ſir, that I know for certain,
And that comes ſeldom without wantonneſs:
He that ſhall marry her, muſt have a rare hand.

Mich. Would I were married; I would find that wiſdom,
With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the moſt ſubtle mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the pariſh.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to ſpeak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handſome women?

Ser. They ſeem ſo, very handſome; but they're veil'd, ſir.

Mich. Thou putteſt ſugar in my mouth. How it melts with me!
I love a ſweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I ſay. [*Exit Servant.*

Mich. Don Juan.

Juan. Michael, how you burniſh?
Will not this ſoldier's heat out of your bones yet?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honeſt, what ſhame have you then?

Mich. I would fain ſee that;

I've been in the Indies twice, and have ſeen ſtrange things;
But for two honeſt women:——one I read at once.
Juan. Pr'ythee, be modeſt.
Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, *and* Estifania *veiled.*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.
Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though:
They came not for advice in law ſure hither:
"May be they'd learn to raiſe the pike; I'm for 'em."
They're very modeſt; 'tis a fine preludium.
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you ſpeak, lady?
Cla. With you, ſir, as I gueſs, Juan de Caſtro.
Mich. Her curtain opens; ſhe is a pretty gentlewoman.
Juan. I am the man, and ſhall be bound to fortune, I may do any ſervice to your beauties.
Cla. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To ſerve the Catholic king.
Juan. I am, ſweet lady.
Cla. I have a kinſman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in thoſe wars; may be, ſir, you know him;
Don Campuſano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would requeſt your nobleneſs
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I ſhall do it:
I know the gentleman, a moſt worthy captain.
Cla. Something in private.

Juan. Step aſide: I'll ſerve thee.

[*Exeunt* Juan *and* Clara.

Mich. Pr'ythee, let me ſee thy face.

Eſtif. Sir, you muſt pardon me;
Women of our ſort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep ſuſpect off from their chaſtities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Mich. I am no blaſter of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her ſpecial favours:
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preſerv'd.
Lady, you may to me——

Eſtif. You muſt excuſe me, Signior, I come
Not here to ſell myſelf.

Mich. As I'm a gentleman; by the honour of a ſoldier.

Eſtif. I believe you,——
I pray be civil: I believe you'd ſee me,
And when you've ſeen me, I believe you'll like me;
But in a ſtrange place, to a ſtranger too,
As if I came on purpoſe to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I ſhall love you dearly,
And 'tis a ſin to fling away affection;
I have no miſtreſs; no deſire to honour
Any but you.
I know not, you have ſtruck me with your modeſty
So deep, and taken from me
All the deſire I might beſtow on others——
Quickly before they come.

Eſtif. Indeed I dare not.
But ſince I ſee you're ſo deſirous, ſir,

To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——

Mich. It muſt needs be excellent.

Eſtif. And with what honeſty you aſk it of me,
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what houſe I enter. Thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
And as I like your virtuous carriage, then,

Enter Juan, Clara, *and Servant.*

I ſhall be able to give welcome to you.
She hath done her buſineſs, I muſt take my leave, ſir.

Mich. I'll kiſs your fair white hand, and thank you, lady.
My man ſhall wait, and I ſhall be your ſervant.
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Ser. I ſhall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*

Juan. You will command me no more ſervices?

Cla. To be careful of your noble health, dear ſir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiſs your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Servant.*

Mich. You had the honour to ſee the face that came to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one. What was yours, Don Michael?

Mich. Mine was i'th'eclipſe, and had a cloud drawn over it.
But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handſome.
She had a hand would ſtir a holy hermit;

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Mich. Were those she brought love letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modest, methought.

Mich. Some young unmanaged thing:
But I may live to see.

Juan. 'Tis worth experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

" *A Street.* *Enter* SANCHIO *and* ALONZO.

" *San.* What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?

" *Alon.* It may be ay,
" It may be no, e'en as the humour takes me.
" If I find peace among the female creatures,
" And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home.
" I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches
" And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
" When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

" *San.* Ay, of which hospital thou'lt sweat in: wilt
" Thou never leave whoring?

" *Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning,
Sanchio.

" 'Tho' we be ſhot ſometimes, the ſhot's not mortal;
" Beſides, it breaks no limbs.
" *San.* But it diſables 'em.
" Doſt ſee how thou pulleſt thy legs after thee,
" As if they hung by points?
" *Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
" Serve bravely for a billet to ſupport me.
" *San.* Fie, fie, 'tis baſe.
" *Alon.* Doſt count it baſe to ſuffer?
" Suffer abundantly? 'Tis the crown of honour.
" You think it nothing to lie twenty days
" Under a ſurgeon's hand that has no mercy.
" *San.* As thou haſt done, I'm ſure: but I perceive now
" Why you deſire to ſtay; the orient heireſs,
" The Margaritta, ſir.
" *Alon.* I would I had her.
" *San.* They ſay ſhe'll marry.
" *Alon.* Yes, I think ſhe will.
" *San.* And marry ſuddenly, as report goes, too.
" She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
" *Alon.* I would I had the ſheathing on't.
" *San.* They ſay too,
" She has a greedy eye, that muſt be fed
" With more than one man's meat.
" *Alon.* Would ſhe were mine,
" I'd cator for her well enough: but, Sanchio,
" There be too many great men that adore her;
" Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
" *San.* Yet thoſe ſtand off i'the way of marriage;
" To be tied to a man's pleaſure is a ſecond labour.

" *Alon.* She has bought a brave houſe here in town.
" *San.* I've heard ſo.
" *Alon.* If ſhe convert it now to pious uſes,
" And bid poor gentlemen welcome.
" *San.* When comes ſhe to it?
" *Alon.* Within theſe two days: ſhe's in the country yet,
" And keeps the nobleſt houſe.
" *San.* Then there's ſome hope of her.
" Wilt thou go my way?
" *Alon.* No, no, I muſt leave you,
" And repair to an old gentlewoman that
" Has credit with her, that can ſpeak a good word.
" *San.* Send thee good fortune, but make thy body ſound firſt.
" *Alon.* I am a ſoldier,
" And too ſound a body becomes me not;
" So farewell, Sanchio. [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE III.

Another Street. ESTIFANIA *croſſes the Stage. Enter a Servant of* MICHAEL PEREZ *after her.*

Ser. 'Tis this or that houſe, or I've loſt my aim;
They're both fair buildings;—ſhe walk'd plaguy faſt.

Enter ESTIFANIA, *courteſies, and exit.*

And hereabouts I loſt her. Stay, that's ſhe?

'Tis very ſhe;——ſhe makes me a low court'ſy:——
Let me note the place, the ſtreet I well remember.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in Margaritta's *Houſe. Enter three old Ladies.*

1 *Lady.* What ſhould it mean, that in ſuch haſte we're ſent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady Margaret has ſome buſineſs
She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It ſhould ſeem ſo.
'Tis a good lady, and a wiſe young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'tis a pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more ſometimes than we can well away with.

Enter ALTEA.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies,

All. 'Morrow, my good madam.

1 *Lady.* How does the ſweet young beauty, lady Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has ſhe ſlept well after her walk laſt night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,
She's very well: she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
"To ask the counsel of the ancient'st. Madam,
"Our years have run through many things she knows not."

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray come in
And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street. *Enter* JUAN DE CASTRO *and* LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember;
But once I ſtole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray aſk me no long queſtions. I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an aſs. Did you ne'er draw your ſword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en priſoner?

Leon. No, I ran away;
For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum?

Leon. It makes my head ach.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?

Leon. I think not; but I am loving, ſir.

Juan. What a lump is this man!
Was your father wiſe?

Leon. Too wiſe for me, I'm ſure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no fooliſh part, I'll bear you witneſs.
Canſt thou lie with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make ſhift, Sir;
But I am baſhful.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not.
Darkneſs indeed may do ſome good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou ſent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'ſt not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I'm cozen'd, ſir; men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'ſcape a bullet?

Leon. Why, by chance.
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, Sir.

Juan. This fellow hath ſome doubts in his talk that ſtrike me,

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your company?
The ſpirit of peace? we ſhall have wars by the ounce then.

Enter Cacafogo.

Oh, here's another pumpion, the cramm'd ſon of a ſtarv'd uſurer, Cacafogo.
Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two ſpoonfuls.

Caca. My father's dead, I am a man of war too, Monies, demeſnes; I've ſhips at ſea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o' the Hollanders, your ſhips may leak elſe.

Caca. I ſcorn the Hollanders, there are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, ſir, I will borrow it elſe.

Caca. I'm ſatisfied you ſhall not.
Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger inſtantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'ſt wrong'd mine honour,
Thou look'ſt upon my miſtreſs thrice laſciviouſly,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourſelf, you will ſurfeit.

Caca. Thou want'ſt my money too, with a pair of baſe bones,
In whom there was no truth for which I beat thee,

I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerouſly.
This ſhall provoke thee. [*He ſtrikes.*

" *Alon.* You ſtruck too low, by a foot ſir.

" *Juan.* You muſt get a ladder, when you would beat this fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuſe but kick again; pray, pardon me.

Caca. Hadſt thou not aſk'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee, as a thing deſpis'd, *baſo las manos a voſtra Seignora.* [*Exit* Caca.

Alon. You've 'ſcap'd by miracles, there is not in all Spain,
A ſpirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I ſee he's haſty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me ſoundly, if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What ſhall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off.
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About ſome week hence, ſir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You ſhall hear from me.

Leon. I deſire no better. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in MARGARITTA's *Houſe. Enter* ESTIFANIA *and* PEREZ.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, Lady,
For your ſtrict carriage when you ſaw me firſt.
Theſe beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide ſo ſweet an object;
I could now chide ye, but it ſhall be thus:
No other anger ever touch your ſweetneſs.

Eſtif. Y' appear to me ſo honeſt and ſo civil,
Without a bluſh, ſir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now, let me aſk your name.

Eſtif. 'Tis Eſtifania, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I caſt mine eyes upon,
But ſhews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princeſs were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing ſo curious.
Is all that plate your own too?

Eſtif. 'Tis but little,
Only for preſent uſe; I've more and richer,
When need ſhall call, or friends compel me uſe it;
The ſuits you ſee of all the upper chambers,
Are thoſe that commonly adorn the houſe;
I think I have beſides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

Per. Now if ſhe be not married, I have ſome hopes.
Are you a maid?

Eſtif. You make me bluſh to anſwer;
I ever was accounted ſo to this hour,
And that's the reaſon that I live retir'd, ſir.

Per. Then would I counſel you to marry preſently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever) [*Aſide.*
For every year you loſe, you loſe a beauty.
A huſband now, an honeſt, careful huſband,
Were ſuch a comfort. Will ye walk above ſtairs?

Eſtif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, ſir;
Above there are day-beds, and ſuch temptations
I dare not truſt, ſir.

Per. She's excellent wiſe withal, too.

Eſtif. You nam'd a huſband; I am not ſo ſtrict, ſir,
Nor ty'd unto a virgin's ſolitarineſs,
But if an honeſt, and a noble one,
Rich, and a ſoldier, for ſo I've vow'd he ſhall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I ſhould accept him.
But above all, he muſt love.

Per. He were baſe elſe.
There's comfort miniſtred in the word ſoldier.
How ſweetly ſhould I live!

Eſtif. I'm not ſo ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myſelf obey'd, ſir.
I waſte but little: I have gather'd much:
My rial not leſs worth when it is ſpent,
If ſpent by my direction. To pleaſe my huſband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,

To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myſelf the miſtreſs.
Per. Sweet, rich, and provident; now, fortune, ſtick to me.
I am a ſoldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And ſuch a wife as you I could love infinitely.
They that uſe many words, ſome are deceitful:
I long to be a huſband, and a good one;
For 'tis moſt certain I ſhall make a precedent
For all that follow me, to love their ladies.
I'm young, you ſee, able I'd have you think too;
If't pleaſe you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I ſhall not meet in equal wealth with ye;
But jewels, chains, ſuch as the war has given me,
A thouſand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich clothes, too, as any he bears arms, lady.
Eſtif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I ſee by ye,
And ſuch a man I'd rather take——
Per. Pray do ſo.
I'll have a prieſt o' the ſudden.
Eſtif. And as ſuddenly
You will repent too.
Per. I'll be hang'd or drown'd firſt,
By this, and this, and this kiſs.
Eſtif. You're a flatterer,
But I muſt ſay there was ſomething when I ſaw you
Firſt, in that noble face, that ſtirred my fancy.
Per. I'll ſtir it better ere you ſleep, ſweet lady.
I'll ſend for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,

Into your own diſpoſe, before I bed ye;
And then, ſweet wench.

Eſtif. You have the art to cozen me. 399

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Margaritta's Houſe. Enter Margaritta, *three Ladies, and* Altea.

Margaritta.

Come in, and give me your opinions ſeriouſly.

1 *Lady.* You ſay you have a mind to marry, lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have, for to preſerve my credit,
" Yet not ſo much for that, as to preſerve my ſtate, ladies.
" Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' queſtion:
" Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;
" But when my money's gone, when the law ſhall
" Seize that, and for incontinency, ſtrip me
" Of all.

" 1 *Lady.* Do you find your body ſo malicious that way?

" *Mar.* I find it as all bodies are, that are young and lusty,
"Lazy, and high fed."
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary;
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep ye single?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of your pleasure you are barr'd then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes; why was I made a woman?

2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 *Lady.* You're still i'th'right; why would you marry then?

Alt. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?

Alt. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he sees himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.

1 *Lady.* Yes, marry; but how to bring him to this rare perfection.

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be comely.
2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,
"But lies with nothing but his client's business."
Mar. No, there's no trusting them, they are too subtle;
The law has moulded them of natural mischief.
1 *Lady.* Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.
Mar. If he has honour, I'm undone; I'll none such.
Alt. With search, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one, and a perfect.
Mar. Is he a gentleman?
Alt. Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish him. A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knew how to wear 'em.
Mar. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little?
Alt. Very little.
Mar. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Mar. H'as no capacity what honour is;
For that's a soldier's good?
Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he ſo goodly a man, do you ſay?
Alt. As you ſhall ſee, lady;
But to all this he's but a trunk.
Mar. I'd have him ſo;
"I ſhall add branches to adorn him."
Go, find me out this man, and let me ſee him;
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noiſe, I ſhall entertain him.
Let him be here.
Alt. He ſhall attend your ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. *Enter* JUAN, ALONZO, *and* PEREZ.

Juan. Why, thou'rt not married indeed?
Per. No, no, pray think ſo.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning!
Nor worth a lady's eye.
Alon. Wou'dſt ſteal a fortune,
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Per. No indeed.
There was no wiſdom in't, to bid an artiſt,
And old ſeducer, to a female banquet.
I can cut up my pie without your inſtructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i'the veil?
Per. Baſta, 'twas ſhe.
The prettieſt rogue that e'er you look'd upon;

The loving'ſt thief.

Juan. And is ſhe rich withal too?

Per. A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth, Colonel.
I am an aſs, a baſhful fool. Pr'ythee, Colonel,
How do thy companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, ſir;
You intend a ſafer war at home, belike, now?

Per. I do not think I ſhall fight much this year, Colonel;
I find myſelf given to my eaſe a little.
I care not if I ſell my fooliſh company;
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at firſt ſight ſhould win a lady,
A rich young wench——"And I, that have conſum'd
"My time and art in ſearching out their ſubtleties,
"Like a fool'd alchymiſt, blow up my hopes ſtill."
When ſhall we come to thy houſe, and be freely merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more.
I have an houſe to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few leſs come to thee.

Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point;
Signior, I beat no drum.
"May be I'll march, after a month or two,
"To get a freſh ſtomach. I find, Colonel,
"A wantonneſs in wealth, methinks I agree not with.
"'Tis ſuch a trouble to be married too,
"And have a thouſand things of great importance,

" Jewels and plate, and fooleries moleſt me,
" To have a man's brains whimſied with his wealth.
" Before I walked contentedly."

Enter Servant.

Ser. My miſtreſs, ſir, is ſick, becauſe you're abſent.
She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves,
You ſee I'm ty'd a little to my yoke;
Pray, pardon me; would ye had both ſuch loving wives.

[*Exeunt* Perez *and Servant.*

Juan. I thank ye
For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,
Becauſe this fellow has out-ſtripp'd thy fortune.
" Tell me, ten days hence, what he is, and how
" The gracious ſtate of matrimony ſtands with him."
Come, let's to dinner; when Margaritta comes,
We'll viſit both; it may be then your fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber. *Enter* MARGARITTA, ALTEA, *and Ladies.*

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, madam, he has been here this half hour.
I've queſtion'd him of all that you can aſk him,
And find him fit as you had made the man.
Mar. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit* Altea.

Enter Leon *and* Altea.

A man of a comely countenance. Pray ye come this way.
Is his mind ſo tame?
Alt. Pray queſtion him, and if ye find him not
Fit for your purpoſe, ſhake him off, there's no harm done.
Mar. Can ye love a young lady? How he bluſhes!
Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And ſpeak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I muſt be taught; I know not what it means, madam.
Mar. You ſhall be taught. And can you, when ſhe pleaſes,
Go ride abroad, and ſtay a week or two?
You ſhall have men and horſes to attend ye,
And money in your purſe.
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am ſo merry.
Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handſomely,
When you are ſent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, ſure, I ſhall.

Mar. And when you ſee her friends here,
Or, noble kinſmen, can you entertain
Their ſervants in the cellar, and be buſied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you ſee or hear?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd elſe.

Mar. Come, ſalute me.

Leon. Ma'am!

Mar. How the fool ſhakes! I will not eat you, ſir,
Can't you ſalute me?

Leon. Indeed I know not; but if your ladyſhip will pleaſe to inſtruct me, ſure I ſhall learn.

Mar. Come on, then.

Leon. Come on, then. [*He kiſſes her.*

" *Mar.* Beſhrew my heart, he kiſſes wondrous manly!
" Can you do any thing elſe?

" *Leon.* Indeed I know not; but if your Ladyſhip
" will pleaſe to inſtruct me, ſure I ſhall learn."

Mar. You ſhall then be inſtructed.
If I ſhould be this lady that affects ye;
Nay, ſay I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, madam, nor no friends.
I would do any thing to ſerve your ladyſhip.

Mar. You muſt not look to be my maſter, ſir.
Nor talk i'the houſe as though you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able! I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill ſpoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a ſervant ye muſt be unto me.
"As I behold your duty, I ſhall love you;
"And as you obſerve me, I may chance lie with ye."
Can you mark theſe?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forſooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me; ye muſt not be ſaucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me.
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myſelf ſufficiently!

Mar. Nor muſt not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to pleaſe ye.

Mar. Indeed you muſt fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame elſe.

Mar. Kiſs me again. [*Kiſſes her.*
"A ſtrong fellow; there's vigour in his lips."
If you ſee me
Kiſs any other, twenty in an hour, ſir,
You muſt not ſtart, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiſs a thouſand, I ſhall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to pleaſe ye.

Ale. I told ye, madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wiſh'd for; the leſs you ſpeak—

Leon. I'll never ſpeak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll ſpeak ſoftly too.
Mar. Get me a prieſt; I'll wed him inſtantly.
But when you're married, ſir, you muſt wait on me,
And ſee ye obſerve my laws.
Leon. Elſe you ſhall hang me.
Mar. I'll give you better clothes when you deſerve 'em.
Come in, and ſerve for witneſs.
Omnes. We ſhall, madam.
Mar. And then away to the city preſently;
I'll to my new houſe, and new company.
Leon. A thouſand crowns are thine; I'm a made man.
Alt. Do not break out too ſoon.
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A grand Saloon. *Enter* CLARA *and* ESTIFANIA *with a Paper.*

Cla. What, have you caught him?
Eſtif. Yes.
Cla. And do you find him
A man of thoſe hopes that you aim'd at?
Eſtif. Yes, too, and the moſt kind man;
" And the ableſt, alſo,

" To give his wife content: he is ſound as old wine,
" And to his ſoundneſs riſes on the pallat;
" And there's the man."
I find him rich, too, Clara.

Cla. Haſt thou married him?

Eſtif. What, doſt thou think I fiſh without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools. He is mine own. I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And as I caſt it, ſo I caught him daintily;
And all he has I've ſtow'd at my devotion.

Cla. Does the lady know this? ſhe's coming now to town:
Now, to live here, in this houſe.

Eſtif. Let her come,
She ſhall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad ſure, if ſhe be angry at my fortune;
For what I have made bold.

Cla. Doſt thou not love him?

Eſtif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he ſtays and looks no farther
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him;
And that wiſe hate will teach me how to cozen him;
" How to decline their wives, and curb their manners;
" To put a ſtern and ſtrong reign to their natures:
" And holds he is an aſs not worth acquaintance,
" That cannot mould a devil into obedience.
" I owe him a good turn for theſe opinions;
" And, as I find his temper, I may pay him."

Enter Perez.

O here he is; now you ſhall ſee a kind man,
Per. My Eſtifania, ſhall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou ſtay'ſt for me.
Eſtif. I cannot eat elſe.
Per. I never enter, but methinks a paradiſe
Appears about me.
Eſtif. You're welcome to it, ſir.
Per. I think I have the ſweeteſt ſeat in Spain, wench.
Methinks the richeſt too. We'll eat i' the garden,
In one o' the arbours, there 'tis cool and pleaſant;
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?
Eſtif. A friend of mine, ſir.
Per. Of what breeding?
Eſtif. A gentlewoman, ſir.
Per. What buſineſs has ſhe?
Is ſhe a woman learned i' the mathematics?
Can ſhe tell fortunes?
Eſtif. More than I know, ſir.
Per. Or has ſhe e'er a letter from a kinſwoman,
That muſt be deliver'd in my abſence, wife?
Or comes ſhe from the doctor to ſalute ye,
And learn your health? ſhe looks not like a confeſſor.
Eſtif. What needs all this? why are you troubled, ſir?
What do you ſuſpect? ſhe cannot cuckold ye:
She is a woman, ſir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, ſir,
Towards the matter; for though ſhe cannot perform it
In her own perſon, ſhe may do it by proxy.
Your rareſt jugglers work ſtill by conſpiracy.

Eſtif. Cry ye mercy, huſband, you are jealous then,
And haply ſuſpect me.

Per. No, indeed, wife.

Eſtif. Methinks you ſhould not till you have more cauſe,
And clearer too. I'm ſure you've heard ſay, huſband,
A woman forc'd will free herſelf through iron:
A happy, calm, and good wife diſcontented,
May be caught by tricks.

Per. No, no: I do but jeſt with ye.

Eſtif. To-morrow, friend, I'll ſee you.

Cla. I ſhall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may go ſweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

[*Knocking.*

Eſtif. Why, where's the girl? who's at the door?

[*Knock.*

Per. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king you come, ye knock ſo boiſterouſly?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live, miſtreſs, my lady's come;
She's at the door; I peep'd through, I ſaw her,
And a ſtately company of ladies with her.

Eſtif. This was a week too ſoon, but I muſt meet with her,
And ſet a new wheel going; and a ſubtle one
Muſt blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd. [*Aſide.*
Per. What, are they at the door?
Eſtif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bleſs the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.
Per. 'Tis well.
Eſtif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but diſpoſe the buſineſs,
And be a ſtranger to't, and not diſturb me.
What have I now to do but advance your fortune?
Per. Do, I dare truſt thee; I am aſham'd I was angry.
I find thee a wiſe young wife.
Eſtif. I'll wiſe your worſhip.
Before I leave ye. [*Aſide.*] Pray ye walk by, and ſay nothing,
Only ſalute them, and leave the reſt to me, ſir;
I was born to make ye a man.
Per. The rogue ſpeaks heartily;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I muſt be gentle to theſe tender natures:
A ſoldier's rude harſh words befit not ladies;
Nor muſt we talk to them, as we talk to
Our officers. I'll give her way, for 'tis for me ſhe
Works now; I am huſband, heir, and all ſhe has.

Enter Margaritta, Leon, Altea, *and* Ladies.

Who're theſe? I hate ſuch flaunting things.
A woman of rare preſence! excellent fair;
This is too big, ſure, for a bawdy-houſe;
Too open ſeated too.

Eſtif. My huſband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your ſervant, lady.
[*Kiſſes.*

Eſtif. Sir, be rul'd now, [*Apart to* Perez.
And I ſhall make you rich: this is my couſin;
That gentleman doats on her, even to death.
See how he obſerves her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Eſtif. She is a mirror.
But ſhe is poor, ſhe were for a prince's ſide elſe.
This houſe ſhe has brought him to as to her own,
And preſuming upon me, and on my courteſy——
Conceive me ſhort; he knows not but ſhe's wealthy;
"Or if he did know otherwiſe, 'twere all one,
"He's ſo far gone."

Per. Forward; ſhe's a rare face.

Eſtif. This we muſt carry with diſcretion, huſband,
And yield unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our houſe up, our goods and wealth!

Eſtif. All this is but ſeeming.—Do you ſee this writing?
Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,

Has she seal'd to for our good—The time is unfit now;
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house?

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove, too, to confirm him.

They'll into the country suddenly again,
"After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him."

Per. The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.
A part o' the house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, sir,
A niece, or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, sir, as easily as it came on.
"Is't not pity
"To let such a gentlewoman for a little help——"
You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe:

Per. I'm satisfied.—Would I had the wench too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Eſtif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Eſtif. Go handſome off, and leave the houſe clear.

Per. Well.

Eſtif. That little ſtuff we'll uſe ſhall follow after; And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

Mar. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept ſweet, wench?

Eſtif. They're ſweet and neat. [*Exit* Perez.

Mar. Why, where's your huſband?

Eſtif. Gone, madam. When you come to your own, he muſt give place, lady.

Mar. Well, ſend you joy, you would not let me know't, Yet I ſhall not forget ye.

Eſtif. Thank your ladyſhip.

"*Mar.* Come, lead me." [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chamber. Enter MARGARITTA *and* ALTEA.

ALTEA.

Are you at eaſe now? Is your heart at reſt,
"Now you have got a ſhadow, an umbrella,

" To keep the ſcorching world's opinion
" From your fair credit ?"

Mar. I am at peace, Altea.
If he continue but the ſame he ſhews,
And be a maſter of that ignorance
He outwardly profeſſes, I am happy.
" The pleaſure I ſhall live in, and the freedom
" Without the ſquint eye of the law upon me,
" Or prating liberty of tongues that envy !"

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he ſhould prove now
A crafty and diſſembling kind of huſband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd.

Alt. My life, an innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at.
That's it I hope too, then I'm ſure I rule him :
" For innocents are like obedient children,
" Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
" Who, being not us'd to breakfaſts and collations,
" When they have coarſe bread offered, are thankful,
" And take it for a favour too."
Are the rooms made ready
To entertain my friends ? I long to dance now,
" And to be wanton. Let me have a ſong. Is the great couch up
" The duke of Medina ſent ?

" *Alt.* 'Tis up and ready.

" *Mar.* And day-beds in all chambers ?

Alt. "In all, lady."
Your houſe is nothing now but various pleaſures.
The gallants begin to gaze too.

Mar. Let 'em gaze on.
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy;
And company is my delight and courtſhip;
And handſome ſervants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his diſtance, madam.
I warrant ye he is buſy in the cellar
Among his fellow-ſervants, or aſleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Enter Leon *and* Lorenzo.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea,
It ſhould be ſo; my ward I muſt preſerve him.
Who ſent for him? How dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!

Alt. Sure he ſees you not.

Mar. How ſcornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleaſure?
New hangings every hour for entertainment?
And new plate bought, new jewels to give luſtre?

Ser. They are, and yet there muſt be more and richer;
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it ſo? 'Tis excellent.
Is it her will, too, to have feaſts and banquets,
Revels and maſques?

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly;
And we ſhall have the braveſt houſe kept now, ſir.
I muſt not call ye maſter; ſhe has warn'd me;
Nor muſt not put my hat off to you.
Leon. 'Tis no faſhion.
What though I be her huſband, I'm your fellow;
I may cut firſt?
Ser. That's as you ſhall deſerve, ſir.
Leon. I thank you, ſir.—" And when I lie with her—
" *Ser.* May be I'll light ye:
" On the ſame point you may do me that ſervice."

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the Duke Medina, with ſome captains,
Will come to dinner, and have ſent rare wine,
And their beſt ſervices.
Mar. They ſhall be welcome.
See all be ready in the nobleſt faſhion;
" The houſe perfum'd.
" Now I ſhall take my pleaſure,
" And not my neighbour juſtice maunder at me."
Go, get your beſt clothes on; but till I call ye,
Be ſure you be not ſeen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourſelf handſomely, ſir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter a ſecond Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——

Leon. That's a bawd;
A three-pil'd bawd; bawd major to the army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyſhip,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no; i' the afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [*Exit.*

" *Mar.* Why are you not gone to prepare yourſelf?
" May be you ſhall be ſower to the firſt courſe.
" A portly preſence. Altea, he looks lean—
" Tis a vaſt knave, he will not keep his fleſh well.
" *Alt.* A willing, madam, one that needs no ſpurring."

Leon. Faith, madam, in my little underſtanding,
You'd better entertain your honeſt neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may ſpeak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now, what this?

Leon. 'Tis only to perſuade ye
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not laſt, madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their potions;
And in a well-knit body, a poor parſnip
Will play his prize above their ſtrong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that ſhall counſel ladies,
That hath both liquoriſh and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him ſpeak goſpel.

Alt. He breaks out modeſtly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry;
My indiſcretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'ſt not talk?

Leon. Not much, madam;
You have a tie upon your ſervant's tongue,
He dare not be ſo bold as reaſon bids him;
'Twere fit there were a ſtronger on your temper.
Ne'er look ſo ſtern upon me, I'm your huſband:
But what are huſbands? Read the New World's Wonders,
Such huſbands as this monſtrous world produces,
And you will ſcarce find ſuch ſtrange deformities;
They're ſhadows to conceal your venal virtues; 121
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occaſions;
Balls that lie by you, to waſh out your ſtains;
And bills nail'd up with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonneſs.

Mar. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, madam:
An ox once ſpoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I ſhall be ſuch, then I'll ſpeak wonders.
'Till when I tie myſelf to my obedience. [*Exit.*

Mar. Firſt I'll untie myſelf. Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how faucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for!

" The piece of ignorant dough, he ſtood up to me,
" And rated my commands."
This was your providence,
Your wiſdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecaſt in the man, your knowledge;
What think ye now?

Alt. I think him an aſs ſtill.

This boldneſs ſome of your people have blown into him,
This wiſdom too, with ſtrong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philoſopher alſo, and finds out reaſons.

Mer. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no ſchool kept there,
Nor no diſcovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are underſtanding in their draughts,
And diſpute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To graſs immediately: I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, ſtill fools that ſhall know nothing.
Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,
And ſuch a hand I'll keep over this huſband.

Alt. He'll fall again: my life, he cries by this time:
Keep him from drink, he's a high conſtitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new ſuit, madam?

Mar. No, your old clothes.
And get you into the country preſently,
And ſee my hawks well train'd: you ſhall have victuals,

Such as are fit for ſaucy palates, ſir,
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not ſo rough with repentance.

Alt. You ſee how he's come round again.

Mar. I ſee not what I expect to ſee.

Leon. You ſhall ſee, madam, if it pleaſe your ladyſhip.

Alt. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handſome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady.

[*Exit.*

Mar. See you preſerve him thus, upon my favour.
You know his temper, tie him to the grindſtone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy raſcals I tie to me
Diſpute my life. Come in, and ſee all handſome.

Alt. I hope to ſee you ſo too, I've wrought ill elſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An ordinary Apartment. Enter PEREZ.

Per. Shall I
Never return to mine own houſe again?

We're lodg'd here in the miſerableſt dog-hole,
A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a baſket,
And we lie like butter clapt together,
And ſweat ourſelves to ſauce immediately;
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
" And to that ſo thick they cut like marmalade;"
So various too, they'll poſe a gold finder.
Never return to mine own paradiſe——
Why, wife, I ſay; why, Eſtifania?
Eſtif. [*within.*] I'm going preſently.
Per. Make haſte, good jewel.
I'm like the people that live in the ſweet iſlands:
I die, I die, if I ſtay but one day more here.
" My lungs are rotten with the damps that riſe,
" And I cough nothing now but ſtinks of all ſorts."
The inhabitants we have are two ſtarv'd rats,
For they're not able to maintain a cat here,
And thoſe appear as fearful as two devils;
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
And if we ſtay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and ſhe ſits i' the chimney,
(Which is but three tiles rais'd, like a houſe of cards)
The true proportion of an old ſmoak'd Sybil.
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid ſervant, but 'tis now a monſter;
She has a huſk about her like a cheſnut,
With lazineſs, and living under the line here;
And theſe two make a hollow ſound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. Oh, are you come, wife;
Shall we be free again?

Eſtif. I am now going,
And you ſhall preſently to your own houſe, ſir:
The remembrance of this ſmall vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have ſaid your oriſons,
And broke your faſt, I ſhall be back, and ready
To uſher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my faſt, breaſt my neck rather.
Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals? 220
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
Let's have our houſe again immediately,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.

Eſtif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em inſtantly depart.

Eſtif. They ſhall both; there's reaſon in all courteſy;
For by this time I know ſhe has acquainted him,
And has provided too: ſhe ſent me word, ſir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than theſe living.
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Eſtif. I'll not fail, ſir.

Per. And do you hear? let's have a handſome dinner,
And ſee all things be decent as they have been;
And let me have a ſtrong bath to reſtore me;
I ſtink like a ſtale-fiſh ſhambles, or an oil-ſhop.
Eſtif. You ſhall have all, which ſome interpret nothing,
I'll ſend ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
"And for the ſtuff."
Per. Let 'em be known and honeſt;
And do my ſervice to your niece.
Eſtif. I ſhall, ſir:
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courteſy,
And pray you, be brave for my ſake.
Per. I obſerve ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, *and* Cacafogo.

San. Thou'rt very brave.
Caca. I've reaſon, I have money.
San. Is money reaſon?
Caca. Yes, and rhyme too, Captain.
If you've no money, you're an aſs.
San. I thank ye.
Caca. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a farthing, Captain:
Captains are caſual things.

San. Why ſo are all men. Thou ſha't have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters, Captain.
My money is my own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What doſt thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious uſes.
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are thoſe hoſpitals?

Caca. I firſt provide to fill my hoſpitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: thoſe are more bound to pray for me:
Beſides, I keep th' inheritance in my name ſtill.

Juan. A provident charity. Are you for the wars, ſir?

Caca. I am not poor enough to be a ſoldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have ſaid wiſely.

Caca. Had you but my money,
You'd ſwear it, Colonel. I had rather drill at home
A hundred thouſand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exerciſe ten thouſand fools with nothing.
A wiſe man ſafely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

San. A right ſtate uſurer. Why doſt not marry,
And live a reverend juſtice?

Caca. Is it not nobler to command a reverend juſtice than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appeaſe my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

Caca. I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the orient
Fair one, the rich one too; and I will be reſpected.
I bear my patent here; I will talk to her;
And when your captainſhips ſhall ſtand aloof,
And pick your noſes, I will pick the purſe
Of her affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there to-day too, the Duke of Medina.

Caca. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and ſo far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.

San. Thou wilt eat monſtrouſly.

Caca. Like a true born Spaniard:
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows:
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To ſtir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous ſcrivener.

Juan. If we ſhould play now, ye muſt ſupply me.

Caca. You muſt pawn a horſe troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San. Come, let's go.
This raſcal will make rare ſport. How the ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his purſe ſweat too.

Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An ordinary Apartment. Enter PEREZ, *Old Woman, and Maid.*

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me underſtand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye faſt. How came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? What pick-lock ſpirit——

Old Wom. Ha! What would ye have?

Per. My goods again. How came my trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open?

Per. Yes, and cloaths gone,
And chains and jewels. How ſhe ſmells like hung beef!
The palſy, and pick-locks. Fye, how ſhe belches
The ſpirit of garlick!

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?

Per. What's that to my queſtion?
She is my wife, and gone about my buſineſs.

Maid. Is ſhe your wife, ſir?

Per. Yes, ſir: is that a wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is ſhe duly and truly your wife?
Per. Duly and truly my wife! I think ſo,
For I married her. It was no viſion ſure!
Maid. She has the keys, ſir.
Per. I know ſhe has; but who has all my goods, ſpirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man: ſhe has twenty huſbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And ſhe has cozen'd all, ſir.
Per. The devil ſhe has! I had a fair houſe with her,
That ſtands hard by, and furniſh'd royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's, good gentleman,
It is a lady's.
Maid. The lady Margaritta; ſhe was her ſervant,
And kept the houſe; but going from her, ſir,
For ſome lewd tricks ſhe play'd.
Per. Plague o' the devil;
Am I, i'the full meridian of my wiſdom,
Cheated by a ſtale quean! What kind of lady
Is that that owns the houſe?
Old Wom. A young ſweet lady.
Per. Of low ſtature.
Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but ſhe's wondrous fair.
Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am ſenſible I am undone.
This is the very woman ſure, that couſin,

She told me would entreat but for four days
To make the houſe hers—I am entreated ſweetly.
Maid. When ſhe went out this morning, I ſaw, ſir,
She had two women at the door attending,
And there ſhe gave 'em things, and loaded 'em:
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours.
Per. They were mine while they were laden;
But now they've caſt their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was ſhe her miſtreſs, ſay you?
Old Wom. Her own miſtreſs, her very miſtreſs, ſir; and all you ſaw
About and in that houſe was hers.
Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing; ſhe's poor, ſir, a poor ſhifting thing.
Per. No money?
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unleſs ſhe ſteal it.
But for one ſingle gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.
Per. I'm mad now:
I think I am as poor as ſhe, I'm wild elſe.
One ſingle ſuit I have left too, and that's all,
And if ſhe ſteals that ſhe muſt flay me for it.
Where does ſhe uſe?
Old Wom. You may find the truth as ſoon.
Alas, a thouſand conceal'd corners, ſir, ſhe lurks in;
And here ſhe gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in miſts and ſmokes where none can find her.

Per. Is ſhe a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman:
I dare not ſay ſhe is ſo, ſir, becauſe
She's yours, ſir: theſe five years ſhe has ſirk'd
A pretty living. "Until ſhe came to ſerve.
"I fear he will knock my brains out for lying."

Per. She has ſirk'd me finely.
A whore and thief; two excellent moral learnings
In one ſhe ſaint. I hope to ſee her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my diſcoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal 'em;
Have I ſo long ſtudied the art of this ſex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen;
Have I profeſs'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make them bear all teſts; and I am trick'd now?
Caught in my own nooſe? Here's a rial left yet,
There's for your lodging, and your meat for a week;
A ſilk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And ſleeps in a ſweeter box,
Farewell, great grandmother,
If I do find you were an acceſſary,
'Tis but the cutting off two ſmoaking minutes!
I'll hang ye preſently.

Old Wom. And I deſerve it—I tell you truth.

Per. Not I, I am an aſs, mother.

Old Wom. *O the rogue, the villain! Is this uſage for the fair ſex.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A grand Apartment. Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo, Sancho, Cacafogo, *and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly houſe.

Juan. And richly furniſh'd too, ſir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation;
It ſtirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the miſtreſs free and jovial;
I love a houſe where pleaſure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this manſion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca. I ſhall be maſter of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and ſpacious,
Airy and full of eaſe, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taſte the wine, my lord;
And take the height of her table with my ſtomach,
How my affection ſtands to the young lady.

Enter Margaritta, Altea, *Ladies, and Servant.*

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to theſe ſoldiers,
You honour my poor houſe with your fair preſence;
Thoſe few ſlight pleaſures that inhabit here, ſir,

I do beſeech your Grace command, they're yours,
Your ſervant but preſerves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye lady, I am bold to viſit ye,
Once more to bleſs mine eyes with your ſweet beauty,
'T has been a long night ſince you left the court,
For till I ſaw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's meat.

San. She's moſt excellent.

Juan. Moſt admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I rather would command her than my regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thouſand ducats,
Which I can cozen up in ten days.
" And ſome few jewels to juſtify my knavery.
" Say, ſhall I marry her, ſhe'll get more money
" Than all my uſury put my knavery to it;
" She appears the moſt infallible way of purchaſe.
" I could wiſh her a ſize or two ſtronger for the encounter,
" For I am like a lion where I lay hold:
" But theſe lambs will endure a plaguy load
" And never bleat neither; that, ſir, time has taught us.
" I am ſo virtuous now I cannot ſpeak to her,
" The erranteſt ſhame-fac'd aſs; I broil away too."

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor ſhall it be, until I know the gueſts too,
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes? he looks another thing;
Are miracles a foot again?
Mar. Why, ſirrah; why, ſirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, ſaucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your abſence,
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modeſty.
Duke. Your wife!
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her huſband,
And, pray take notice, that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Caca. If thou be'ſt her huſband,
I am determin'd thou ſhalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill,
I will not loſe my anger on a raſcal.
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up body
Till thou rebound'ſt again like a tennis-ball.
Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [*Exit.*
Alon. This is miraculous!
San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
" A flutter'd fool, and on a ſudden break,
" As if he would ſhew a wonder to the world,
" Both in bravery and fortune too?"
I am aſtoniſh'd!
Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You ſhall not.
You ſhall not have ſo much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady.
You took me for a ſhadow,

You took me to gloſs over your diſcredit,
To be your fool,
You had thought you had found a coxcomb,
I'm innocent of any foul diſhonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool,
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye.
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your 'ſtate you never ſhall. I'll hold that,
And hold it to my uſe, the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonneſs, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own houſe?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam,
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a ſervant to ſweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me ſervice,
And ſo I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It ſhall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, madam;
I ſtand upon the ground of my own honour,
And will maintain it; you ſhall know me now
To be an underſtanding, feeling man,
And ſenſible of what a woman aims at;
A young proud woman, that has will to ſail with;
A wanton woman, that her blood provokes too.

I caſt my cloud off, and appear myſelf,
The maſter of this little piece of miſchief,
And I will put a ſpell about your feet, lady;
They ſhall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere ſign of man, the walking image?
He ſpeaks wond'rous highly.

Leon. As a huſband ought, ſir,
In his own houſe, and it becomes me well too.
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or ſervant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of ſervants)
Under your own roof to command ye.

" *Juſtn.* Brave! a ſtrange converſion; thou ſhalt lead
" In chief now."

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, ſir?

Leon. Not now my lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,
And, as I am an honeſt man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me ſee who dares get it
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will; or, take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty; and take your people
Which I turn off; and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all theſe freely, but take me no more,
And ſo farewell.

Duke. Nay, ſir, you ſhall not carry it
So bravely off; you ſhall not wrong a lady

In a high huffing ſtrain, and think to bear it.
We ſhall not ſtand by as bawds to your brave fury.
To ſee a lady weep—*Draw, ſir.*

Leon. They're tears of anger,
Wrung from her rage, becauſe her will prevails not.
She would e'en now ſwoon if ſhe could not cry,
" Elſe they were excellent, and I ſhould grieve too;
" But falling thus, they ſhew nor ſweet nor orient."
Put up my lord, this is oppreſſion,
And calls the ſword of juſtice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which ſhall underſtand how you provoke me.
In mine own houſe to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my guard, and if I ſpare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for ſuch a rude behaviour,
Mercy forſake me. [*Draws.*
I have a cauſe will kill a thouſand of you. 561

Juan. Hold, fair ſir, I beſeech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares ſtrike againſt the huſband's freedom,
The huſband's curſe ſtick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but moſt diſhoneſt,
Moſt impudent, and he have no feeling of it,
" No conſcience to reclaim her from a monſter;"
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one inſtant kill both name and honour:
" Let him be loſt, no eye to weep his end,
" Nor find no earth that's baſe enough to bury him."
Now, ſir, fall on, I'm ready to oppoſe ye.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, ſir, uſe your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, ſir. And now, you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner; This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll croſs your joy yet.

Juan. I've ſeen a miracle, hold thine own, ſoldier. Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

" *San.* He has beaten all my looſe thoughts out of me,
" As if he had threſh'd 'em out of the huſk."

Enter PEREZ.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the houſe?

Leon. That's ſhe, ſir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd ſpeak with her.

Juan. Don Michael!

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of buſineſs. When I have more time I'll be merry with ye. It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly, Had you a maid call'd Eſtifania?

Mar. Yes, truly had I.

Per. Was ſhe a maid d'you think?

Mar. I dare not ſwear for her.——
For ſhe had but a ſcant fame.

Per. Was ſhe your kinſwoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better, I think you married her, give you much joy, ſir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

Per. Is not this house mine, madam? Was not she owner of it? "Pray, speak truly."

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my money paid for it, And ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, sir, And every thing you see about the building; She only kept my house when I was absent; And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do you not know that have her? She's yours now, why should I look after her? Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the devil had had her. It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy excellent wife. Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare fruit? Thou hast admirable orchards. You are so jealous now! Pox o'your jealousy, How scornfully you look.

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling, I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle. Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times, So often that I was asham'd to keep her. But I forgave her, sir, in hopes she'd mend still;

And had not you o' the inſtant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye; I am bleſt ſtill;
Which way ſo'er I turn I'm a made man,
Miſerably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll ſtay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'ſt puppy,
The miſerableſt aſs!—But I muſt leave ye.
I am in haſte, in haſte. Bleſs you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife,

Leon. *What then, ſir?*

Per. *No matter, if the devil had one, to fetch the other.*

[*Exit* Perez.

Leon. Will you walk in, ſir, will your grace but honour me,
And taſte our dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's paſt, I hope, and I ſhall ſerve ye,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter Perez.

Perez.

I'll to a conjurer, but I'll find this pole-cat,
This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,

And covers for the impudence of women,
Their ſanctity in ſhow will deceive devils.
It is my evil angel, let me bleſs me.

Enter ESTIFANIA, *with a caſket.*

Eſtif. 'Tis he! I'm caught. I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly,
And ſhow no ſhake of fear. I ſee he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermoſt.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modeſty
All the town over.

Eſtif. My moſt noble huſband,
I'm glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your lordſhip.

Per. I've been in bawdy houſes——

Eſtif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray ye, pardon me;
To ſeek your ladyſhip, I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirſty bawds
Hear your confeſſions; I have been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors;
At puppet-ſhows, you are miſtreſs of the motions;
" At goſſiping I hearken'd after you,
" But among thoſe confuſions of lewd tongues,
" There's no diſtinguiſhing beyond a Babel;
" I was amongſt the nuns, becauſe you ſing well,
" But they ſay yours are bawdy ſongs, and they mourn for ye;"
And laſt, I went to church to ſeek you out,

'Tis ſo long ſince you were there, they have forgot you.

Eſtif. You've had a pretty progreſs; I'll tell mine now.

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——

Per. And are you ſober?

Eſtif. Yes, I reel not yet, ſir;

Where I ſaw twenty drunk, moſt of 'em ſoldiers,

There I had great hope to find you diſguis'd too;

From hence to the dicing-houſe, there I found quarrels

Needleſs and fenceleſs, words, pots, and candleſticks,

Tables, and ſtools, and all in one confuſion,

And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,

And to the ſurgeon's went, he will'd me ſtay,

For, ſays he, learnedly, if he be tippled,

Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;

If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.

I ſought ye where no ſafe thing would have ventur'd,

Amongſt diſeaſes, baſe and vile, vile women,

For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,

The more the danger, ſtill the more the honour.

Laſt, to your confeſſor I came, who told me,

You were too proud to pray; and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,

But I ſhall daſh it inſtantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton languages,

And now conclude we in a ſharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?——

Eſtif. Why am I abus'd?

Per. Thou moſt vile, baſe, abominable——

Eſtif. Captain.

Per. Thou ſtinking over-ſtew'd, incorrigible——

Eſtif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Eſtif. Yes, ſir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me,
For that was your own ſin, your own knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Eſtif. You'd beſt now draw your ſword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain,
Upon your wife, Oh, moſt renown'd captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, anſwer me directly;
Why didſt thou marry me?

Eſtif. To be my huſband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders?
A houſe and riches, when they are but ſhadows.
Shadows to me!

Eſtif. Why did you work on me?
It was but my part to requite you, ſir,
With your ſtrong ſoldier's wit, and ſwore you'd bring me
So much in chains, ſo much in jewels, huſband,
So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou haſt 'em raſcal,
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou haſt open'd them, and ſold my treaſure.

Eſtif. Sir, there's your treaſure, ſell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles! Is this noble uſage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treaſure.
A man would think now theſe were worthy matters;

Here's a ſhoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it ſcenteth.
Worſe than the dirty mouldy heels it ſerv'd for;
And here's another of a leſſer value,
So little I would ſhame to tie my dog in't,
Theſe are my jointure: bluſh and ſave a labour,
Or theſe elſe will bluſh for ye.

Per. A fire ſubtile ye, are ye ſo crafty?

Eſtif. Here's a goodly jewel,
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from ſome brave baſhaw?
See how it ſparkles——Like an old lady's eyes;
"And fills each room with light like a choſe lanthorn,
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
"To cozen pilgrims."

Per. Pr'ythee leave prating.

Eſtif. And here's a chain of whitings eyes for pearls,
A muſſel-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Eſtif. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallels to theſe, all counterfeit.
Put theſe and them on, you're a man of copper,
"A kind of candleſtick,"
A copper, a copper captain; theſe you thought, my huſband,
To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no houſe then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Eſtif. There are none, ſweet huſband.

Shadow for ſhadow is as equal juſtice.

[*Perez ſings—Eſtif. ſings.*

Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, ſir,
And ſpeak great words, you are a ſoldier, thunder.

Per. I will ſpeak little, I have play'd the fool,
And ſo I am rewarded.

Eſtif. You have ſpoke well, ſir;
And now I ſee you're ſo conformable,
I'll heighten you again. Go to your houſe,
They're packing to be gone, you muſt ſup there,
I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean linen after,
And all things ſhall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beſeech thee tell me truth, wife;
However, I forgive thee; art thou honeſt?
The beldam ſwore——

Eſtif. I bid her tell you ſo, ſir,
It was my plot; alas, my credulous huſband;
The lady told you too——

Per. Moſt ſtrange things of thee.

Eſtif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your ſuff'rance.
And ſhe denied the houſe?

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor title that I had,

Eſtif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and ſtraight.

Per. I would believe thee,
But, Heaven knows, how my heart is; will ye follow me?

Eſtif. I'll be there ſtraight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*

Eſtif. Go, ſilly fool? thou may'ſt be a good ſoldier
In open fields, but for our private ſervice
Thou art an aſs. "I'll make thee ſo, or miſs elſe."

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I muſt tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've loſt my end elſe.
May I crave your leave, ſir?

Caca. Pr'ythee be anſwer'd, thou ſhalt crave no leave,
I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a moſt bruis'd thing,
That people had compaſſion on, "it look'd ſo:
"The next Sir Palmerin. Here's fine proportion!
"An aſs, and then an elephant. Sweet juſtice!
"There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,
"If money could come near, yet I would pay him;"
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much; a thouſand ducats!
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Eſtif. 'Pray you, hear me.

Caca. I know thou haſt ſome wedding-ring to pawn now,
Of ſilver gilt, with a blind poſy in't:
"Love and a mill-horſe ſhould go round together;"
Or thy child's whiſtle, or thy ſquirrel's chain.
I'll none of 'em. I would ſhe did but know me.

Or would this fellow had but uſe of money,
That I might come in any way.
Eſtif. I'm gone, ſir;
And I ſhall tell the beauty ſent me to ye;
The lady Margaritta——
Caca. Stay, I pr'ythee.
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.
Eſtif. She would entreat you, ſir.
Caca. She ſhall command, ſir;
Let it be ſo; I beſeech thee, my ſweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyſelf.
Eſtif. She does command then
This courteſy, becauſe ſhe knows you're noble.
Caca. Your miſtreſs by the way?
Eſtif. My natural miſtreſs.
Upon theſe jewels, ſir, they're fair and rich,
And view 'em right.
Caca. To doubt 'em is an hereſy.
Eſtif. A thouſand ducats; 'tis upon neceſſity
Of preſent uſe; her huſband, ſir, is ſtubborn.
Caca. Long may he be ſo.
Eſtif. She deſires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and perſon,
And when you pleaſe to do her ſo much honour——
Caca. Come let's diſpatch.
Eſtif. In truth I've heard her ſay, ſir,
Of a fat man ſhe has not ſeen a ſweeter.
But in this buſineſs, ſir.
Caca. Let's do it firſt,
And then diſpute; the lady's uſe may long for't.

Eſtif. All ſecrecy ſhe would deſire. She told me
How wiſe you are.

Caca. We are not wiſe to talk thus.
Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall ſparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to ſerve the lady;
Long monſtrouſly. Now, valour, I ſhall meet ye,
You that dare dukes.

" *Eſtif.* Green gooſe, you are now in ſippets."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter the Duke, SANCHIO, JUAN, *and* ALONZO.

Duke. He ſhall not have his will, I ſhall prevent him.
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And ſuddenly and ſtrangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you preſent it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
" And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
" Curb the free hand that fram'd him!"
It muſt not be.

San. That ſuch an oyſter-ſhell ſhould hold a pearl,
And of ſo rare a price, in priſon!

" Was ſhe made to be the matter of her own undoing,
" To let a ſlovenly unwieldy fellow,
" Unruly and ſelf-will'd, diſpoſe her beauties?
" We ſuffer all, ſir, in this ſad eclipſe;
" She ſhould ſhine, where ſhe might ſhow like herſelf,
" An abſolute ſweetneſs, to comfort thoſe admire her,
" And ſhed her beams upon her friends.
" We are gull'd all,
" And all the world will grumble at your patience,
" If ſhe be raviſh'd thus."

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio;
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one ſweet handſomeneſs
To bleſs this part of Spain, and have that ſlubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cauſe, and we muſt ſtir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye, he ſhall be glad to pleaſe us,
" And glad to ſhare too; we ſhall hear anon
" A new ſong from him; let's attend a little."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Chamber. Enter Leon *and* Juan *with a Commiſſion.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleneſs.

I ſhould have been your officer, 'tis true, ſir;
And a proud man I ſhould have been to've ſerv'd you.
'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundleſs favours,
To make me your companion: this commiſſion
Gives me a troop of horſe.
Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we ſhall gain your company.
I'm ſure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that reſpect gives you more time, ſir.
Leon. Within four days I'm gone, ſo he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it.
The time grows ſhorter ſtill—Are your goods ready?
Juan. They are aboard.
Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.
Leon. Do you hear, ho? Go carry this unto your miſtreſs, ſir,
And let her ſee how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be luſty, ſhe muſt make a ſoldier.
Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garriſon, 'tis neceſſary
We keep a handſome port, for the king's honour.
And, do you hear? let all your lady's wardrobe
Be ſafely placed in trunks; they muſt along too.

Ser. Whither muſt they go, ſir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Ser. Muſt my miſtreſs go, ſir?

Leon. Ay, your miſtreſs, and you, and all muſt go. I will not leave a turnſpit behind me "That has one dram of ſpleen againſt a Dutchman:" All muſt go.

Ser. Why Pedro, Vaſco, Diego, come, help me, boys. [*Exit.*

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to ſave his honour, "And croſs the duke; now I ſhall love him dearly." By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter MARGARITTA, *led by two Ladies.*

Leon. Why how now, wife; what, ſick at my preferment? This is not kindly done.

Mar. No ſooner love ye, Love ye entirely, ſir, brought to conſider The goodneſs of your mind and mine own duty, But loſe you inſtantly, be divorc'd from ye! This is a cruelty. I'll to the king, And tell him 'tis unjuſt to part two ſouls, Two minds ſo nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, ſweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himſelf the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aſide.*

Mar. He'd make it treaſon for that tongue that durſt

But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You ſhall not go.

Leon. Indeed I muſt, ſweet wife.
What, ſhould I loſe the king for a few kiſſes?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my couſin; he ſhall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office;
I thank his grace for't: ſhould I pray him now
T'undo't again? Fie, 'twere a baſe diſcredit.

Mar. Would I were able, ſir, to bear you company;
How willing ſhould I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you ſhall, not.

[*Knocking within.*

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh, Heaven, my head! Why, raſcal,
I think the war's begun i'the houſe already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate, and jewels,
And all thoſe furnitures that ſhall befit me
When I lie in garriſon.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Muſt the coach go to, ſir?

Leon. How will your lady paſs to the ſea elſe eaſily?
We ſhall find ſhipping for't there to tranſport it.

Mar. I go? Alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye:
I know you are ſickly, he ſhall drive the eaſier,
And all accommodation ſhall attend ye.
Mar. Would I were able.
Leon. Come, I warrant ye.
Am not I with ye, ſweet? Are her clothes packt up,
And all her linen? Give your maids direction:
You know my time's but ſhort, and I'm commanded.
Mar. Let me have a nurſe,
And all ſuch neceſſary people with me;
An eaſy bark.
Leon. It ſhall not trot, I warrant ye;
Curvet it may ſometimes.
Mar. I am with child, ſir.
Leon. At four days warning! This is ſomething ſpeedy.
Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a weſt-wind?
My heir will be an errant fleet one, lady.
" I'll ſwear you was a maid when I firſt lay with ye.
" *Mar.* Pray do not ſwear. I thought I was a maid too:
" But we may both be cozen'd in that point, ſir.
" *Leon.* In ſuch a ſtrait point, ſure I could not err, madam.
" *Juan.* This is another tenderneſs to try him.
" Fetch her up now."
Mar. You muſt provide a cradle, and what a trouble's that!
Leon. The ſea ſhall rock it;
'Tis the beſt nurſe; 'twill roar and rock together.

A ſwinging ſtorm will ſing you ſuch a lullaby!

Mar. Faith let me ſtay: I ſhall but ſhame you, ſir.

Leon. An you were a thouſand ſhames you ſhall along with me:
At home I'm ſure you'd prove a million.
Every man carries the bundle of his ſins
Upon his back: you are mine; I'll ſweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, *and* Sanchio.

Duke. What, ſir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.
I ſaw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove ſome good man for your country;
Therefore, fair couſin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement!
You are to blame; he'll come again, ſweet couſin:
Meantime, like ſad Penelope and ſage,
Among your maids at home, and houſewifely—

Leon. No, ſir, I dare not leave her to that ſolitarineſs:
She's young, and grief or ill news from thoſe quarters,
May daily croſs her: ſhe ſhall go along, ſir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an't pleaſe ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-body'd lady,
And expoſe her to thoſe dangers, and thoſe tumults!
A ſickly lady too!

Leon. 'Twill make her well, ſir;
There's no ſuch friend to health as wholeſome travel.

San. Away, it muſt not be.
Alon. It ought not, ſir.
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears——Fright her with tempeſts,
With thunder of the wit!
I dare ſwear if ſhe were able——
Leon. She's moſt able:
And, pray ye, ſwear not: ſhe muſt go, there's no remedy:
Nor greatneſs, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which ſmells too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me. Had ſhe but ten hours life,
Nay leſs, but two hours, I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to ſo much ruin,
To ſuch a deſolation and diſcredit, as
Her weakneſs and your hot will wou'd work her to.
Fie, fie, for ſhame!

Enter Perez.

What maſk is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuſe my ſuff'rance!
What couſin's this?
Juan. Michael Van Owle, how doſt thou?
In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,
Haſt thou lain hid?
Per. Things muſt both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people muſt conceal and ſhine again.
You're welcome hither, as your friend may ſay, gentlemen;

A pretty houſe, ye ſee, handſomely ſeated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters dryſtal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French taylor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fuſtians.
Per. I ſee you're packing now, my gentle couſin,
And my wife told me I ſhould find it ſo;
'Tis true I do: you were merry when I was laſt here;
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm ſorry that my ſwift occaſions
Can let you take your pleaſure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honoured couſin,
This houſe, and all I have, are all your ſervants.
Leon. What houſe, what pleaſure, ſir? what do you mean?
Per. You hold the jeſt ſo ſtiff, 'twill prove diſcourteous.
This houſe, I mean; the pleaſures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Per. They're mine, ſir, and you know it:
My wife's, I mean, and ſo conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, ſir, I muſt entreat your ſervants,
That are ſo buſy in their offices,
Again to miniſter to their right uſes.
I ſhall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry ſtill, couſin,
And of a pleaſant conſtitution:
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.
Leon. Pr'ythee, good ſtubborn wife, tell me directly;

Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honeſtly,
Is this my kinſman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinſmen, but ſo mad a one,
And ſo fantaſtic——all the houſe?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courteſy,
And quietly and handſomely as ye ought, coz,
But you muſt ride o'the top on't?

Leon. Canſt thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye preſently? I could have done, ſir

Leon. For you muſt law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd you were ne'er yet in Bedlam;
Never in love, for that's a lunacy;
No great 'ſtate left ye, that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank diſtemper;
That you were chriſten'd, and who anſwer'd for you,
And then I yield——*Do but look at him.*

Per. He has half perſuaded me I was bred i'th' moon:
I have ne'er a bruſh at my breech—Are not we both mad?
And is not this a fantaſtic houſe we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out?
And if I do not beat thee preſently
Into a ſound belief as ſenſe can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And ſay, I was one o' th' Cæſars done by a ſeal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the houſe is his, and all that's in it:
I'll give away my ſkin, but I'll undo ye:
I gave it to his wife. You muſt reſtore, ſir;
And make a new proviſion.

Per. Am I mad, now,
Or am I chriſten'd? You, my Pagan couſin,
My mighty Mahound kinſman, what quirk now?
You ſhall be welcome all. I hope to ſee, ſir,
Your grace here, and my coz: we are all ſoldiers,
And muſt do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are you blank at this? Then I muſt tell ye, ſir,
Ye've no command; now you may go at pleaſure,
And ride your aſs troop. "'Twas a trick I uſed
"To try your jealouſy, upon entreaty,
"And ſaving of your wife."

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor ſtirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
You have more furniture, more houſes, lady,
And rich ones too; I will make bold with thoſe;
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while thoſe climates,
Viſit your factors there, that may betray ye.
'Tis done, we muſt go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman;
And by this ſacred light I love thee dearly. Hark ye, ſir,

The house is none of yours; I did but jest, sir;
You are no coz of mine; I beseech ye, vanish.
" I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
" Has, that senseless thing. Your wife has once more
fool'd ye, sir.
" Go ye and consider."

Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet Mahound cousin.
You are welcome—welcome all—my cousin too—
We are soldiers, and should naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her.
" These are fine toys." [*Exit* Perez.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month;
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too.
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye.
Good-morrow to your grace; we've private business.
" *Duke.* If I miss thee again, I'm an arrant
bungler.
" *Juan.* Thou shalt have my commands, and I'll
march under thee.
" Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled;
" Thou art so brave a fellow.
" *Alon.* I have seen visions." [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MARGARITTA's *House.* *Enter* LEON, *with a letter, and* MARGARITTA.

" *Leon.*

" COME hither, wife. Do you know this hand?

" *Mar.* I do, sir; 'tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.

" *Leon.* She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,

" An usuring jeweller's son, I know the rascal,

" Is mortally fallen in love with you.

" *Mar.* He is a monster; deliver me from mountains.

" *Leon.* Do you go a birding for all sorts of people?

" And this evening will come to ye, and shew ye jewels,

" And offers any thing to get access to you.

" If I can make or sport or profit on him,

" (For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,

" And so I will. Be you conformable, and follow but my will.

" *Mar.* I shall not fail, sir.

" *Leon.* Will the duke come again, do you think?

" *Mar.* No, sure, sir.

" H'as now no policy to bring him hither.

" *Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife.

" Let's in to dinner." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter PEREZ.

Per. Had I but lungs enough to bawl ſufficiently,
That all the queans in Chriſtendom might hear me,
That men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wiſh. Would it were made high treaſon,
Moſt infinite high, for any man to marry;
I mean, for a man that would live handſomely,
And like a gentleman in's wits and credit.
What torments ſhall I put her to? " Phalaris' bull now?
" Pox! they love bulling too well, tho' they ſmoke for't."
Cut her in pieces, every piece will live ſtill,
And every morſel of her will do miſchief.
They have ſo many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like ſalamanders:
Under huge heaps of ſtones to bury her,
And ſo depreſs her as they did the giants,

She will move under more than built old Babel.
I muſt deſtroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, *with a caſket.*

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts! a ſhe moth,
That every ſilkman's ſhop breeds! To be cheated,
And of a thouſand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou viſion.
But art thou cheated? Miniſter ſome comfort.
Tell me, I conjure thee, "art thou cheated bravely?
"Come, pr'ythee come; art thou ſo pure a cox-comb,
"To be undone? Do not diſſemble with me."

Caca. Then keep thy circle:
For I'm a ſpirit wild that flies about thee;
And, whoſoe'er thou art, if thou be'ſt human,
I'd let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. Doſt thou laugh? Damnably, I ſay, moſt damnably.

Per. By whom, good ſpirit? Speak, ſpeak! Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. I'll utter; laugh till thy lungs crack; by a raſcal woman!
"A lewd, abominable, and plain woman!"
Doſt thou laugh ſtill?

Per. I muſt laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,
I ſhall laugh terribly.

Caca. I ſhall be angry,
Terribly angry; I have cauſe.

Per. That's it;
And 'tis no reaſon but thou ſhouldſt be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee.
By a woman cheated! Art ſure it was a woman?
Caca. I ſhall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.
Per. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd,
A real woman!
Caca. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they ſmell.
Per. Sweet, cozen'd ſir, let's ſee them.
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that;
And lewdly cheated, by a woman alſo,
A ſcurvy woman. I am undone, ſweet ſir,
Therefore I muſt have leave to laugh.
Caca. Pray ye take it;
You are the merrieſt undone man in Europe.
What need we fiddles, bawdy ſongs, and ſherry,
When our own miſeries can make us merry?
Per. Ha, ha, ha!
I've ſeen theſe jewels: what a notable pennyworth
Have you had! You will not take, ſir,
Some twenty ducats—
Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I will take——
" *Per.* To clear your bargain, now,
" *Caca.* I'll take ſome ten,"
Some any thing, ſome half ten, half a ducat.
Per. An excellent lapidary ſet theſe ſtones, ſure:
D'ye mark their waters?
Caca. Quickſand choak their waters,
And her's that brought them too: but I ſhall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt that.
" If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
" (For such gross natures will desire it often,
" 'Tis, at sometimes too, a fine variety.)"
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
A woman that can cozen ye so neatly.
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick.
[*Exit.*

Cava. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow.
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,
To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street. Enter PEREZ *and* ESTIFANIA, *meeting.*

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me.
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner,
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?

Thou haſt a hanging look, thou ſcurvy thing!
Haſt ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a ſtring to lead thee to Elyſium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compaſſion upon wretched women,
That dare adminiſter a dram of ratſbane,
But thou muſt fall to me?

Eſtif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy thou deſerv'ſt none.
What new tricks now a-foot, and what new houſes
Have you i' the air? What orchards in apparition?
What can'ſt thou ſay for thy life? 121

Eſtif. Little or nothing.
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis uſeleſs
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;
For I have farther buſineſs than thy killing.
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

Eſtif. Now, now, ſir, now [*Shews a piſtol.*
Come on. Do you ſtart off from me?
Do you ſweat, great captain? Have you ſeen a ſpirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Eſtif. I am a ſoldier's wife, ſir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? And let's diſcourſe more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me ſee,
Pr'ythee let me ſee thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Eſtif. No, no, ſir, you ſhall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain! what, would you
Kill your own huſband?

Eſtif. Let mine own huſband then,
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thouſand ducats.
Who muſt provide for you? And yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thouſand millions.

Eſtif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You ſee for what we muſt keep touch.

Per. I'll kiſs thee;
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the houſe now!

Eſtif. Come along with me;
If that be vaniſh'd, there be more to hire, ſir.

Per. I ſee I am an aſs when thou art near me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Chamber. *Enter* Leon *and* Margaritta.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country houſe,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly.
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of ſweetneſs dwells about theſe cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure:
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband.
Why, now I doat upon you, love ye dearly;
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
"When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
"And through the world we hold our current virtues.
"Alone we are single medals, only faces,
"And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows."
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all, now experience
Has bound you fast unto the chain of goodness.
[*Clashing swords, a cry within.*] Down with their swords!
What noise is this? what dismal cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh, sir, the duke Medina——

Leon. What of the duke Medina?

Ser. Oh, ſweet gentleman is almoſt ſlain!

Mar. Away, away, and help him;
All the houſe help. [*Exit Servant.*

Leon. How! ſlain? Why, Margaritta,
Wife, ſure ſome new device they have a-foot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I ſhall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ſhip imperial,
Alone, and in a ſtorm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, *and Servant.*

Mar. How came you hurt, ſir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.
My cauſe was naught, for 'twas about your honour;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er proſpers,
"And he has left me thus;" for charity,
Lend me a bed to eaſe my tortur'd body,
That ere I periſh I may ſhew my penitence.
I fear I'm ſlain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There ſhall be nothing in this houſe, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble ſir.

Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

[*Exeunt Duke,* San. Alon. Marg. *and Servant.*

Enter Juan.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is ſo, ſir?
" And take you heed this laſt blow do not ſpoil ye."
He is not hurt, only we made a ſcuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger: that ſame ſcratch,
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compaſſion,
That he might get into your houſe more cunningly.
I muſt not ſtay; ſtand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet! [*Exit* Juan.

Enter Margaritta.

Mar. He's moſt deſperate ill, ſir;
I do not think theſe ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my houſe to play the fool in,
Or does it ſtand on fairy ground? We're haunted.
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Mar. What ail you, ſir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, ſweet wife,
To put theſe daily paſtimes on my patience?
What doſt thou ſee in me, that I ſhould ſuffer this?
" Have I not done my part like a true huſband,
" And paid ſome deſperate debts you never look'd for?

" *Mar.* You have done handſomely, I muſt confeſs, ſir.

" *Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk,
" And watch'd thee with delights, to ſatisfy thee,
" The very tithes of which had won a widow?"

Mar. Alas, I pity ye,
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never ſaw'ſt me mad yet.
Mar. You are always;
You carry a kind of bedlam ſtill about ye.
Leon. If thou purſu'ſt me farther, I run ſtark mad.
If you have more hurt dukes, or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I ſhall be deſperate.
I know the trick, and you ſhall feel I know it,
Are ye ſo hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee;
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy ſpirits purg'd, for thoſe are they that fire ye.
The maid ſhall be thy miſtreſs, thou the maid,
And all her ſervile labours thou ſhalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or elſe ſleep empty,
That maid ſhall lie by me, to teach you duty;
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
And grieve for what you loſe, *thou fooliſh, wicked woman.*
Mar. I've loſt myſelf, ſir,
And all that was my baſe ſelf, diſobedience:
[*Kneels.*
My wantonneſs, my ſtubbornneſs I've loſt too.
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleneſs——
Leon. *Beware, beware——have you no fetch now?*
Mar. *No, by my repentance, no.*
Leon. *And art thou truly, truly honeſt?*
Mar. *Theſe tears will ſhew it.*

Leon. I take you up, and wear you next my heart:
See you be worth it.——

Enter ALTEA.

Now, what with you?

Alt. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulſome fellow would fain ſpeak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacaſogo; keep him from the duke,
The duke from him; anon he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. *Where is it, pleaſe you, that we ſhall detain him?*
He ſeems at war with reaſon, full of wine.

Leon. *To the cellar with him; 'tis the drunkard's den,*
Fit cover for ſuch beaſts. Should he be reſty,
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre-hole to ſhun me.

Alt. *I'll diſpoſe him there.* [*Exit.*

Leon. Now, Margaritta, comes your trial on:
The duke expects you; acquit yourſelf to him;
I put you to the teſt; you have my truſt,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deſerve 'em. [*Exit.*

Leon. *My work is done, and now my heart's at eaſe.*
I read in ev'ry look, ſhe means me fairly;
And nobly ſhall my love reward her for't.
He who betrays his rights, the huſband's rights,
To pride and wantonneſs; or who denies
Affection to the heart he has ſubdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity. [Exit.

* SCENE V.

A Chamber. Duke diſcovered in a Night-gown.

Duke. Why, now this is moſt excellent invention.
I ſhall ſucceed, ſpite of this huffing huſband.
I can but ſmile to think moſt wary ſpouſes
The ſooneſt are deceiv'd.

Enter MARGARITTA.

Who's there? My love?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, ſweet friend?

Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your wounds are.

Duke. I have none, lady; not a hurt about me;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to enjoy you, lady.
I am as luſty and as full of health,
As high in blood——

Mar. As low in blood, you mean:
Diſhoneſt thoughts debaſe the greateſt birth;

* This ſcene is entirely altered for repreſentation; as there was no poſſibility of diſtinguiſhing the variations from the original, it was thought neceſſary to omit it in order to prevent confuſion.

The man that acts unworthily, tho' ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margaritta;
Come to my couch, and there let's lisp love's language.

Mar. Would you take that which I've no right to give?
Steal wedlock's property; and in this house,
Beneath the roof of him that entertains you,
Would you his wife betray?—Will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast which sav'd him?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying penance;
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its power.

Mar. Ill wishes, once, my lord, my mind debas'd:
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it:
Shameful, I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
No more the wanton Margaritta now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me;
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty.
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rights.
No more memento's; let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses——

Mar. Nay, then, within, there!

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, *and* Sanchio.

Leon. *Did you call, my wife; or you, my lord?*
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer!
How do you, my good lord? *What, out of bed!*
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. *More hurt than ever; spare your reproach;*
I feel too much already.

Leon. *I see it sir—And now your grace shall know,*
I can as readily pardon as revenge.
Be comforted; all is forgotten.

Duke. *I thank you, sir.*

Leon. Wife, you are a right one;
And now, with unknown nations I dare truft ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never
prosper.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. *Please you, sir.*
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order:
He swears he'll have admittance to my lady,
And reels about and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. *Let him come up—Wife, here's another suitor*
We forgot; h'as been sighing in the cellar,
Making my casks his mistresses.
Will your grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. *No more on that theme, I request, Don Leon.*

Leon. Here comes the porpus; he's deviliſh drunk. Let me ſtand by.

Enter Cacafogo *drunk.*

Caca. *Where is my* bona roba? *Oh, you're all here. Why, I don't fear ſnap-dragons—impotential, powerfully potion'd—I can drink with Hector, and beat him too. Then what care I for captains; I'm full of Greek wine; the true, ancient courage.—Sweet Mrs. Margaritta, let me kiſs thee—Your kiſſes ſhall pay me for his kicking.*

Leon. *What would you?*

Caca. *Sir!*

Leon. *Lead off the wretch.*

Duke. *Moſt filthy figure, truly.*

Caca. *Filthy! Oh, you're a prince; yet I can buy all of you, your wives and all.*

Juan. *Sleep, and be ſilent.*

Caca. *Speak you to your creditors, good Captain Half-pay;*
I'll not take thy pawn in.

Leon. Which of the butts is thy miſtreſs?

Caca. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There are two in thine, I'm ſure, it is grown ſo monſtrous.

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to ſleep; [*Exit* Caca.
When he is ſober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himſelf; there will be no loſs of him.

Enter Perez *and* Estifania.

Leon. Who's this; my Mahound couſin?

Per. Good ſir, 'tis very good: would I'd a houſe too,
For there's no talking in the open air.
You have a pretty ſeat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too, I have miſs'd both;
My carpenter built in a miſt, I thank him.
Do me the courteſy to let me ſee it,
See it once more. But I ſhall cry for anger.
I'll hire a chandler's ſhop cloſe under ye,
And for my foolery, ſell ſoap and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I muſt laugh a little;
And now I've done. Coz, thou ſhalt live with me,
My merry coz, the world ſhall not divorce us:
Thou art a valiant man, and thou ſhalt never want.
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honeſt to ye;
I'd live a ſwallow here, I muſt confeſs.
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honeſt,
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Eſtif. If I prove otherwiſe, let me beg firſt.

Mar. Hold, this is yours, ſome recompence for ſervice,
Uſe it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true commiſſion, ſir,
Now you're a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, ſir;
And now a ſoldier.

Juan. Sir, I ſhall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I muſt needs attend my miſtreſs.

Leon. Will you go, ſiſter?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother:
I have two ties, mine own blood, and my miſtreſs.

Mar. Is ſhe your ſiſter?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my beſt ſiſter, for ſhe prov'd ſo, wench,
When ſhe deceiv'd you with a loving huſband.

Alt. I would not deal ſo truly for a ſtranger.

Mar. Well, I could chide ye, but it muſt be lovingly,
And like a ſiſter.
I'll bring you on your way, and feaſt ye nobly,
For now I have an honeſt heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

Juan. Your colours you muſt wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.
And all the world ſhall know we're virtue's ſervants.

Duke. And all the world ſhall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,
Firſt learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 FEB 55

EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither. To thoſe noble eyes,
That deign to ſmile on our poor faculties,
And give a bleſſing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to ſuch fortune ſends
Their own deſires, wives fair as light, as chaſte:
To thoſe that live by ſpite, wives made in haſte.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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BRITISH MUSEUM
28 FEB 55



Mr. Lee Lewes as Capt. Bobadil.

(Do you hear, you're out of time.)

London, Published by W. Lowndes, No. 46 Fleet Street.



Dublin. Published by Wm. Jones No. 86 Dame Street.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 FEB 55

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A

COMEDY.

BY BEN JONSON.

AS ALTERED

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Repreſentation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,

FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCII.


BRITISH MUSEUM
28
55
FEB

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

This is one of the boldeſt Comedies in any language —Every ſentence is ſtamped for ſterling by the mintage of dramatic excellence.

Its characters are, however, all of them Shakſperian, from the tortur'd imagination of the jealous *Kitely* down to the ſlight inſufficiency of Maſter *Stephen*.—As we do not recollect to have ſeen the contiguous characters in the great Bard particularly oppoſed to thoſe of Jonson, it may not be unentertaining to point them nominally out, for leiſure and curioſity to compare.

Kitely is obviouſly like *Ford* and *Leontes*.
Bobadil is between *Piſtol* and *Armado*.
Kno'well, as a father, is *Polonius*.
Mr. *Stephen* reſembles Sir *Andrew Ague-Cheek*.
Downright performs the functions of *Fluellen*.
Juſtice *Clement* is like our *Hoſt* of the *Garter*.
Mr. *Matthew* is Mr. *Froth*.
Caſh ſpeaks the very language of *Emilia*,

And ſo on.——But they are coloured with a ſkill ſo profound, that the copies are nearly as valuable as the originals.

In the perusal of this Piece lately, it has risen considerably in our estimation—We could not resist weighing together *Ford* and *Kitely* in the balance of comparison, and it was long ere we could determine upon the superiority of power; at length a slight difference in their ages induced us, but with hesitation, to give the place of honour to *Ford*.

PROLOGUE.

Critics, your favour is our author's right—
The well-known ſcenes we ſhall preſent to-night
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the ſtrong touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old Bard, whoſe honeſt pride diſdain'd
Applauſe itſelf, unleſs by merit gain'd——
And wou'd to-night your loudeſt praiſe diſclaim,
Shou'd his great ſhade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not proſtitute the uſeful ſtage,
" Or purchaſe their delight at ſuch a rate,
" As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
" But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to ſee
" From him, ſuch plays as other plays ſhou'd be:
" Wou'd learn from him to ſcorn a motley ſcene,
" And leave their monſters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus ſpoke the bard—and tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muſe for fools the city rang'd;
And ſatire had not then appear'd in ſtate,
To laſh the finer follies of the great,
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor ſlight the gold, becauſe not quite refin'd:
With no falſe niceneſs this performance view,
Nor damn for low, *what'er is juſt and true:*

Sure to thoſe ſcenes ſome honour ſhou'd be paid,
Which Cambden *patroniz'd, and* Shakſpere *play'd:*
Nature was Nature then, and ſtill ſurvives:
The garb may alter, but the ſubſtance lives.
Lives in this play——where each may find complete
His pictur'd ſelf——Then favour the deceit——
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become old *Britons, and admire* old *Ben.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

KITELY, *a merchant*,	Mr. Wroughton.
Captain BOBADIL,	Mr. Lee-Lewes.
KNO'WELL, *an old gentleman*,	Mr. Hull.
ED. KNO'WELL, *his ſon*,	Mr. Whitfield.
BRAIN-WORM, *the father's man*,	Mr. Wilſon.
Mr. STEPHEN, *a country gull*,	Mr. Edwin.
DOWNRIGHT, *a plain ſquire*,	Mr. Clarke.
WELL-BRED, *his half brother*,	Mr. Robſon.
Juſtice CLEMENT, *an old merry magiſtrate*,	Mr. Booth.
ROGER FORMAL, *his clerk*,	Mr. Jones.
Mr. MATTHEW, *the town gull*,	Mr. Wewitzer.
CASH, Kitely's *man*,	Mr. Thompſon.
COB, *a water-bearer*,	Mr. Fearon.

Women.

Dame KITELY,	Mrs. Bulkley.
Mrs. BRIDGET, *ſiſter to* Kitely,	Mrs. Whitfield.
TIB, Cob's *wife*,	Mrs. Pitt.

SCENE, London.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court-Yard before KNO'WELL'*s Houſe. Enter* KNOWELL *and* BRAINWORM.

Kno'well.

A GOODLY day toward! and a freſh morning!
Brain-worm,
Call up young maſter. Bid him riſe, ſir.
Tell him I have ſome buſineſs to employ him.
Bra. I will, ſir, preſently.
Kno. But hear you, ſirrah.
If he be at his book, diſturb him not.
Bra. Well, ſir. [*Exit.*
Kno. How happy, yet, ſhould I eſteem myſelf,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain courſe of ſtudy he affects.

He is a ſcholar, if a man may truſt
The liberal voice of Fame in her report,
Of good account, in both our univerſities;
Either of which have favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence muſt not ſpring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.
Myſelf was once a ſtudent; and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelf-ſame humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitleſs, and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but leaſt to the profeſſors,
Which, then, I thought the miſtreſs of all knowledge:
But ſince time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,
And reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh
The vain from th' uſeful learnings——

Enter Maſter Stephen.

Couſin Stephen!
What news with you, that you are here ſo early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to ſee how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, ſir, I would not ha' come elſe. How doth my couſin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O well, coz, go in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e'er a book of the ſciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No woſſe, but I'll practice againſt the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, moſt ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not ſkill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a days, I'll not give a ruſh for him. They are more ſtudied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em. And by Gad's lid I ſcorn it, I, ſo I do, to be a conſort for every hum-drum, hang 'em ſcroyls, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it? Becauſe I dwell at Hogſden, I ſhall keep company with none but the archers of Finſbury! or the citizens, that come a ducking to Iſlington ponds! A fine jeſt i'faith! ſlid, a gentleman mun ſhow himſelf like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry. I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal, abſurd coxcomb: go to!
Nay, never look at me, it's I that ſpeak.
Take't as you will, ſir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow to waſte
That which your friends have left you, but you muſt
Go caſt away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it when you've done?
O, it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, couſin, well! I ſee you are e'en paſt hope
Of all reclaim. Ay, ſo, now you're told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinſman;
Learn to be wiſe, and practiſe how to thrive;
That would I have thee do: and not to ſpend
Your coin on every bawble that you fancy,
Or every fooliſh brain that humours you.
" I would not have you to invade each place,
" Nor thruſt yourſelf on all ſocieties,
" Till men's affections, or your own deſert,
" Should worthily invite you to your rank.
" He that is ſo reſpectleſs in his courſes,
" Oft ſells his reputation at cheap market.
" Nor would I you ſhould melt away yourſelf
" In flaſhing bravery, leſt while you affect
" To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
" A little puff of ſcorn extinguiſh it,
" And you be left like an unſavory ſnuff,
" Whoſe property is only to offend."
I'd ha' you ſober and contain yourſelf.
Not, that your ſail be bigger than your boat:
But mod'rate your expences now (at firſt)
As you may keep the ſame proportion ſtill.
Nor ſtand ſo much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's duſt and bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our gentility, friend; yet, you are welcome; and I aſſure you mine uncle here is a man of a thouſand a-year, Middleſex land: he has but one ſon in all the world; I am his next heir (at the common law) maſter Stephen, as ſimple as I ſtand here; if my couſin die (as there's hope he will.) I have a pretty living o' my own too, beſide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, ſir.

Step. In good time, ſir! why? and in very good time, ſir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, ſir.

Step. Not you, ſir! you were not beſt, ſir; an' you ſhould, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And they can give it again ſoundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, ſir, let this ſatisfy you: good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that preſently.

Serv. Good maſter Stephen, ſo you may, ſir, at your pleaſure.

Step. And ſo I would, ſir, good my ſaucy companion? an' you were out o' my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not ſtand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Couſin! couſin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreſon, baſe fellow? a mechanical ſerving man? By this cudgel, and 'twere not for ſhame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee, the honeſt man demeans himſelf
Modeſtly towards you, giving no reply
To your unſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude faſhion:
And ſtill you huff it, with a kind of carriage,
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in, 'fore heaven, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a kinſman's intereſt in me. [*Exit* Step.

Serv. I pray you, ſir, is this Maſter Kno'well's houſe?

Kno. Yes, marry, is't, ſir.

Serv. I ſhould inquire for a gentleman here, one Maſter Edward Kno'well: do you know any ſuch, ſir, I pray you?

Kno. I ſhould forget myſelf elſe, ſir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman: cry you mercy, ſir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, ſir.

Kno. To me, ſir! [*To his moſt ſelected friend, Maſter* Edward Kno'well.] What might the gentleman's name be, ſir, that ſent it?

Serv. One Maſter Well-bred, ſir.

Kno. Maſter Well-bred! A young gentleman? Is he not?

Serv. The ſame, ſir; Maſter Kitely married his ſiſter: the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno. You ſay very true. Brain-worm.

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honeſt friend drink here. Pray you go in. [*Exeunt* Brain. *and Servant.*

This letter is directed to my ſon:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the ſafe conſcience of good manners, uſe
The fellow's error to my ſatisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the ſtile's ſake, and the phraſe,
To ſee if both do anſwer my ſon's praiſes,
Who is, almoſt, grown the idolater
Of this young Well-bred: What have we here?—
What's this?

[*The Letter.*]

Why Ned, I beſeech thee, haſt thou forſworn all thy friends i' th' Old Jewry? or doſt thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-weſt wall: an' I had been his ſon, I had ſav'd him the labour long ſince; if, taking in all the young wenches that paſs by, at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' ſerved. But pr'ythee, come over to me, quickly, this morning: I have ſuch a preſent for thee (our Turkey company never ſent the like to

the Grand Signior.) One is a rhimer, ſir, o' your own batch, your own leven; but doth think himſelf poet-major o' the town; willing to be ſhewn, and worthy to be ſeen. The other—I will not venture his deſcription with you till you come, becauſe I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the want of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconſcionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you ſhall be allow'd your Viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the Burdello, it might come as well;
The Spittal: is this the man,
My ſon hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt wit,
The choiceſt brain, the times hath ſent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the arts;
Nor what in ſchools: but ſurely, for his manners,
I jūdge him a profane and diſſolute wretch:
Worſe, by profeſſion of ſuch great good gifts,
Being the maſter of ſo looſe a ſpirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ,
In ſuch a ſcurrilous manner, to a friend?
Why ſhould he think, I tell my apricots?
Or play th' Heſperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my ſon, I 'ad thought
You'd had more judgment, t' have made election
Of your companions, " than t' have ta'en on truſt
" Such petulant, jeering gameſters, that can ſpare
" No argument, or ſubject from their jeſt."
But I perceive, affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.

Enter BRAIN-WORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. 'Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it my son;
But with no notice that I have open'd it on your life.

Brain. O lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd, I will not stop his journey;
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; "and, in kind,
"Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
"Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
"Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat."
There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free,
He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;
But, 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By softness, and example, get a habit.
Then if they stray, but warn 'em: and, the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Young KNO'WELL's *Study. Enter* EDWARD KNO'WELL *and* BRAIN-WORM.

E. Kno. Did he open it, ſay'ſt thou?

Brain. Yes, o' my word, ſir, and read the contents.

E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i' the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brain. Nay, ſir, I ſaw him not read it, nor open it, I aſſure your worſhip.

E. Kno. No! How know'ſt thou then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry, ſir, becauſe he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unleſs he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

Enter Maſter STEPHEN.

Step. O! Brain-worm, did'ſt thou not ſee a fellow here, in a what-ſha'-call him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Maſter Stephen, what of him?

Step. Oh! I ha' ſuch a mind to beat him—where is he? canſt thou tell?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Maſter Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went he? How long ſince?

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horſe at the ſtreet door.

Step. And I ſtay'd i' the fields! Whoreſon, Scanderbeg rogue; O that I had but a horſe to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why, you may ha' my maſter's gelding to ſave your longing, ſir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the ſpite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whiſp of hay, roll'd hard, Maſter Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truſs me a little. He does ſo vex me——

Brain. You'll be worſe vex'd, when you are truſs'd, Maſter Stephen. Beſt keep unbrac'd, and walk yourſelf till you be cold, your choler may founder you elſe.

Step. By my faith, and ſo I will, now thou tell'ſt me on't. How doſt thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

Brain. A very good leg, Maſter Stephen; but the woollen ſtocking does not commend it ſo well.

Step. Foh, the ſtockings be good enough, now, ſummer is coming on, for the duſt: I'll have a pair of ſilk againſt winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would ſhew in a ſilk hoſe.

Brain. Believe me, Maſter Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In ſadneſs, I think it would; I have a reaſonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Maſter Stephen; but I cannot ſtay to praiſe it longer now; I am very ſorry for't. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will ſerve, Brain-worm. Gramercy, for this.

Enter Young Kno'well.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do——

E. Kno. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think moſt virtuouſly both of me and the ſender, ſure, that make the careful coſter-monger of him in our familiar epiſtles. I wiſh I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What! my wiſe couſin! Nay, then I'll furniſh our feaſt with one gull more tow'rd the meſs. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: Oh, for a fourth! Fortune! if ever thou'lt uſe thine eyes, I intreat thee——

Step. O, now I ſee who he laughs at. He laughs at ſomebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh'd at me——

E. Kno. How now, couſin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh'd at me, couſin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then——

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am ſatisfied; it is ſufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be ſo, gentle coz. And I pray you, let me intreat a courteſy of you. I am ſent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: it's but croſſing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I proteſt, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot againſt the ſtate, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an 'twere; you ſhall command me, twice ſo far as Moor-gate, to do you good, in ſuch a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I proteſt——

E. Kno. No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, coz.

Step. By my ſackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll proteſt more to my friend, than I'll ſpeak of at this time.

E. Kno. You ſpeak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not ſo, neither; you ſhall pardon me; but I ſpeak to ſerve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you ſay? A gentleman of your ſort, parts, carriage, and eſtimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me, alone, like a water-bearer at a conduit! "fie! "A wight, that, hitherto, his every ſtep hath left "the ſtamp of a great foot behind him, at every

" word the ſavour of a ſtrong ſpirit; and he! this " man, ſo graced, ſo gilded, or, as I may ſay, ſo tin- " ſoyl'd by nature."—Come, come, wrong not the quality of your deſert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, ſo; and let the idea of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your phyſiognomy: *here, within this place, is to be ſeen the true, and accompliſhed monſter, or miracle of nature,* which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll aſſure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's reſolute, Maſter Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a ſuburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pounds. Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me; you muſt go before.

Step. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you, ſhew me, good couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street before Cob's *Houſe. Enter Mr.* Matthew.

Mat. I think this be the houſe. What, hoa!

Enter COB, *from the Houſe.*

Cob. Who's there? O, Maſter Matthew! gi' your worſhip good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How doſt thou, good Cob? Doſt thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, ſir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor houſe here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canſt thou ſhew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my gueſt, ſir, you mean!

Mat. Thy gueſt! Alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, ſir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

Mat. Cob, pray thee, adviſe thyſelf well: do not wrong the gentleman and thyſelf too. I dare be ſworn he ſcorns thy houſe. He! he lodge in ſuch a baſe, obſcure place as thy houſe! Tut, I know his diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dſt g' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, ſir. Maſs, I thought ſomewhat was in't we could not get him to-bed, all night! Well, ſir, though he lies not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench. An't pleaſe you to go up, ſir, you ſhall find him with two cuſhions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won or loſt; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er caſt better in his life, than he has done, to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, ſir! you hear not me ſay ſo. Perhaps he ſwallowed a tavern-token, or ſome ſuch device, ſir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa. God b' wi' you, ſir, it's ſix o'clock: I ſhould ha' carried two turns by this. What hoa! my ſtopple! come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's houſe! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What Tib, ſhew this gentleman up to the captain. [Tib *ſhews Maſter* Mat. *into the houſe.* You ſhould ha' ſome now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the leaſt. His father is an honeſt man, a worſhipful fiſhmonger, and ſo forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, ſuch as my gueſt is. O, my gueſt is a fine man! he does ſwear the legibleſt of any man chriſtened: by St. George—the foot of Pharoah—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman—and a ſoldier; ſuch dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this ſame filthy roguiſh tobacco, the fineſt and cleanlieſt! it would do a man good to ſee the fume come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty ſhillings, my wife lent him out of her purſe by ſix-pence a time, beſides his lodging; I would I had it. I ſhall ha't, he ſays, the next action. Helter ſkelter, hang ſorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louſe for the hangman. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cob's *House.* Bobadil *discovered upon a Bench.* Tib *enters to him.*

Bob. Hoſteſs, hoſteſs!

Tib. What ſay you, ſir?

Bob. A cup o' thy ſmall-beer, ſweet hoſteſs.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would ſpeak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'ods ſo, I'm not within.

Tib. My huſband told him you were, ſir.

Bob. What a plague——what meant he?

Mat. [*Within.*] Captain Bobadil!

Bob. Who's there!—Take away the baſon, good hoſteſs. Come up, ſir.

Tib. He would deſire you to come up, ſir. You come into a cleanly houſe here.

Enter Mr. Matthew.

Mat. 'Save you, ſir; 'ſave you, captain.

Bob. Gentle Maſter Matthew! is it you, ſir? Pleaſe you, ſit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may ſee I am ſomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not ſo, ſir. I was requeſted to ſupper, laſt night, by a ſort of gallants, where you were wiſh'd for, and drank to, I aſſure you.

Mat. Vouchſafe me by whom, good captain.

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others. Why, hoſteſs! a ſtool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haſte, ſir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! It was ſo late ere we parted laſt night, I can ſcarce open my eyes yet: I was but new riſen, as you came. How paſſes the day abroad, ſir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, ſome half hour to ſeven. Now truſt me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob. Ay, ſir; ſit down. I pray you, Maſter Matthew, in any caſe, poſſeſs no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, ſir? No.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular and generally viſited, as ſome are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you ſee, ſir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to ſome peculiar and choice ſpirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourſelf, or ſo, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O lord, ſir, I reſolve ſo.

[*Pulls out a paper, and reads.*

Bob. I confeſs, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. [*Reads.*] *To thee, the pureſt object of my ſenſe,*
The moſt refined eſſence Heaven covers,
Send I theſe lines, wherein I do commence
The happy ſtate of turtle-billing lovers.

Bob. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, ſir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muſes. But, when will you come and ſee my ſtudy? Good faith, I can ſhew you ſome very good things I have done of late——That boot becomes your leg, paſſing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, ſo; it's the faſhion gentlemen now uſe.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you ſpeak o' the faſhion, Maſter Well-bred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd to enter into ſome diſcourſe of a hanger, which I aſſure you, both for faſhion and workmanſhip, was moſt peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like; yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the moſt pied and ridiculous that ever he ſaw.

Bob. 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, ſir, George Downright.

Bob. Hang him, rook! He! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horſe. By St. George, I wonder you'd loſe a thought upon ſuch an animal! The moſt peremptory abſurd clown of Chriſtendom, this day, he is holden. I proteſt to you, as I am a gentleman and a ſoldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his diſcourſe, he ſhould eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-ſaddle! He has not ſo much as a good phraſe in his

belly, but all old iron and ruſty proverbs! a good commodity for ſome ſmith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood ſtill, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the baſtinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the baſtinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he ſaid cudgel me; I term'd it ſo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was ſure, it was none of his word. But when! when ſaid he ſo?

Mat. Faith, yeſterday, they ſay: a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me ſo.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' 'twere my caſe now, I ſhould ſend him a challenge, preſently. The baſtinado! A moſt proper, and ſufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you ſhall challenge him. I'll ſhew you a trick or two, you ſhall kill him with, at pleaſure: the firſt ſtoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have abſolute knowledge i' the myſtery, I have heard, ſir.

Bob. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beſeech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it ſpoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable ſkill, ſir.

Bob. By Heaven, no, not I; no ſkill i' the earth: ſome ſmall rudiments i' the ſcience, as to know my time, diſtance, or ſo. I have profeſt it more for noblemen, and gentlemen's uſe than mine own practice, I aſſure you. I'll give you a leſſon. Look you, ſir.

Exalt not your point above this ſtate, at any hand; ſo, ſir. Come on! O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more ſweet, comely, gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, ſir, thus. Now, ſtand faſt o' your left leg; note your diſtance; keep your due proportion of time —Oh, you diſorder your point moſt irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to ſome private place, where you are acquainted, ſome tavern or ſo—and have a bit——What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not paſt a two ſhillings, or ſo.

Bob. 'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt: but come, we will have a bunch of raddiſhes, and ſalt, to taſte our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach: and then we'll call upon young Well-bred. Perhaps we ſhall meet the Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the queſtion. Come along, Mr. Matthew. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Warehouſe, belonging to Kitely. *Enter* Kitely, Cash, *and* Downright.

Kitely.

Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within, upon my deſk,

Here, take my key——It is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?

Caſh. Within, ſir, i' the warehouſe.

Kite. Let him tell over, ſtraight, that Spaniſh gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of thoſe ſilver ſtuffs
To Mr. Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He ſhall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.

Caſh. Good, ſir. [*Exit.*

Kite. Do you ſee that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Aye, what of him?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother,——
I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And chriſtened him; gave him my own name, Thomas;
Since bred him, at the hoſpital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my caſhier,
And find him, in his place, ſo full of faith,
That I durſt truſt my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any baſtard's brother,
As, it is like, he is, although I knew
Myſelf his father. But you ſaid you'd ſomewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

Kite. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of ſtrength,
Againſt the nearneſs of affection——

Dow. What need this circumſtance? Pray you be direct.

" *Kite.* I will not ſay how much do I aſcribe
" Unto your friendſhip; nor, in what regard
" I hold your love: but let my paſt behaviour,
" And uſage of your ſiſter, but confirm
" How well I've been affected to your——

Dow. " You are too tedious," come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother, Well-bred, ſir, I know not how,
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his diſpoſition.
When he came firſt to lodge here in my houſe,
Ne'er truſt me, if I were not proud of him:
" Methought he bare himſelf in ſuch a faſhion,
" So full of man, and ſweetneſs in his carriage,
" And what was chief, it ſhew'd not borrow'd in him,
" But all he did, became him as his own,
" And ſeem'd as perfect, proper, and poſſeſt,
" As breath with life, or colour with the blood:"
But now his courſe is ſo irregular,
So looſe, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
" And he himſelf withal ſo far fall'n off
" From that firſt place, as ſcarce no note remains,
" To tell men's judgments where he lately ſtood.
" He's grown a ſtranger to all due reſpect;
" Forgetful of his friends, and not content
" To ſtale himſelf in all ſocieties,"
He makes my houſe here, common, as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and diſeaſed riot:
And here, as in a tavern or a ſtew,
He, and his wild aſſociates ſpend their hours

In repetition of lascivious jests:
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and indeed what not!

Dow. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him i' the whole world! he values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for ought I see. It will never out o' the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George. Let him spend and spend, and domineer, till his heart ach; an' he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith, and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

Dow. S'death, he made me—I could eat my very spur-leathers, for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kite. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother;
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
Though but with plain and easy circumstance,
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants you authority:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,

That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down,
And, in the ruin, bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother, if I ſhould ſpeak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And over-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the falſe breath of telling what diſgraces
And low diſparagements I had put upon him.
Whilſt they, ſir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their looſe comments upon ev'ry word,
Geſture or look, I uſe; mock me all o'er;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ſies,
Beget ſome ſlander that ſhall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this:
They would give out, becauſe my wife is fair,
Myſelf but newly married, and my ſiſter
Here ſojourning a virgin in my houſe,
That I were jealous! Nay, as ſure as death,
That they would ſay. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purpoſely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to baniſh them my houſe.

Dow. Maſs, perhaps ſo: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it: ſo ſhould I,
Like one of theſe penurious quack-ſalvers,
But ſet the bills up to mine own diſgrace,
And try experiments upon myſelf:
Lend ſcorn and envy opportunity
To ſtab my reputation and good name.——

Enter Matthew *and* Bobadil.

Mat. I will ſpeak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharaoh, you ſhall not; you ſhall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, ſirs?

Bob. The time of day, to you, gentleman o' the houſe. Is Mr. Well-bred ſtirring?

Dow. How then? what ſhould he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the houſe, it is you: is he within, ſir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, ſir, I aſſure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath ſatisfy'd me, I'll talk to no ſcavenger. [*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.

Dow. How, ſcavenger! ſtay, ſir, ſtay!

Kite. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! ſtand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You ſhall not follow him now, I pray you, brother; good faith you ſhall not: I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha! ſcavenger! Well, go to, I ſay little: but by this good day (God forgive me I ſhould ſwear) if I put it up ſo, ſay, I am the rankeſt coward ever liv'd. 'Sdains, an' I ſwallow this, I'll ne'er draw my ſword in the ſight of Fleet-ſtreet again, while I live; I'll ſit in a barn with Madge Howlet, and catch mice firſt. Scavenger!

Kite. Oh, do not fret yourſelf thus, never think on't.

Dow. Theſe are my brother's conſorts, theſe! theſe are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to ſwinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him firſt. I am griev'd it ſhould be ſaid he is my brother, and take theſe courſes. Well, as he brews, ſo he ſhall drink, for George, again. Yet, he ſhall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

Kite. But brother, let your reprehenſion then
Run in an eaſy current, not o'er high
Carried with raſhneſs, or devouring choler;
But rather uſe the ſoft perſuading way,
More winning, than enforcing the conſent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings.*

Kite. How now! Oh, the bell rings to breakfaſt.
Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For ſome diſpatch of buſineſs to my ſervant——

Dow. I will—Scavenger!—ſcavenger!——

[*Exit* Dow.

Kite. Well, tho' my troubled ſpirit's ſomewhat eas'd,
It's not repos'd in that ſecurity
As I could wiſh: but, I muſt be content.
Howe'er I ſet a face on't to the world,
Would I had loſt this finger, at a venture,

So Well-bred had ne'er lodg'd within my houſe.
Why 't cannot be, where there is ſuch reſort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman ſhould be honeſt long.
Is't like that factious beauty will preſerve
The public weal of chaſtity unſhaken,
When ſuch ſtrong motives muſter, and make head
Againſt her ſingle peace? No, no. Beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And ſpirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley, in the pride of blood,
It is now ſlow conſpiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had anſwer'd their affections, all the world
Should not perſuade me, but I were a cuckold!
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that ſtart;
For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,
And ſhall do ſtill, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impoſitions of my heart.
My preſence ſhall be as an iron-bar,
'Twixt the conſpiring motions of deſire:
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,
Shall check occaſion, as one doth his ſlave,
When he forgets the limits of preſcription.

Enter Dame Kitely.

Dame. Sifter Bridget, pray you fetch down the roſe-water above in the cloſet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfaſt?

Kite. An' ſhe have overheard me now!

Dame. I pray thee, good muſs, we ſtay for you.

Kite. By Heav'n, I would not for a thouſand angels.

Dame. What ails you, ſweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good muſs.

Kite. Troth, my head aches extremely, on a ſudden.

Dame. Oh, the lord!

Kite. How now! what!

Dame. Alas, how it burns! Muſs, keep you warm; good truth it is this new diſeaſe! there's a number are troubled withal! For love's ſake, ſweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kite. How ſimple, and how ſubtle are her anſwers!
A new diſeaſe, and many troubled with it!
Why, true! ſhe heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good ſweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you preſently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray Heav'n it do. [*Exit Dame.*

Kite. A new diſeaſe! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague:
For, like a peſtilence, it doth infect
The houſes of the brain. Firſt, it begins
Solely to work upon the phantaſy,
Filling her ſeat with ſuch peſtiferous air
As ſoon corrupts the judgment, and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memory;
Still to each other giving the infection,

Which, as a ſubtle vapour, ſpreads itſelf
Confuſedly through every ſenſive part,
Till not a thought, or motion in the mind,
Be free from the black poiſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what miſery it is to know this!
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's direction
In ſuch extremes! Well, I will once more ſtrive,
In ſpite of this black cloud, myſelf to be,
And ſhake the fever off, that thus ſhakes me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Moorfields. Enter BRAIN-WORM, *diſguis'd like a Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot chooſe but laugh to ſee myſelf tranſlated thus. Now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of lies, or my preſent profeſſion loſes the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the Fico. O, ſir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation that inwardly is moſt dear to us. So much for my borrow'd ſhape. Well, the truth is, my old maſter intends to follow my young, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conſpiracy, and to inſinuate with my young maſter, for ſo muſt we that are blue-

waiters, and men of hope and ſervice do, have got me afore in this diſguiſe, determining here to lie in ambuſcade, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purſe, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with captain Cæſar; I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now muſt I practiſe to get the true garb of one of thoſe lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Young maſter! and his couſin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no ſoldier! [*Retires.*

Enter ED. KNO'WELL *and Maſter* STEPHEN.

E. Kno. So, ſir, and how then, coz?

Step. S'foot, I have loſt my purſe, I think.

E. Kno. How! loſt your purſe! Where? When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell: ſtay.

Brain. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them!

E. Kno. What! ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitch'd, I——

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loſs, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been loſt, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Miſtreſs Mary ſent me.

E. Kno. A jet ring! oh, the poeſy, the poeſy!

Step. Fine, i'faith! *Though fancy ſleep, my love is deep*; meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet ſhe loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Moſt excellent!

Step. And then I ſent her another, and my poeſy was: *The deeper the ſweeter, I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.*

E. Kno. How by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the ſaint was your good patron; he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em ſo; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, pleaſe you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poor gentleman, a ſoldier, that, in the better ſtate of my fortunes, ſcorn'd ſo mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of neceſſity to have it ſo. You ſeem to be, gentlemen, well affected to martial men, elſe I ſhould rather die with ſilence than live with ſhame: however, vouchſafe to remember, it is my want ſpeaks, not myſelf. This condition agrees not with my ſpirit.——

E. Kno. Where haſt thou ſerved?

Brain. May it pleaſe you, ſir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, ſir? I have been a poor ſervitor by ſea and land, any time theſe fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the beſt commanders in Chriſtendom. I was twice ſhot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marſeilles, Naples,

and the Adriatic Gulf; a gentleman-ſlave in the galleys thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my ſcars, the noted marks of my reſolution.

Step. How will you ſell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous ſir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you pleaſe.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: but what though? I pray you ſay, what would you aſk?

Brain. I aſſure you the blade may become the ſide or thigh of the beſt prince in Europe.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet ſcabbard.

Step. Nay, and 't be mine, it ſhall have a velvet ſcabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worſhip's pleaſure, ſir; nay, 'tis a moſt pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard; but tell me, what ſhall I give you for it? An' it had a ſilver hilt——

E. Kno. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a ſhilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo; and there's another ſhilling, fellow; I ſcorn to be outbidden. What, ſhall I walk with a cudgel, like a higgin-bottom, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, ſo I will; I have a mind to't becauſe 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your loweſt price.

E. Kno. You ſhall not buy it, I ſay.

Step. By this money but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted: but I'll have it for that word's ſake. Follow me for your money.

Brain. At your ſervice, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. I cannot loſe the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my ſon; nor leave to admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, ſince myſelf was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the ſtews
Durſt have conceiv'd a ſcorn, and utter'd it,
On a grey head: age was authority
Againſt a buffoon; and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.
But now we are fall'n; youth from their fear,
And age from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourſelves were not the firſt, even parents,
That did deſtroy the hopes in our own children;
" Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
" And ſuck'd in our ill cuſtoms with their milk:
" Ere all their teeth be born, or they can ſpeak,

"We make their palates cunning!" The firſt words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jeſts.
Can it call whore? cry baſtard? O, then kiſs it,
A witty child! Can't ſwear? The father's darling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't ſhall learn
No bawdy ſong, the mother herſelf will teach it!
But this is in the infancy;
When it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like;
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no: this die goes deeper than the coat,
Or ſhirt, or ſkin; it ſtains unto the liver,
And heart, in ſome: and rather than it ſhould not,
Note what we fathers do; look how we live;
What miſtreſſes we keep; at what expence;
And teach them all bad ways to buy affliction!
Well, I thank Heav'n, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my ſon before ſixteen,
To ſhew him the Venetian courtezans,
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made
To my ſharp boy at twelve; repeating ſtill
The rule, get money, ſtill get money, boy,
No matter by what means.
Theſe are the trades of fathers now. However,
My ſon, I hope, hath met within my threſhold
None of theſe houſhold precedents; which are ſtrong
And ſwift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the houſe at home be ne'er ſo clean
Swept, or kept ſweet from filth,
If he will live abroad with his companions,

In riot and misrule, 'tis worth a fear.
" Nor is the danger of conversing less
" Than all that I have mention'd of example."

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. My master! Nay, faith have at you; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well; though I must attack you in a different way. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the state of a poor soldier! I am asham'd of this base course of life, (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good sir, by that hand you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the King of Heav'n shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brain. Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much. [*He weeps.*] It's hard, when a man hath serv'd in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good

ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier laſt night for a poor ſupper; I had ſuck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan elſe: ſweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with ſome wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward preſence,
Should, in the frame and faſhion of his mind,
Be ſo degenerate and ſordid baſe!
Art thou a man, and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſervile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er ſo mean,
Having thy limbs, a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelves to thy election.
Either the wars might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or ſervice of ſome virtuous gentleman,
Or honeſt labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung ſhe breeds in,
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſs.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be that ſhould
Relieve a perſon of thy quality,
While thou inſiſt in this looſe deſperate courſe,
I would eſteem the ſin not thine, but his.

Brain. Faith, ſir, I would gladly find ſome other courſe, if ſo——

Kno. Aye, you'ld gladly find it, but you will not ſeek it.

Brain. Alas! ſir, where ſhould a man ſeek? In the wars there's no aſcent by deſert in theſe days, but —and for ſervice, would it were as ſoon purchaſed as

wiſh'd for, (the air's my comfort) I know what I would ſay——

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Pleaſe you, Fitz-Sword, ſir.

Kno. Fitz Sword,
Say that a man ſhould entertain thee now,
Would'ſt thou be honeſt, humble, juſt and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place and honour of a ſoldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not thoſe affected oaths!
Speak plainly, man: what think'ſt thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, ſir, but wiſh my fortunes were as happy, as my ſervice ſhould be honeſt.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brain. Yes, ſir, ſtraight; I'll but garter my hoſe. Oh, that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burſt with laughing! Never was a bottle or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid! was there ever ſeen a fox in years to betray himſelf thus? Now I ſhall be poſſeſſed of all his counſels! and by that conduct, my young maſter. Well, he is reſolved to prove my honeſty; faith, and I am reſolved to prove his patience. Oh, I ſhall abuſe him intolerably! This ſmall piece of ſervice will bring him clean out of love with the ſoldier for ever. He will never come within the ſight of a red coat, or a muſquet-reſt again. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the ſlip at an inſtant. Why, this is better than to have ſtaid his journey! Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these ſtars, and many an oath,
I'll follow ſon and ſire, and ſerve 'em both. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Stocks-Market. *Enter* MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, *and* BOBADIL.

Matthew.

YES, faith, ſir! we were at your lodging to ſeek you, too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? My brother, Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me ſay to you this: as ſure as honour, I eſteem it ſo much out of the ſunſhine of reputation to throw the leaſt beam of regard upon ſuch a———

Well. Sir, I muſt hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I proteſt to you, as I have a thing to be ſaved about me, I never ſaw any gentleman-like part—

Well. Good captain, [*faces about.*] to ſome other diſcourſe.

Bob. With your leave, ſir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I ſhould not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a ruſtical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himſelf like a gentleman of faſhion———

Well. O, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, "*quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

"*Mat.* I underſtand you, Sir."

Enter Young Kno'well *and* Stephen.

Well. "No queſtion you do, or you do not, ſir?" Ned! By my ſoul, welcome! How doſt thou, ſweet ſpirit, my genius? 'Slid, I ſhall love Apollo, and the mad Theſpian girls, the better while I live, for this, my dear fury. Now I ſee there's ſome love in thee! Sirrah, theſe be the two I writ to thee of. Nay, what a drowſy humour is this now? Why doſt thou not ſpeak?

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you ſent me a rare letter.

Well. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be ſworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. Match it in all Pliny's epiſtles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it, for doubtleſs he was no ordinary beaſt that brought it.

Well. Why?

E. Kno. Why, ſayeſt thou? Why, doſt thou think

that any reaſonable creature, eſpecially in the morning, the ſober time of the day too, could have miſtaken my father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jeſt, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the beſt uſe we can turn it to, is to make a jeſt on't now; but I'll aſſure you, my father had the full view o' your flouriſhing ſtyle, before I ſaw it.

Well. What a dull ſlave was this! But, ſirrah, what ſaid he to it, i'faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he ſaid: but I have a ſhrewd gueſs what he thought.

Well. What, what?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art ſome ſtrange, diſſolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her laſt quarter, 'twill change ſhortly. But, ſirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleaſure in 'em, if thou heareſt 'em once go: my wind-inſtruments. I'll wind 'em up——But what ſtrange piece of ſilence is this? The ſign of the dumb man.

E. Kno. Oh, ſir, a kinſman of mine, one that may make your muſic the fuller, an' he pleaſe; he has his humour, ſir.

Well. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly, that wrong, as to prepare your apprehenſion. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your ſearch, if you can take him ſo.

Well. Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deſerve your affection. I know not your name, ſir, but ſhall be glad of any occaſion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, ſir; I am this gentleman's own couſin, ſir: his father is mine uncle, ſir; I am ſomewhat melancholy, but you ſhall command me, ſir, in whatſoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I muſt tell you this, I am no general man; but for Mr. Well-bred's ſake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you pleaſe) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of ſome parts. I love few words.

E. Kno. And I fewer, ſir. I have ſcarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, ſir, ſo given to it?

[*To Mr.* Stephen.

Step. Ay, truly, ſir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, ſir; your true melancholy breeds you perfect fine wit, ſir: I am melancholy myſelf divers times, ſir; and then do I no more but take a pen and paper preſently, and overflow you half a ſcore or a dozen of ſonnets at a ſitting.

Step. Couſin, it is well; am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. Oh, ay, excellent!

Well. Captain Bobadil, why muſe you ſo?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, ſir, I was thinking of a moſt honourable piece of ſervice was perform'd, to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, ſhall be ſome ten years now.

E. Kno. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in leſs than two hours, ſeven hundred reſolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, loſt their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the firſt, but the beſt leagure, that ever I beheld with theſe eyes, except the taking of——what do you call it, laſt year, by the Genoeſe; but that (of all others) was the moſt fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, ſince I firſt bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a ſoldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an angel, I could ſwear as well as that gentleman.

E. Kno. Then you were a ſervitor at both it ſeems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh, lord, ſir! by St. George, I was the firſt man that enter'd the breach; and had I not effected it with reſolution, I had been ſlain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas a pity you had not ten; a cat's, and your own, i'faith. But was it poſſible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this diſcourſe, ſir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I aſſure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourſelf ſhall confeſs.

E. Kno. You muſt bring me to the rack firſt.

Bob. Obſerve me judicially, ſweet ſir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, juſt in the mouth

of the breach: now, ſir, as we were to give on, their maſter gunner (a man of no mean ſkill and mark, you muſt think) confronts me with his linſtock, ready to give fire: I, ſpying his intendment, diſcharg'd my petrionel in his boſom, and with theſe ſingle arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the ſword.

Well. To the ſword! to the rapier, captain!

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure obſerved, ſir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you ſhall perceive, ſir. It is the moſt fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, ſir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or ſo? Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the bolder maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no.

Bob. A moſt perfect Toledo, I aſſure you, ſir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's ſee, ſir. Yes, faith, it is!

Bob. This, a Toledo! piſh.

Step. Why do you piſh, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a piece, an' I would have a thouſand of them.

E. Kno. How ſay you, couſin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a ſcurvy rogue ſoldier (a hundred of lice go with him) he ſwore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Maſs, I think it be, indeed! now I look on't better.

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't the worſe. Put it up, put it up!

Step. Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have ſworn by it) an' e'er I meet him——

Well. O, 'tis paſt help now, ſir; you muſt ha' patience.

Step. Whoreſon coney-catching raſcal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Kno. A ſign of good digeſtion; you have an oſtrich ſtomach, couſin.

Step. A ſtomach! I would I had him here, you ſhould ſee an' I had a ſtomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis. Come, gentlemen, ſhall we go?

Enter Brain-worm.

E. Kno. A miracle, couſin! look here! look here!

Step. O, god'ſlid, by your leave, do you know me, ſir?

Brain. Ay, ſir, I know you by ſight.

Step. You ſold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, ſir.

Step. You ſaid it was a Toledo, ha?

Brain. True, I did ſo.

Step. But it is none!

Brain. No, ſir, I confeſs, it is none.

Step. Do you confeſs it? Gentlemen, bear witneſs, he has confeſt it. By God's will, an' you had not confeſt it——

E. Kno. Oh, couſin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, couſin.

Well. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confeſt it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a raſcal, under his favour, do you ſee.

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour. Pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how doſt like him?

Well. Oh, it's a moſt precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whiſtle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, ſhall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, ſir! You have not another Toledo to ſell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, ſir, your name is Mr. Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kno. You are i' the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechiſm, do you?

Brain. No, ſir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare coat, though! Well ſay, ſir?

Brain. Faith, ſir, I am but a ſervant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this ſmoky varniſh being waſhed off, and three or four patches remov'd, I ap-

pear your worſhip's in reverſion, after the deceaſe of your good father—Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Brain-worm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this ſhape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, ſir, this morning: the ſame that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never ſtart; 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the ſnow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, Well-bred, what ſhall we do, ſirrah? My father is come over after me.

Well. Thy father! Where is he?

Brain. At juſtice Clement's houſe, here, in Coleman-ſtreet, where he but ſtays my return; and then——

Well. Who's this? Brain-worm?

Brain. The ſame, ſir.

Well. Why, how, i' the name of wit, comeſt thou tranſmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a device! a device! Nay, for the love of reaſon, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, ſtand not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

E. Kno. Come, couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Warehouſe. Enter Kitely *and* Cash.

Kite. What ſays he, Thomas? Did you ſpeak with him?

Caſh. He will expect you, ſir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Caſh. Yes, ſir, the money was brought in laſt night.

Kite. O, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak.
Stay, let me ſee, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the leaſt; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can diſpatch him,
Or very near: well, I will ſay two hours.
Two hours! ha! things, never dream't of yet,
May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,
In two hours abſence. Well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering opportunity,
I will not give your ſubtlety that ſcope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That ſets his doors wide open to a thief,
And ſhews the felon where his treaſure lies?
Again, what earthly ſpirit but will attempt
To taſte the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden ſleep ſeals up the dragon's eyes?

I will not go. Buſineſs, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious
To be left ſo, without a guard, or open!
You muſt be then kept up cloſe, and well watch'd!
For, give you opportunity, no quick-ſand
Devours or ſwallows ſwifter! He that lends
His wife, if ſhe be fair, or time, or place,
Compels her to be falſe. I will not go.
The dangers are too many. I am reſolv'd for that.
Carry in my cloak again. Yet, ſtay. Yet do, too.
I will defer going on all occaſions.

Caſh. Sir, Snare, your ſcrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it! I muſt go. What's o'clock?

Caſh. Exchange time, ſir.

Kite. 'Heart, then will Well-bred preſently be here too,
With one or other of his looſe conſorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glaſs,
Wherein my imagination runs, like ſands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs to put in act. It ſhall be ſo.
Nay, I dare build upon his ſecrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. Thomas!

Caſh. Sir.

Kite. Yet now, I have bethought too, I will not—
Thomas, is Cob within?

Caſh. I think he be, ſir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no ſpeech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,
If I durſt truſt him; there is all the doubt.
But ſhould he have a chink in him; I were gone,
Loſt i' my fame for ever: talk for th' exchange.
The manner he hath ſtood with, 'till this preſent,
Doth promiſe no ſuch change! What ſhould I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—
Your love to me is more—

Caſh. Sir, if a ſervant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are poſſeſs'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand.
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A ſecret to impart to you—but
When once you have it, I muſt ſeal your lips up.
So far I tell you, Thomas.

Caſh. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think, I eſteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in, thus to my private.
It is a thing ſits nearer to my creſt,
Than thou art aware of, Thomas. If thou ſhould'ſt
Reveal it, but——

Caſh. How! I reveal it!

Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou would'ſt; but if thou ſhould'ſt,
'Twere a great weakneſs.

Caſh. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?

Caſh. Sir, if I do, mankind diſclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not ſwear; he has ſome reſervation,
Some conceal'd purpoſe, and cloſe meaning, ſure,
Elſe, being urg'd ſo much, how ſhould he chooſe,
But lend an oath to all this proteſtation?
He's no fanatic, I have heard him ſwear.
What ſhould I think of it? Urge him again,
And by ſome other way? I will do ſo.
Well, Thomas, thou haſt ſworn not to diſcloſe;
Yes, you did ſwear?

Caſh. Not yet, ſir, but I will,
Pleaſe you——

Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt ſwear, do, as thou think'ſt good;
I am reſolv'd without it at thy pleaſure.

Caſh. By my ſoul's ſafety then, ſir, I proteſt
My tongue ſhall ne'er take knowledge of a word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your truſt.

Kite. It's too much, theſe ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this buſineſs. So it is.
(Now he has ſworn, I dare the ſafelier venture)
I have of late, by divers obſervations——
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.
I will bethink me ere I do proceed.
Thomas, it will be now too long to ſtay,
I'll ſpy ſome fitter time ſoon, or to-morrow.

Caſh. Sir, at your pleaſure?

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And Thomas,
I pray you ſearch the books 'gainſt my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Caſh. I will, ſir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your miſtreſs's brother, Well-bred,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come back, let one ſtraight bring me word.

Caſh. Very well, ſir.

Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-Street, to Juſtice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Caſh. I will not, ſir.

Kite. I pray you have a care on't.
Or whether he come or no, if any other
Stranger, or elſe, fail not to ſend me word.

Caſh. I ſhall not, ſir.

Kite. Be't your ſpecial buſineſs
Now to remember it.

Caſh. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the ſecret, Thomas, I told you of.

Caſh. No, ſir, I do ſuppoſe it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Caſh. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By Heaven! it is not; that's enough. But, Thomas,
I would not you ſhould utter it, do you ſee,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I muſt hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant

So deep a ſecret to you: I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you. This is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.
Lock'd up in ſilence, midnight, buried here,
No greater hell than to be ſlave to fear. [*Exit.*

Caſh. Lock'd up in ſilence, midnight, buried here.
Whence ſhould this flood of paſſion, trow, take head? ha!
Beſt dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I ſink! the violence of the ſtream
Already hath tranſported me ſo far,
That I can feel no ground at all! But ſoft,
Here is company: now muſt I—— [*Exit.*

Enter WELL-BRED, EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAIN-WORM, BOBADIL, STEPHEN.

Well. Beſhrew me, but it was an abſolute good jeſt, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! but was't poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is ſtupidity itſelf.

E. Kno. 'Fore heav'n, not I. "He had ſo written "himſelf into the habit of one of your poor infantry, "your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of "the round."

Well. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadſt been ſuch an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer! an architect! Except a man had ſtudied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I never ſaw his rival.

Well. Where got'ſt thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndſditch man, ſir, one of the devil's near kinſmen, a broker.

Enter CASH.

Caſh. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now? What a ſpite's this?

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kitely within?

Caſh. No, ſir; my maſter went forth e'en now; but Maſter Down-right is within. Cob! what Cob! Is he gone too?

Well. Whither went your maſter, Thomas, can'ſt thou tell?

Caſh. I know not; to Juſtice Clement's, I think, ſir. Cob! [*Exit* Caſh.

E. Kno. Juſtice Clement! What's he?

Well. Why, doſt thou not know him? He is a city magiſtrate, a juſtice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great ſcholar: but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe! I ſhewed you him the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he! I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very ſtrange preſence, methinks; it ſhews as if he ſtood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many of his jeſts i' the uni-

verſity. They ſay, he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horſe.

Well. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one ſhoulder, or ſerving of God. Any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Enter CASH.

Caſh. Gaſper, Martin, Cob! 'Heart! where ſhould they be, trow?

Bob. Maſter Kitely's man, pr'ythee vouchſafe us the lighting of this match.

Caſh. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchſafe! [*Aſide.*] Francis! Cob!

Bob. Body of me! Here's the remainder of ſeven pound ſince yeſterday was ſeven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Maſter Stephen?

Step. No, truly, ſir! but I'll learn to take it now, ſince you commend it ſo.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world ſhall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myſelf, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taſte of any other nutriment in the world for the ſpace of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this ſimple only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis moſt divine, eſpecially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the moſt

ſovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the uſe of man.

E. Kno. This ſpeech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Enter Cash *and* Cob.

Caſh. At Juſtice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-Street.

Cob. O, ho!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee? Maſter Kitely's man?

Caſh. Here it is, ſir.

Bob. By God's-me! I marvel what pleaſure or felicity they have in taking this roguiſh tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a man, and to fill him full of ſmoke and embers.

[Bob. *beats him with a cudgel,* Mat. *runs away.*

All. Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

Bob. You baſe ſcullion, you.

Caſh. Come, thou muſt need be talking too; thou'rt well enough ſerv'd.

Cob. Well, it ſhall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have juſtice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[Bob. *beats him off.*

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whoreſon filthy ſlave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæſar, but that I ſcorn to let

forth ſo mean a ſpirit, I'd have ſtabb'd him to the earth.

Well. Marry, the law forbid, ſir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it. [*Exit.*

Step. Oh, he ſwears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, body of Cæſar; I ſhall never do it, ſure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no, I han't the right grace.

Well. But ſoft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone!

Brain. No, ſir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: Maſter Matthew is gone to ſalute his miſtreſs in verſe. We ſhall have the happineſs to hear ſome of his poetry now. He never comes unfurniſh'd. Brain-worm!

Step. Brain-worm! Where? Is this Brain-worm?

E. Kno. Ay, couſin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your couſin's diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French dreſſing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, couſin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall in Juſtice CLEMENT'S *Houſe. Enter* KITELY *and* COB.

Kite. Ha! How many are there, ſay'ſt thou?

Cob. Marry, ſir, your brother, Maſter Well-bred—

Kite. Tut, beſide him: what ſtrangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers! let me ſee; one, two; maſs, I know not well, there are ſo many.

Kite. How, ſo many?

Cob. Ay, there's ſome five or ſix of them, at the moſt.

Kite. A ſwarm, a ſwarm!
Spite of the devil! how they ſting my head
With forked ſtings, thus wide and large! But Cob,
How long haſt thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, ſir.

Kite. Didſt thou come running?

Cob. No, ſir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haſte!
Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in ſuch content,
My mind at reſt too in ſo ſoft a peace,
Being free maſter of my own free thoughts,
And now become a ſlave? What, never ſigh!
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.

'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when ſuch flowing ſtore,
Plenty itſelf falls into my wife's lap,
The Cornucopia will be mine, I know. But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am ſure
My ſiſter and my wife would bid them welcome!
Ha!

Cob. Like enough, ſir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were ſeal'd with kiſſes, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had loſt her motion, ſtate and faculty.
Cob, which of them was't that firſt kiſs'd my wife?
My ſiſter, I ſhould ſay, my wife, alas!
I fear not her. Ha! Who was it, ſay'ſt thou?

Cob. By my troth, ſir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worſhip's company, if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd unleſs they would have kiſs'd the poſt in the middle of the warehouſe; for there I left 'em all, at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kite. How! were they not gone in then, ere thou cam'ſt?

Cob. O, no, ſir!

Kite. Spite o' the devil! What do I ſtay here then? Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*

" *Cob.* Nay, ſoft and fair, I have eggs on the ſpit.
" Now am I for ſome five and fifty reaſons hammer-
" ing, hammering revenge! Nay, an' he had not
" lain in my houſe, 'twould never have grieved me;

" but, being my gueſt, one that I'll be ſworn I loved
" and truſted; and he to turn monſter of ingratitude,
" and ſtrike his lawful hoſt! Well, I hope to raiſe
" up an hoſt of fury for't. I'll to Juſtice Clement
" for a warrant. Strike his lawful hoſt!" [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY's *Houſe. Enter* DOWNRIGHT *and Dame* KITELY.

Downright.

WELL, ſiſter, I tell you true; and you'll find it ſo, in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it. You ſee my brother brings 'em in here, they are his friends.

Dow. His friends! his friends! 'Slud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a ſort of unlucky ſpirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with ſome of 'em. And 'twere not more for your huſband's ſake, than any thing elſe, I'd make the houſe too hot for the beſt on 'em. They ſhould ſay, and ſwear, hell were broken looſe ere they went hence. But, by

God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they ſhould have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's ſon, ere they ſhould ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a ſtrange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I ſhould put myſelf againſt half a dozen men, ſhould I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient's body in the world to hear you talk ſo without any ſenſe or reaſon?

Enter Mrs. BRIDGET, *Mr.* MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, STEPHEN, EDWARD KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and* CASH.

Bridg. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treaſure, thus to pour it forth
Upon ſo mean a ſubject as my worth.

Matt. You ſay well, miſtreſs; and I mean as well.

Dow. Hey-dey, here is ſtuff!

Well. O, now ſtand cloſe. Pray Heav'n ſhe can get him to read; he ſhould do it of his own natural impudence.

Bridget. Servant, what is this ſame, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you pleaſe.

Bridg. Pray you do, ſervant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the ſtocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

Well. O, no; a rhime to him is worſe than cheeſe,

or a bagpipe. But, mark, you loſe the proteſtation.

Bob. Maſter Matthew, you abuſe the expectation of your dear miſtreſs, and her fair ſiſter. Fie, while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I ſhall, ſir.

Rare creature, let me ſpeak without offence,
Would Heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then ſhould'ſt thou be his priſoner, who is thine.

[Maſter *Stephen* anſwers with ſhaking his head.]

E. Kno. 'Slight, he ſhakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Siſter, what ha' you here? Verſes? Pray you, let's ſee. Who made theſe verſes? They are excellent good.

Mat. O, Maſter Well-bred, 'tis your diſpoſition to ſay ſo, ſir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em extempore this morning.

Well. How, extempore!

Mat. I would I might be hang'd elſe; aſk Captain Bobadil. He ſaw me write them at the——(pox on it) the Star yonder.

Step. Couſin, how do you like this gentleman's verſes?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the beſt that ever I heard, coz!

Step. Body o' Cæſar! they are admirable! The beſt that ever I heard, as I am a ſoldier.

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me ſtill! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Siſter Kitely, I marvel you get you not a ſervant that can rhime, and do tricks too.

Dow. Oh, monſter! Impudence itſelf, tricks! Come, you might practiſe your ruffian tricks ſomewhere elſe, and not here, I wuſs. This is no tavern, nor drinking-ſchool, to vent your exploits in.

Well. How now! whoſe cow has calv'd?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, ſir. Nay, boy, never look aſkance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; aye, ſir, you and your companions; mend yourſelves, when I ha' done?

Well. My companions!

Dow. Yes, ſir, your companions, ſo I ſay; I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hang-bys here. You muſt have your poets, and your potlings, your ſolados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city, and here they muſt come to domineer and ſwagger. Sirrah, you ballad-ſinger; and ſlops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this ſteel, I'll cut off your ears, and that preſently.

Well. 'Slight, ſtay, let's ſee what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetſtone. You are an aſs, do you ſee; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain ſee, boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the houſe make out to part them.*]

Dame. O, Jeſu! murder! Thomas, Gaſper!

Bridg. Help, help, Thomas.

E. Kno. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, ſirrah! you Holofernes! by my hand, I will pink your fleſh full of holes with my rapier, for this; I will, by this good Heav'n. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Caſh. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreſon, bragging coiſtril!

Enter KITELY.

Kite. Why, how now, what's the matter? What's the ſtir here?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and ſiſter, they're the cauſe of this.
What, Thomas, where is the knave?

Caſh. Here, ſir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. [*Exit.*

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exit.*

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforc'd this brawl?

Dow. A ſort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they muſt come here to read ballads, and roguery, and traſh! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I ſleep, perhaps; eſpecially Bob there: he that's all manner of ſhapes; and ſongs and ſonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit.*

Bridg. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too ſudden in your humour.

There was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Bridg. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Exit.*

Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and stir is here? [*Exit.*

Kite. Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!
Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear. Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister———

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was it that they prais'd so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as much.
I'll die but they have hid him in the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me, Thomas,
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Moorfields. Enter E. Kno'well, Well-bred, *and* Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Well, Brain-worm, perform this buſineſs happily, and thou makeſt a purchaſe of my love for ever.

Well. I'faith, now let thy ſpirits uſe their beſt faculties; but at my hand, remember the meſſage to my brother; for there's no other means to ſtart him out of his houſe.

Brain. I wartant you, ſir, fear nothing. I have a nimble ſoul has waked all forces of my phant'ſy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have poſſeſſed me withal, I'll diſcharge it amply, ſir. Make it no queſtion. [*Exit.*

Well. Forth, and proſper, Brain-worm. Faith, Ned, how doſt thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howſoever: but it will come excellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man! Why, it cannot chooſe but take, if the circumſtances miſcarry not. But tell me ingenuouſly, doſt thou affect my ſiſter Bridget as thou pretend'ſt?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come, do not proteſt. In faith, ſhe is a maid of good ornament, and much modeſty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou ſhould'ſt not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a queſtion yet, whether I ſhall have her or no.

Well. 'Slid thou ſhalt have her; by this light thou ſhalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not ſwear.

Well. By this hand thou ſhalt have her. I'll go fetch her preſently. Point but where to meet, and, as I am an honeſt man, I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Well. Why, by——what ſhall I ſwear by? thou ſhalt have her, as I am——

E. Kno. 'Pray thee be at peace, I am ſatisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occaſion to make my deſires complete.

Well. Thou ſhalt ſee, and know I will not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FORMAL *and* KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a ſoldier, ſir?

Kno. Aye, a knave, I took him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came over Moorfields.

Enter Brain-worm.

O, here he is! you have made fair ſpeed, believe me.
Where i' the name of ſloth could you be thus——

Brain. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I ſhould have had little comfort of your worſhip's ſervice.

Kno. How ſo?

Brain. O, ſir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your ſending me to watch—indeed, all the circumſtances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your ſon as to yourſelf.

Kno. How ſhould that be! unleſs that villain, Brain-worm
Have told him of the letter, and diſcovered
All that I ſtrictly charg'd him to conceal! 'Tis ſo!

Brain. I am partly o' that faith, 'tis ſo indeed.

Kno. But how ſhould he know you to be my man?

Brain. Nay, ſir, I cannot tell; unleſs it be by the black art! Is not your ſon a ſcholar, ſir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his ſoul is not allied
Unto ſuch helliſh practice: if it were,
I had juſt cauſe to weep my part in him,
And curſe the time of his creation.
But where didſt thou find them, Fitz-ſword?

Brain. You ſhould rather aſk, where they found me, ſir; for I'll be ſworn I was going along in the ſtreet, thinking nothing, when (of a ſudden) a voice calls, Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries, ſoldier; and thus, half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a houſe, where I no ſooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my boſom, with ſome three or fourſcore oaths to accompany 'em, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confeſs where you were, and how I was employed, and about what, which, when they could not get out of me (as I proteſt they muſt have diſſected me, and made an anatomy of me firſt, and ſo I told 'em) they locked me up into a room i' the top of a high houſe, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I ſlid down by a bottom of packthread into the ſtreet, and ſo 'ſcaped. But, ſir, thus much I can aſſure you; for I heard it while I was lock'd up; there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feaſt, and your ſon, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's houſe, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worſhip ſhall be ſure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match I doubt not.
Go thou along with juſtice Clement's man,
And ſtay there for me. At one Cob's houſe, ſay'ſt thou?

Brain. Aye, ſir, there you ſhall have him. [*Exit* Kno'well.] Yes! Inviſible! Much wench, or much

ſon! 'Slight, when he had ſtaid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! O, the ſport that I ſhould then take to look on him, if I durſt! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this ſhape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you ſtay ſomewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, ſir.
You have been lately in the wars, ſir, it ſeems.

Brain. Marry have I, ſir, to my loſs, and expence of all, almoſt——

Form. Troth, ſir, I would be glad to beſtow a bottle of wine o' you, if it pleaſe you to accept it——

Brain. O, ſir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your ſervices and your devices in the wars; they ſay they be very ſtrange, and not like thoſe a man reads in the Roman hiſtories, or ſees at Mile-End.

Brain. No, I aſſure you, ſir; why, at any time when it pleaſe you, I ſhall be ready to diſcourſe with you all I know; and more too, ſomewhat.

Form. No better time than now, ſir. We'll go to the Windmill, there we ſhall have a cup of neat griſt, as we call it. I pray you, ſir, let me requeſt you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, ſir, and make griſt o' you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taſte the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot ſhew his parallel, by this day-light.

E. Kno. We are now ſpeaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, aye, ſir! he threatened me with the baſtinado.

Bob. Aye, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that——You ſhall kill him beyond queſtion, if you be ſo generouſly minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a moſt excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give ſpirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it muſt be done like lightning; hey! [*He practiſes at a poſt.*

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—punto!

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourſelf upon any of our maſters of defence here?

Mat. O, good ſir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, ſir. They have aſſaulted me ſome three, four, five, ſix of them together, as I have walked alone in divers ſkirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a ſtreet, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not

overcome their ſpleen; they will be doing with the piſmire, raiſing a hill, a man may ſpurn abroad with his foot at pleaſure. By myſelf I could have ſlain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this baſtinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go diſarmed, for though I be ſkilful, I may be oppreſſed with multitudes.

E. Kno. Aye, believe me, may you, ſir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation ſhould ſuſtain the loſs by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not ſeen.

E. Kno. O, but your ſkill, ſir!

Cob. Indeed, that might be ſome loſs; but who reſpects it? I will tell you, ſir, by the way of private, and under ſeal, I am a gentleman, and live here obſcure, and to myſelf: but were I known to his majeſty, and the lords, obſerve me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the ſtate, not only to ſpare the entire lives of his ſubjects in general, but to ſave the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and againſt what enemy ſoever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, ſir. I would ſelect nineteen more to myſelf, throughout the land; gentlemen they ſhould be, of good ſpirit, ſtrong and able conſtitution; I would chooſe them by an inſtinct, a character that I have; and I would teach theſe nineteen the ſpecial rules, as your Punto, your Reverſo, your Stoc-

cata, your Imbroccata, your Paſſada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myſelf. This done, ſay the enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not, in their honour, refuſe us! Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty ſcore; twenty ſcore, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thouſand; forty thouſand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days, kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcaſe to perform, provided there be no treaſon practiſed upon us, by fair and diſcreet manhood, that is, civilly by the ſword.

E. Kno. Why are you ſo ſure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miſs thruſt, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not ſtand in Downright's ſtate then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one ſtreet in London.

Bob. Why, ſir, you miſtake! If he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will baſtinado him, by the bright ſun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my diſtance.

Enter Downright, *walking over the Stage.*

E. Kno. God's ſo! look ye where he is; yonder he goes.

Dow. What peeviſh luck have I, I cannot meet with theſe bragging raſcals!

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Kno. Yes, faith it is he!

Mat. I'll be hang'd then, if that were he.

E. Kno. I aſſure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he muſt not have gone ſo: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Kno. That I think, ſir. But ſee, he is come again!

Dow. O, Pharoah's foot! have I found you? Come, draw; to your tools. Draw, gipſey, or I'll threſh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me——

Dow. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on't till now; body of me! I had a warrant of the peace ſerved on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman ſaw it, Mr. Matthew.

[*He beats him and diſarms him.* Matthew *runs away.*

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreſon foiſt, you. You'll control the point, you! Your conſort is gone; had he ſtaid, he had ſhared with you, ſir. [*Exit* Downright.

E. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too. Ha, ha!

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witneſs, I was bound to the peace by this good day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but ſay you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourſelf; that will prove but a poor excuſe.

Bob. I cannot tell, ſir. I deſire good conſtruction, in fair ſort. I never ſuſtained the like diſgrace, by Heaven. Sure I was ſtruck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno. Aye, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a ſurgeon. 'Slid, an' theſe be your tricks, your paſſados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was planet-ſtruck certainly. [*Exit.*

E. Kno. O, manners! that this age ſhould bring forth ſuch creatures! that nature ſhould be at leiſure to make 'em! Come, coz.

Step. Maſs, I'll have this cloak.

E. Kno. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, ſo I will.

E. Kno. How, an' he ſee it? He'll challenge it, aſſure yourſelf.

Step. Aye, but he ſhall not ha't; I'll ſay I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in Kitely's *Houſe. Enter* Kitely *and* Cash.

Kite. Art thou ſure, Thomas, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the houſe? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has eſcaped our ſearches?

Caſh. Indeed, ſir, none; there's not a hole or nook unſearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in ſome privacy of their own——Whilſt we were ſearching of the dark cloſet by my ſiſter's chamber, did'ſt thou not think thou heard'ſt a ruſtling on the other ſide, and a ſoft tread of feet?

Caſh. Upon my truth, I did not, ſir; or if you did, it might be only the vermine in the wainſcot; the houſe is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas,—we ſhould bane theſe rats—Doſt thou underſtand me—we will—they ſhall not harbour here; I'll cleanſe my houſe from

'em, if fire or poiſon can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart——I cannot bear it.

Caſh. I do not underſtand you, ſir! Good now, what is't diſturbs you thus? Pray be compoſed; theſe ſtarts of paſſion have ſome cauſe, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, ſorely, Thomas—it cleaves too cloſe to me—Oh, me—[*Sighs.*] Lend me thy arm—ſo, good Caſh.

Caſh. You tremble and look pale! Let me call aſſiſtance.

Kite. Not for ten thouſand worlds——Alas! alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me eaſe—here, here it lies.

Caſh. What, ſir?

Kite. Why,—nothing, nothing—I am not ſick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would deſtroy me.

Caſh. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's impoſition; ſhut up your generous mind from ſuch intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll ſtake my preſent, my future welfare, that ſome baſe whiſpering knave, nay, pardon me, ſir, hath, in the beſt and richeſt ſoil, ſown ſeeds of rank and evil nature! O, my maſter, ſhould they take root——

[*Laughing within.*

Kite. Hark! hark! doſt thou not hear! what think'ſt thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This aggra-

vation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again.*] Hark, again!—Caſh, do thou unſeen ſteal in upon 'em, and liſten to their wanton conference.

Caſh. I ſhall obey you, though againſt my will. [*Exit.*

Kite. Againſt his will! Ha! it may be ſo—He's young, and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be ſo, I'm loſt, deceiv'd, betrayed, and my boſom, my full-fraught boſom is unlock'd and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; ſting the hand that raiſed and cheriſh'd him! 'was this ſtroke added, I ſhould be curſed—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter Cash.

Caſh. You are muſing, ſir.

Kite. I aſk your pardon, Caſh,—aſk me not why—I have wrong'd you, and am ſorry—'tis gone.

Caſh. If you ſuſpect my faith—

Kite. I do not—ſay no more—and for my ſake let it die and be forgotten——Have you ſeen your miſtreſs, and heard—whence was that noiſe?

Caſh. Your brother, Maſter Well-bred, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous ſubject; it is one Formal, as he ſtiles himſelf, and he appertains, ſo he phraſes it, to juſtice Clement, and wou'd ſpeak with you.

Kite. With me! Art thou ſure it is the juſtice's clerk? Where is he?

Enter Brain-worm, *as* Formal.

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to juſtice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk!

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to ſpeak with me?

Brain. No, but my maſter does.

Kite. What are the juſtice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but intreats Maſter Kitely to be with him directly, having matters of ſome moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be? Say, I'll be with him inſtantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faſter than your tongue, I ſhall be there before you.

Brain. I will. Vale. [*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I muſt go forth —But firſt, come hither, Thomas—I have admitted thee into the cloſe receſſes of my heart, and ſhewed thee all my frailties, paſſions, every thing.—
Be careful of thy promiſe, keep good watch.
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Caſh. As truth's ſelf, ſir——
But be aſſured you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a ſandy baſe; ill-plac'd ſuſpicion
Recoils upon yourſelf—She's chaſte as comely!
Believe 't ſhe is—Let her not note your humour;
Diſperſe the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unſullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Caſh—thou comfort'ſt me—I'll drive theſe
Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myſelf again.
Think'ſt thou ſhe has perceived my folly? 'Twere
Happy if ſhe had not—She has not—
They who know no evil, will ſuſpect none.

Caſh. True, ſir! nor has your mind a blemiſh now.
This change has gladdened me—Here's my miſtreſs,
And the reſt, ſettle your reaſon to accoſt 'em.

Kite. I will, Caſh, I will——

Enter Well-bred, *Dame* Kitely, *and* Bridget.

Well. What are you plotting, brother Kitely,
That thus of late you muſe alone, and bear
Such weighty care upon your penſive brow?
[*Laughs.*

Kite. My care is all for you, good ſneering brother,
And well I wiſh you'd take ſome wholeſome counſel,
And curb your headſtrong humours; truſt me, brother,
You were to blame to raiſe commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my houſe.

Well. No harm done, brother, I warrant you.
Since there is no harm done, anger coſts
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man 'till he be angry—To keep
His valour in obſcurity, is to keep himſelf,
As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave

Muſician unleſs he play?
What's a brave man unleſs he fight?

Dame. Aye, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Well. What, ſchool'd on both ſides! Pr'ythee, Bridget, ſave me from the rod and lecture.

[Bridg. *and* Well. *retire.*

Kite. With what a decent modeſty ſhe rates him!
My heart's at eaſe, and ſhe ſhall ſee it is——
How art thou, wife? Thou look'ſt both gay and comely,
In troth, thou doſt—I'm ſent for out, my dear,
But I ſhall ſoon return – Indeed, my life,
Buſineſs that forces me abroad, grows irkſome.
I cou'd content me with leſs gain and 'vantage,
To have thee more at home, indeed I cou'd.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed theſe thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me. [*Aſide.*
What doſt thou ſay? Doubt thee?
I ſhould as ſoon ſuſpect myſelf—No, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fixt and ſettled, that, wert thou inclin'd
To maſks, to ſports, and balls, where luſty youth
Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulſe
Beats quicker meaſures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's eaſe and ſecurity—not but
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt prefer thy home,
And me, to toys and ſuch like vanities.

Dame. But ſure, my dear,
A wife may moderately more uſe theſe pleaſures,

Which numbers, and the time give ſanction to,
Without the ſmalleſt blemiſh on her name.

Kite. And ſo ſhe may—And I'll go with thee, child,
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myſelf,
And be the foremoſt reveller.—I'll ſilence
The ſneers of envy, ſtop the tongue of ſlander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Diſturb'd with jealouſy——

Dame. Why, were you ever ſo?

Kite. What!—Ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She ſtabs me home. [*Aſide.*] Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us—No, no, my dear,
It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—
What is the time now?—I ſhall be too late—
No, no, thou may'ſt be ſatisfy'd,
There's not the ſmalleſt ſpark remaining—
Remaining! What do I ſay? There never was,
Nor can, nor ever ſhall be—ſo be ſatisfy'd—
Is Cob within there? Give me a kiſs,
My dear; there, there, now we are reconcil'd—
I'll be back immediately—Good-bye, good-bye—
Ha! ha! jealous, I ſhall burſt my ſides with laughing.
Ha, ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha, ha.—[*Exit.*

[Well-bred *and* Bridget *come forward.*

Well. What have you done to make your huſband part ſo merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame. He laughed indeed, but ſeemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and ſtrange. He is much

agitated, and has ſome whimſy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealouſy, good ſiſter, and writ ſo largely, that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue ſhould betray my eyes; ſo far my wiſdom tends, good brother, and little more I boaſt—But what makes him ever calling for Cob ſo? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, ſiſter, to aſk how he employs Cob, is a neceſſary queſtion for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very eaſy for you to be ſatisfy'd in—But this I'll aſſure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, ſiſter, and oftentimes your huſband haunts her houſe; marry, to what end I cannot altogether accuſe him. Imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, ſiſter.

Dame. Never ſaid you truer than that, brother; ſo much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of 's jealouſy? I thought ſome game was in the wind, he acted ſo much tenderneſs but now, but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas!

Enter CASH.

Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward-way. I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealouſy! [*Exeunt.*

Well. Ha, ha! ſo e'en let them go; this may make ſport anon—What, Brain-worm?

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. I ſaw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my maſter.

Well. But how got'ſt thou this apparel of the juſtice's man?

Brain. Marry, ſir, my proper fine penman would needs beſtow the griſt o' me at the Windmill, to hear ſome martial diſcourſe, where I ſo marſhalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and becauſe too much heat was the cauſe of his diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtark naked, as he lay along aſleep, and borrowed his ſuit to deliver this counterfeit meſſage in, leaving a ruſty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him 'till my return; which ſhall be, when I have pawned his apparel, and ſpent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a ſucceſsful merry knave, Brain-worm; his abſence will be ſubject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young maſter, and will him to meet me and my ſiſter Bridget at the Tower inſtantly; for here, tell him, the houſe is ſo ſtored with jealouſy, there is no room for love to ſtand upright in. We muſt get our fortunes committed to ſome large priſon, ſay: and then the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the

house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit* Brain.

Bridg. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

Well. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Bridg. That touches not me, brother.

Well. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching—Well, there's a dear and well-respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister.—There's no exception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Bridg. Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, sister?

Bridg. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I would be such a one for my friend. But see, who is returned to hinder us.

Enter Kitely.

Kite. What villany is this? Called out on a falſe meſſage! This was ſome plot; I was not ſent for. Bridget, where's your ſiſter?

Bridg. I think ſhe be gone forth, ſir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for Heaven's ſake.

Bridg. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!
He hath diſcover'd all unto my wife;
Beaſt that I was to truſt him. Whither, I pray
You, went ſhe?

Bridg. I know not, ſir.

Well. I'll tell you, brother, whither I ſuſpect ſhe's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother?

Well. To Cob's houſe, I believe; but keep my counſel.

Kite. I will, I will. To Cob's houſe! Does ſhe haunt there?
She's gone on purpoſe now to cuckold me,
With that lewd raſcal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

Well. Becauſe ſhe's not my wife: if ſhe were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, ſo; now 'tis plain. I ſhall go mad
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents.

I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my ſervant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,
Deſpis'd by myſelf.—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myſelf firſt, next hang myſelf;
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exit.*

Bridg. He ſtorms moſt loudly; ſure you have gone too far in this.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us loſe no time; the coaſt is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haſte.

Bridg. I truſt me to your guidance, brother, and ſo fortune for us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Stocks-Market. *Enter* MATTHEW *and* BOBADIL.

Matthew.

I WONDER, captain, what they will ſay of my going away? ha!

Bob. Why, what ſhould they ſay? but as of a diſcreet gentleman; quick, wary, reſpectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all.

Mat. Why ſo! but what can they ſay of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with ſoft wood, a kind of groſs battery uſed, lain on ſtrongly, borne moſt patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was faſcinated, by Jupiter! faſcinated; but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not beſt to get a warrant, and have him arreſted, and brought before Juſtice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiſs; would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's ſpeak to him.

Bob. Agreed. Do you ſpeak.

Enter Brain-worm *as* Formal.

Mat. Save you, ſir.

Brain. With all my heart, ſir!

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abuſed this gentleman and myſelf, and we determine to make ourſelves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your maſter, you ſhall be well conſidered of, I aſſure you, ſir.

Brain. Sir, you know my ſervice is my living; ſuch favours as theſe, gotten of my maſter, is his only preferment, and therefore you muſt conſider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, ſir?

Brain. Faith, ſir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you ſhall have it, otherwiſe not.

Mat. How ſhall we do, captain? He aſks a brace of angels; you have no money.

Bob. Not a croſs, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two ſhillings in the morning for wine and raddiſh. Let's find him ſome pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And harkee, he ſhall have my truſty Toledo too. I believe I ſhall have no ſervice for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, ſir? We have no ſtore of money at this time, but you ſhall have good pawns; look you, ſir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, becauſe we would have it diſpatched.

Brain. I am content, ſir; I will get you the warrant preſently. What's his name, ſay you? Downright?

Mat. Aye, aye, George Downright.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant preſently; but who will you have to ſerve it?

Mat. That's true, captain, that muſt be conſidered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'Tis ſervice of danger!

Brain. Why, you were beſt get one of the varlets o' the city, a ſerjeant; I'll appoint you one; if you pleaſe.

Mat. Will you, ſir? Why we can wiſh no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, ſir.

[*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the juſtice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's ſuit, and be the varlet myſelf, and ſo get money on all ſides. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street before Cob's *Houſe.* *Enter* Kno'well.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [Tib *appears at the window.*

Tib. I am within, ſir, what is your pleaſure?

Kno. To know who is within beſides yourſelf.

Tib. Why, ſir, you are no conſtable, I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the conſtable? Then I doubt not you have ſome gueſts within deſerve that fear—I'll fetch him ſtraight.

Tib. For Heaven's ſake, ſir——

Kno. Go to, come tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well! I know none ſuch, ſir, o' my honeſty.

Kno. Your honeſty, dame! It flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the conſtable.

Tib. The conſtable; the man is mad, I think.

Enter CASH *and Dame* KITELY.

Caſh. Hoa! who keeps houſe here?

Kno. O, this is the female copeſmate of my ſon. Now ſhall I meet him ſtraight. [*Aſide.*

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Caſh. Hoa! good wife.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door? Belike you get ſomething to keep it ſhut.

Tib. What mean theſe queſtions, pray you?

Dame. So ſtrange you make it! Is not my huſband here!

Kno. Her huſband! [*Aſide.*

Dame. My tried and faithful huſband, Maſter Kitely.

Tib. I hope he needs not be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, Caſh—I ſee my turtle coming to his haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*

Kno. This muſt be ſome device to mock me withal.

Soft—who is this!—Oh! 'tis my ſon diſguis'd.
I'll watch him and ſurpriſe him.

Enter Kitely *muffled in a cloak.*

Kite. 'Tis truth, I ſee, there ſhe ſkulks.
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—
I tremble ſo, I ſcarce have power to do the juſtice
Her infamy demands.

[*As* Kitely *goes forward, Dame* Kitely *and* Kno'well *lay hold of him.*]

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot 'ſcape me now.

Dame. O, ſir! have I foreſtall'd your honeſt market?
Found your cloſe walks! You ſtand amaz'd
Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for ſhame!
I'faith, I am glad I have found you out at laſt.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come let's ſee her; fetch
Forth the wanton dame—If ſhe be fairer,
In any honeſt judgment, than myſelf,
I'll be content with it: but ſhe is change;
She feeds you fat, ſhe ſooths your appetite,
And you are well. Your wife, an honeſt woman,
Is meat twice ſod to you, ſir. O, you treacher!

Kno. What mean you, woman? Let go your hold.
I ſee the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as my own.

Kite. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and inſult me too?
Thou faithleſs man!

Kite. Out on thy more than ſtrumpet's impudence!
Steal'ſt thou thus to thy haunts? And have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Cloſe at your villany, and would'ſt thou 'ſcuſe it
With this ſtale harlot's jeſt, accuſing me?
O, old incontinent, doſt thou not ſhame,
To have a mind ſo hot; and to entice,
And feed the enticement of a luſtful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou diſſembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, ſtrumpet! Aſk thy pander here,
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, ſir——

Caſh. Maſter, 'tis in vain to reaſon while theſe paſſions blind you—I'm griev'd to ſee you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never ſpeak, I ſee thro' ev'ry
Veil you caſt upon your treachery: but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.
For you, ſir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Reſolv'd to cool your luſt, or end my ſhame.
[*Draws.*

Kno. What lunacy is this! Put up your ſword, and undeceive yourſelf—No arm that e'er pois'd weapon can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madneſs.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—ſo you good wife-bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your huſband ſuch a monſter; and you, young pander, and old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the juſtice

—Nay, you ſhall anſwer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd.

[*Goes into the houſe and brings out* Tib.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, ſir; I go willingly.

Tho' I do taſte this as a trick put on me,
To puniſh my impertinent ſearch; and juſtly;
And half forgive my ſon for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go, to thy ſhame believe it.

Kite. Tho' ſhame and ſorrow both my heart betide,
Come on—I muſt, and will be ſatisfy'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Stocks-Market. Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Well, of all my diſguiſes yet, now am I moſt like myſelf; being in this ſerjeant's gown. A man of my preſent profeſſion never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and ſays, he 'reſts him; for then he brings him to all manner of unreſt. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and ſalt in itſelf. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter BOBADIL *and Mr.* MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by appointment of juſtice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an't pleaſe you, ſir, he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his maſter, which I have about me, to be ſerved on one Downright.

Mat. It is honeſtly done of you both; and ſee where the party comes you muſt arreſt. Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

Enter Mr. STEPHEN, *in* DOWNRIGHT's *Cloak.*

Bob. Bear back, Maſter Matthew.

Brain. Maſter Downright, I arreſt you i' the queen's name, and muſt carry you before a juſtice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend, I am no Downright, I. I am Maſter Stephen; you do not well to arreſt me, I tell you truly. I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would you ſhould know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why now you are deceived, gentlemen?

Bob. He wears ſuch a cloak, and that deceived us. But ſee, here he comes indeed! this is he, officer.

Enter Downright.

Dow. Why, how now, Signor Gull! are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver up my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, ſir! I bought it even now in open market.

Brain. Maſter Downright, I have a warrant I muſt ſerve upon you, procured by theſe two gentlemen.

Dow. Theſe gentlemen! theſe raſcals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majeſty's name.

Dow. I obey thee. What muſt I do, officer?

Brain. Go before maſter juſtice Clement, to anſwer what they can object againſt you, ſir. I will uſe you kindly, ſir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the juſtice, captain—— [*Exit.*

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven! [*Exit.*

Dow. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Step. Aye, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arreſt him.

Brain. Maſter Stephen, I muſt arreſt you.

Step. Arreſt me, I ſcorn it; there, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Dow Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, now, ſir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the juſtice's. Bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak, what would you have?

Dow. I'll ha' you anſwer it, ſir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. So, ſo, I have made a fair maſh on't.

Step. Muſt I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Maſter Stephen.

Dow. Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, ſir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, ſir. It is but a whipping matter, ſure!

Step. Why, then let him do his worſt, I am reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Juſtice CLEMENT'*s Houſe. Enter* CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, *Dame* KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *and Servants.*

Clem. Nay, but ſtay, ſtay, give me leave. My chair, ſirrah. You, Maſter Kno'well, ſay you went thither to meet your ſon.

Kno. Aye, ſir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, ſir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk; and appointed him to ſtay for me.

Clem. My clerk! About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the falſe meſſage to you, Maſter Kitely?

Kite. After two, ſir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mrs. Kitely, how chance it that you were at Cob's? Ha!

Dame. An' pleaſe you, ſir, I'll tell you. My brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's houſe was a ſuſpected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my huſband uſed thither daily.

Clem. No matter, ſo he uſed himſelf well, miſtreſs.

Dame. True, ſir; but you know what grows by ſuch haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I ſee rank fruits of a jealous brain, Miſtreſs Kitely. But did you find your huſband there, in that caſe, as you ſuſpected?

Kite. I found her there, ſir.

Clem. Did you ſo? That alters the caſe. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

Clem. How, Well-bred firſt tell her, then tell you after? Where is Well-bred?

Kite. Gone with my ſiſter, ſir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this moſt groſsly, all! Alas, poor wench, wert thou ſuſpected for this?

Tib. Yes, an't pleaſe you.

Clem. I ſmell miſchief here, plot and contrivance, Maſter Kitely. However, if you will ſtep into the next room with your wife and think coolly of matters, you'll find ſome trick has been played you—I fear there have been jealouſies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it—I'll take your counſel—Will you go in, dame?

Dame. I will have juſtice, Mr. Kitely.

[*Exit* Kite. *and* Dame.

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kitely, that I ſee—How now, what's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, deſires to ſpeak with your worſhip.

Clem. A gentleman! What's he?

Serv. A ſoldier, ſir, he ſays.

Clem. A ſoldier! My ſword, quickly. A ſoldier ſpeak with me! Stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the ſoldier enter. Now, ſir, what ha' you to ſay to me?

Enter Bobadil *and* Matthew.

Bob. By your worſhip's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, ſir, I know not your pretence; you ſend me word, ſir, you are a ſoldier. Why, ſir, you ſhall be anſwered here; here be them have been among ſoldiers. Sir, your pleaſure?

Bob. Faith, ſir, ſo it is, this gentleman and myſelf have been moſt uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarſe fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I proteſt, being a man in no ſort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath aſſaulted me in the way of my peace; deſpoiled me of mine honour; diſarmed me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open ſtreets; when I not ſo much as once offered to reſiſt him.

Clem. O, God's precious! Is this the ſoldier? Lie there, my ſword, 'twill make him ſwoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't pleaſe your worſhip, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, ſir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, ſir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worſhip's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, ſir, the officer ſays, procured by theſe two.

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Downright! are you brought at Mr. Freſhwater's ſuit here?

Enter Downright, Stephen, *and* Brain-worm.

Dow. I'faith, ſir. And here's another, brought at my ſuit.

Clem. What are you, ſir?

Step. A gentleman, ſir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! Who, Maſter Kno'well?

Kno. Aye, ſir, this is a wiſe kinſman of mine.

Step. God's my witneſs, uncle, I am wronged here monſtrouſly; he charges me with ſtealing of his cloak, and would I might never ſtir, if I did not find it in the ſtreet by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it, now? You ſaid you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you ſaid I ſtole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a-while. You that have cauſe to complain there, ſtand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehenſion.

Bob. Aye, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Clem. Nay, do not ſpeak in paſſion ſo. Where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, ſir.

Clem. That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

Brain. No, ſir, your worſhip's man, Maſter Formal, bid me do it for theſe gentlemen, and he would be my diſcharge.

Clem. Why, Maſter Downright, are you ſuch a novice to be ſerved, and never ſee the warrant!

Dow. Sir, he did not ſerve it on me.

Clem. No, how then?

Dow. Marry, ſir, he came to me, and ſaid he muſt ſerve it, and he would uſe me kindly, and ſo—

Clem. O, God's pity, was it ſo, ſir? He muſt ſerve it? Give me a warrant, I muſt ſerve one too—you knave, you ſlave, you rogue, do you ſay you muſt, ſirrah! Away with him to the gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your *muſt*, ſir.

Brain. Good ſir, I beſeech you be good to me.

Clem. Tell him, he ſhall go to the gaol, away with him, I ſay.

Brain. Aye, ſir, if you will commit me, it ſhall be for committing more than this. I will not loſe by my travel any grain of my fame certain.

[*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Clem. How is this!

Kno. My man, Brain-worm!

Step. O, yes, uncle, Brain-worm has been with my couſin Edward and I, all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was ſome device.

Brain. Nay, excellent juſtice, ſince I have laid myſelf thus open to you, now ſtand ſtrong for me, both with your ſword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! Give me a bowl of ſack. If he belongs to you, Maſter Kno'well, I beſpeak your patience.

Brain. That is it I have moſt need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the reſt of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I ſuſpect you ſhrewdly for being of counſel with my ſon againſt me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, ſir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourſelf; firſt, as Brainworm, after, as Fitz-ſword. I was your reformed ſoldier. 'Twas I ſent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it poſſible! Or that thou ſhouldſt diſguiſe thyſelf ſo as I ſhould not know thee?

Brain. O, Sir! this has been the day of my metamorphoſes; it is not that ſhape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Maſter Kitely a meſſage too, in the form of Maſter Juſtice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worſhip; while Maſter Well-bred might make a conveyance of Miſtreſs Bridget to my young maſter.

Kno. My ſon is not married, I hope.

Brain. Faith, ſir, they are both, as ſure as love, a prieſt, and three thouſand pounds, which is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to beſpeak their wedding ſupper at the Windmill, except ſome friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cauſe to be ſorry, if I know the young couple aright.

But I pray thee, what haſt thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. Faith, ſir, after ſome ceremony paſt, as making him drunk, firſt with ſtory, and then with wine, but all in kindneſs, and ſtripping him to his ſhirt; I left him in that cool vein, departed, ſold your worſhip's warrant to theſe two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to ſerve it in; and thus have brought myſelf, by my activity, to your worſhip's conſideration.

Clem. And I will conſider thee in a cup of ſack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my ſentence, pledge me. Thou haſt done, or aſſiſted to nothing, in my judgment, but deſerves to be pardoned for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let Maſter Kitely into this whimſical buſineſs, and if he does not forgive thee, he has leſs mirth in him than an honeſt man ought to have. How now, who are theſe?

Enter Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, *and* Bridget.

O, the young company. Welcome, welcome. Give you joy. Nay, Mrs. Bridget, bluſh not, you are not ſo freſh a bride, but the news of it is come hither before you. Maſter Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand. So will I for the reſt, ere you forſake my roof.

All. We are the more bound to your humanity, ſir.

Clem. Only theſe two have ſo little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care.

Step. And what ſhall I do?

Clem. O! I had loſt a ſheep, an' he had not bleated. Why, ſir, you ſhall give Mr. Downright his cloak; and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you ſhall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat firſt to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em ſo.

Step. I'll do my beſt.

Clem. Call Maſter Kitely and his wife, there.

Enter Mr. Kitely *and Dame* Kitely.

Did not I tell you there was a plot againſt you? Did I not ſmell it out, as a wiſe magiſtrate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, Eh, Maſter Kitely?

Kite. I have—I confeſs my folly, and own I have deſerv'd what I have ſuffered for it. The trial has been ſevere, but it is paſt. All I have to aſk now, is, that as my folly is cured, and my perſecutors forgiven, my ſhame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourſelf, Maſter Kitely; do not you yourſelf create the food for miſchief, and the miſchievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all diſcontents be laid aſide. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger. You, Maſter Kno'well, your cares. And do you, Maſter Kitely, and your wife, put off your jealouſies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me: kiſs me, my wife.

See, what a drove of horns fly in the air,

Wing'd with my cleanſed, and my credulous breath;
Watch 'em, ſuſpicious eyes, watch where they fall,
See, ſee, on heads, that think they've none at all.
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be ſure of ſome.

" *Clem.* 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll de-
" dicate to friendſhip, love, and laughter. Maſter
" Bridegroom, take your bride, and lead, every one
" a fellow. Here is my miſtreſs, Brain-worm! to
" whom all my addreſſes of courtſhip ſhall have their
" reference: whoſe adventures this day, when our
" grand-children ſhall hear to be made a fable, I
" doubt not but it ſhall find both ſpectators and ap-
" plauſe. [*Exeunt omnes.*

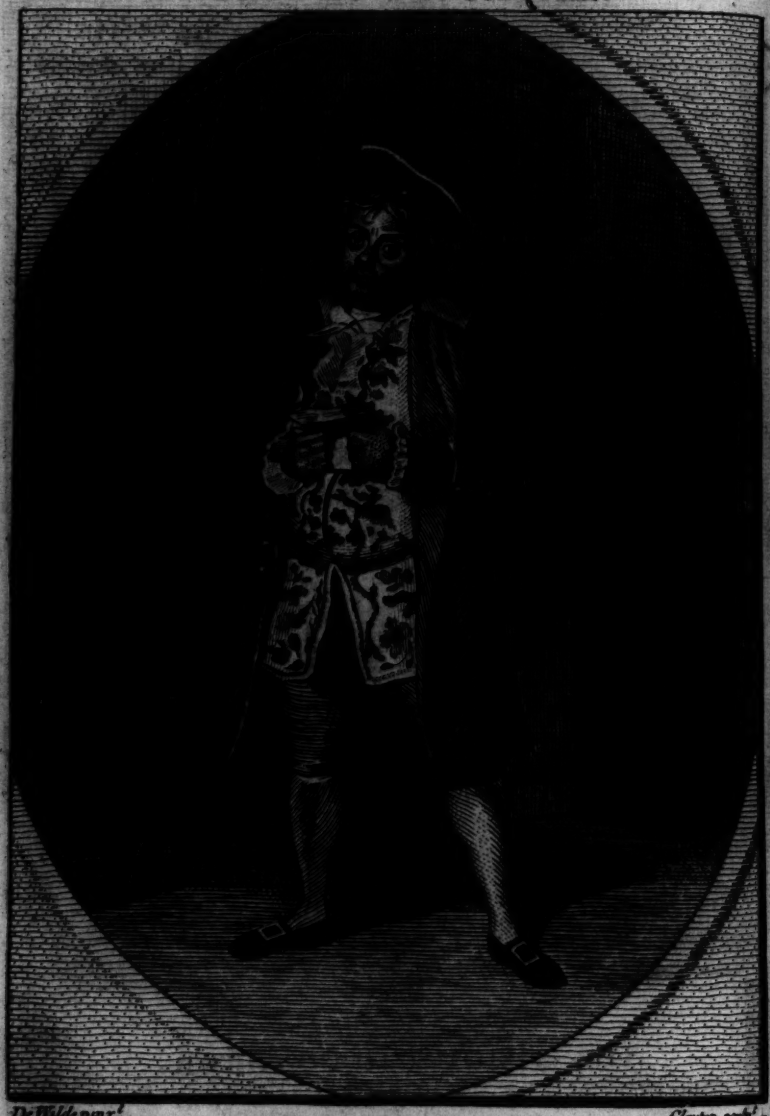


THE END.


BRITISH MUSEUM
28
55
FEB

Act IV

She Stoops to Conquer.



De Wilde pinx.t

Clayton sculp.t

Mr. Quick as Tony Lumpkin.

There's an M and a T and an S, but whether the next be an Izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Dublin Publish'd by Willm. Jones, No. 86 Dame Street.



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

MAR. *Madam every moment that shews me your merit only serves to encrease my diffidence.*

Act V. Scene III.

Whately pinx! *Clayton sculp!*

Dublin Publish'd by Will.m Jones N.o 86 Dame Street.


BRITISH MUSEUM
24
55
FEB

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A

COMEDY.

BY Dr. GOLDSMITH.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permiſſion of the Managers.

"The Lines diſtinguiſhed by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Repreſentation."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY GRAISBERRY AND CAMPBELL,

FOR WILLIAM JONES, NO. 86, DAME-STREET.

M DCC XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 FEB 55

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend
and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THIS play is a paradox: its characters are all as natural as were ever drawn, and yet they do nothing probable nor poſſible from the beginning of the play to the end. No houſe of a gentleman was ever thus miſtaken for an inn; nor did any change of dreſs ever diſguiſe the acquaintance of the morning into a ſtranger in the evening. A man muſt part with two of his ſenſes to be deceived by a young lady, he knows, in the plain dreſs of a chambermaid, neither features nor tones changing with the habit.

The HARDCASTLE family exiſts in every county in England; but the firſt praiſe muſt be conferred upon the deſign of MARLOW: it is ſo common that no circle of company ever wanted a hero of the ſort, bold and inſulting among the looſe and diſſolute of the ſex, confounded and abaſhed in the preſence of the elegant and the virtuous; a kind of mean miſchiefs that could never ſoar to tempt an angelic nature.

The dialogue is written with little ambition of wit: humour there is in abundance; much in the diction, more in the ſituations, moſt improbable.

PROLOGUE.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD, dressed in Black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.

Excuse me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, *good masters;*
I've that within—*for which there are no plasters!*
Pray wou'd you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop:
For, as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter *and* I *shall be chief mourners here.*
To her *a mawkish drab of spurious breed,*
Who deals in sentimentals, *will succeed!*
Poor Ned *and* I *are dead to all intents,*
We can as soon speak Greek *as* sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—

With a ſententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in ſentimental ſcenes)
Thus I begin—All is not gold that glitters,
Pleaſure ſeems ſweet, but proves a glaſs of bitters.
When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than houſe and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may tumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if ſhe tumble.
I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh I muſt play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A doctor *comes this night to ſhew his ſkill.*
To cheer her heart, and give your muſcles motion,
He in five draughts *prepar'd, preſents a potion:*
A kind of magic charm—for be aſſur'd,
If you will ſwallow it, *the maid is cur'd:*
But deſp'rate the Doctor, and her caſe is,
If you reject the doſe, and make wry faces!
This truth he boaſts, will boaſt it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs *are mix'd with what he gives;*
Should he ſucceed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college you, *muſt his pretenſions back,*
Pronounce him regular, *or dub him* quack.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
Sir CHARLES MARLOW,	Mr. Packer.
Young MARLOW,	Mr. Kemble.
HARDCASTLE,	Mr. Suett.
HASTINGS,	Mr. Barrymore.
TONY LUMPKIN,	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
DIGGORY,	Mr. Burton.
	Women.
Mrs. HARDCASTLE,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miſs HARDCASTLE,	Mrs. Henrey.
Miſs NEVILLE,	Mrs. Powell.
Maid,	Mrs. Shaw.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE, London.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
Sir CHARLES MARLOW,	Mr. Powell.
Young MARLOW,	Mr. Bernard.
HARDCASTLE,	Mr. Wilſon.
HASTINGS,	Mr. Davies.
TONY LUMPKIN,	Mr. Quick.
DIGGORY,	Mr. Cubit.
	Women.
Mrs. HARDCASTLE,	Mrs. Webb.
Miſs HARDCASTLE,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Miſs NEVILLE,	Mrs. Lewis.
Maid,	Mrs. Spriggs.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE, London.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in an old faſhioned Houſe. Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and Mr.* HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcaſtle.

I vow, Mr. Hardcaſtle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourſelves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the ruſt a little? There's the two Miſs Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigſby, go to take a month's poliſhing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to laſt them the whole year. I wonder why London

cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept ſlowly among us, but now they travel faſter than a ſtage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inſide paſſengers, but in the very baſket.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ay, your times were fine times, indeed: you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling manſion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never ſee company. Our beſt viſiters are old Mrs. Oddfiſh, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-maſter; and all our entertainment your old ſtories of Prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough. I hate ſuch old-faſhioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, [*Taking her hand*] you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. *Hard.* Lord, Mr. Hardcaſtle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's, and your old wife's. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promiſe you. I'm not ſo old as you'd make me by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me ſee; twenty added to twenty, makes juſt fifty and ſeven.

Mrs. *Hard.* It's falſe, Mr. Hardcaſtle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my firſt huſband; and he's not come to years of diſcretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare anſwer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. *Hard.* No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My ſon is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to ſpend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere compoſition of tricks and miſchief.

Mrs. *Hard.* Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcaſtle, you muſt allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd ſooner allow him an horſe-pond. If burning the footmen's ſhoes, frighting the maids, worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yeſterday he faſtened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. *Hard.* And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too ſickly to do any good. A ſchool would be his death. When he comes to be a little ſtronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and a fiddle. No, no, the ale-houſe and the ſtable are the only ſchools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, we muſt not ſnub the poor boy now, for I believe we ſhan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may ſee he's conſumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the ſymptoms.

Mrs. *Hard.* He coughs ſometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. *Hard.* I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly ſo am I; for he ſometimes whoops like a ſpeaking trumpet—[*Tony hallooing behind the Scenes*]—O there he goes—A very conſumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, *croſſing the Stage.*

Mrs. *Hard.* Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haſte, mother, I cannot ſtay.

Mrs. *Hard.* You ſhan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: You look moſt ſhockingly.

Tony. I can't ſtay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's ſome fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-houſe, the old place: I thought ſo.

Mrs. *Hard.* A low, paltry ſet of fellows.

Tony. Not ſo low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciſeman, Jack Slang the horſe doctor, Little Aminadab that grinds the muſic box, and Tom Twiſt that ſpins the pewter platter.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pray, my dear, diſappoint them for one night at leaſt.

Tony. As for diſappointing them, I ſhould not ſo much mind; but I can't abide to diſappoint myſelf.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Detaining him.*] You ſhan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. *Hard.* I ſay you ſhan't.

Tony. We'll ſee which is ſtrongeſt, you or I.

[*Exit hawling her out.*

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only ſpoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive ſenſe and diſcretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the faſhions of the times have almoſt infected her too. By living a year or two in town, ſhe is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the beſt of them.

Enter Miſs HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Bleſſings on my pretty innocence! Dreſt out as uſual, my Kate. Goodneſs! What a quantity of ſuperfluous ſilk haſt thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be cloathed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miſs *Hard.* You know our agreement, ſir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay viſits, and to dreſs in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my houſewife's dreſs to pleaſe you.

Hard. Well, remember I inſiſt on the terms of our agreement; and, by the by, I believe I ſhall have occaſion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miſs *Hard.* I proteſt, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have choſen to be your huſ-

band from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his ſon is ſet out, and that he intends to follow himſelf ſhortly after.

Miſs *Hard.* Indeed! I wiſh I had known ſomething of this before. Bleſs me, how ſhall I behave? It's a thouſand to one I ſhan't like him; our meeting will be ſo formal, and ſo like a thing of buſineſs, that I ſhall find no room for friendſhip or eſteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never controul your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the ſon of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk ſo often. The young gentleman has been bred a ſcholar, and is deſigned for an employment in the ſervice of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent underſtanding.

Miſs *Hard.* Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miſs *Hard.* I believe I ſhall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miſs *Hard.* I'm ſure I ſhall like him.

Hard. And very handſome.

Miſs *Hard.* My dear papa, ſay no more [*kiſſing his hand*] he's mine, I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the moſt baſhful and reſerved young fellows in all the world.

Miſs *Hard.* Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reſerved, has undone all the reſt of his accompliſhments. A reſerved lover, it is ſaid, always makes a ſuſpicious huſband.

Hard. On the contrary, modeſty ſeldom reſides in a breaſt that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that firſt ſtruck me.

Miſs *Hard.* He muſt have more ſtriking features to catch me, I promiſe you. However, if he be ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do ſtill. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is ſtill an obſtacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miſs *Hard.* My dear papa, why will you mortify one ſo?—Well, if he refuſes, inſtead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glaſs for its flattery; ſet my cap to ſome newer faſhion, and look out for ſome leſs difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely reſolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the ſervants for his reception; as we ſeldom ſee company, they want as much training as a company of recruits, the firſt day's muſter. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Hard.* Lud, this news of papa's, puts me all in a flutter. Young, handſome; theſe he put laſt; but I put them foremoſt. Senſible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reſerved, and ſheepiſh, that's much againſt him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I——But I vow I'm diſpoſing of the huſband, before I have ſecured the lover.

Enter Miſs Neville.

Miſs *Hard.* I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Conſtance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimſical about me? Is it one of my well looking days, child? Am I in face to day?

Miſs *Nev.* Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bleſs me!—ſure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fiſhes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the laſt novel been too moving?

Miſs *Hard.* No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can ſcarce get it out——I have been threatened with a lover.

Miſs *Nev.* And his name——

Miſs *Hard.* Is Marlow.

Miſs *Nev.* Indeed!

Miſs *Hard.* The ſon of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miſs *Nev.* As I live, the moſt intimate friend of Mr. Haſtings, my admirer. They are never aſunder. I believe you muſt have ſeen him when we lived in town.

Miſs *Hard.* Never.

Miſs *Nev.* He's a very ſingular character, I aſſure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modeſteſt man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another ſtamp: you underſtand me.

Miſs *Hard.* An odd character, indeed. I ſhall never be able to manage him. What ſhall I do? Pſhaw, think no more of him, but truſt to occurrences for ſucceſs. But how goes on your own affair, my dear, has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as uſual?

Miſs *Nev.* I have juſt come from one of our agreeable tete-a-tetes. She has been ſaying a hundred tender things, and ſetting off her pretty monſter as the very pink of perfection.

Miſs *Hard.* And her partiality is ſuch, that ſhe actually thinks him ſo. A fortune like yours is no ſmall temptation. Beſides, as ſhe has the ſole management of it, I'm not ſurpriſed to ſee her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miſs *Nev.* A fortune like mine, which chiefly conſiſts in jewels, is no ſuch mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Haſtings be but conſtant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at laſt. However, I let her ſuppoſe that I am in love with her ſon, and ſhe never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miſs *Hard.* My good brother holds out ſtoutly. I could almoſt love him for hating you ſo.

Miſs *Nev.* It is a good natured creature at bottom, and I'm ſure would wiſh to ſee me married to any body but himſelf. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons. Courage is neceſſary as our affairs are critical.

Miſs *Hard.* Would it were bed time and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Alehouſe Room. Several ſhabby fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. Tony *at the head of the Table, a little higher than the reſt: A mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo.

1ſt Fel. Now, gentlemen, ſilence for a ſong. The 'Squire is going to knock himſelf down for a ſong.

Omnes. Ay, a ſong, a ſong.

Tony. Then I'll ſing you, gentlemen, a ſong I made upon this ale-houſe, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let ſchool-maſters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonſenſe, and learning;
Good liquor, I ſtoutly maintain,
Give Genus *a better diſcerning.*
Let them brag of their Heatheniſh Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodiſt preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is ſinful,
I'll wager the raſcals a crown,
They always preach beſt with a ſkinful.

But when you come down with your pence,
For a ſlice of their ſcurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of ſenſe,
But you my good friend are the Pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are ſtout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let ſome cry up woodcock or hare,
Your buſtards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1ſt Fel. The 'Squire has got ſpunk in him.

2nd Fel. I loves to hear him ſing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3rd Fel. O damn any thing that's low, I cannot bear it.

4th Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If ſo be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3rd Fel. I like the maxum of it, Maſter Muggins. What tho' I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poiſon if my bear ever dances but to the very genteeleſt of tunes. Water Parted, or the minuet in Ariadne.

2nd Fel. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and ſo it would Maſter Slang. I'd then ſhew what it was to keep choice of company.

2nd Fel. O he takes after his own father for that. To be ſure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the fineſt gentleman I ever ſet my eyes on. For winding the ſtreight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a ſaying in the place, that he kept the beſt horſes, dogs, and girls, in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no baſtard I promiſe you. I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a poſt-chaiſe at the door. They have loſt their way upo' the foreſt; and they are talking ſomething about Mr. Hardcaſtle.

Tony. As ſure as can be one of them muſt be the gentleman that's coming down to court my ſiſter. Do they ſeem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then deſire them to ſtep this way, and I'll ſet them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord*] Gen-

tlemen, as they may'nt be good enough company for you, ſtep down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the ſqueezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob.*

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleaſed, I could be ſo revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what! I ſhall ſoon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Mar. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles acroſs the country, and we have come above threeſcore.

Haſt. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reſerve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Haſtings, I am unwilling to lay myſelf under an obligation to every one I meet; and often, ſtand the chance of an unmannerly anſwer.

Haſt. At preſent, however, we are not likely to receive any anſwer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcaſtle, in theſe parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Haſt. Not in the leaſt, Sir, but ſhould thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Haſt. No, Sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the firſt thing I have to inform you is, that—You have loſt your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghoſt to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be ſo bold as to aſk the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not neceſſary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence: but queſtion for queſtion is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this ſame Hardcaſtle a croſs-grain'd, old faſhion'd, whimſical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty ſon?

Haſt. We have not ſeen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapeſing, trolloping, talkative maypole——The ſon, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is ſaid to be well-bred and beautiful; the ſon, an awkward booby, reared up, and ſpoiled at his mother's apron-ſtring.

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcaſtle's houſe this night, I believe.

Haſt. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcaſtle's; [*winking upon the Landlord*] Mr.

Hardcaſtle's, of Quagmire Marſh, you underſtand me.

Land. Maſter Hardcaſtle's! Lock-a-daiſy, my maſters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you ſhould have croſs'd down Squaſh-lane.

Mar. Croſs down Squaſh-lane!

Land. Then you were to keep ſtreight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you muſt be ſure to take only one of them.

Mar. O Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go ſideways till you come upon Crack-ſkull common: there you muſt look ſharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as ſoon find out the longitude!

Haſt. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This houſe promiſes but a poor reception; though perhaps the Landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, maſter, we have but one ſpare bed in the whole houſe.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. [*After a pauſe, in which the reſt ſeem diſconcerted*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentle-

men by the fireſide, with———three chairs and a bolſter?

Haſt. I hate ſleeping by the fireſide.

Mar. And I deteſt your three chairs and a bolſter.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me ſee—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the beſt inns in the whole country?

Haſt. O ho! ſo we have eſcaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure, you be'nt ſending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on ſtreight forward, till you come to a large old houſe by the road ſide. You'll ſee a pair of large horns over the door. That's the ſign. Drive up the yard, and call ſtoutly about you.

Haſt. Sir, we are obliged to you. The ſervants can't miſs the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off buſineſs; ſo he wants to be thought a Gentleman, ſaving your preſence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod if you mind him, he'll perſuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a juſtice of peace.

Land. A troubleſome old blade to be ſure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Man. Well, if he ſupplies us with theſe, we ſhall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you ſay?

Tony. No, no; ſtreight forward. I'll juſt ſtep myſelf, and ſhew you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord*] Mum.

Land. Ah, bleſs your heart, for a ſweet, pleaſant—damn'd miſchievous ſon of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An old faſhioned Houſe. Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hardcaſtle.

WELL, I hope you're perfect in the table exerciſe I have been teaching you theſe three days. You all know your poſts and your places, and can ſhew that you have been uſed to good company, without ſtirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and ſtare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a ſhew at the ſide table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourſelf behind my chair. But you're not to ſtand ſo, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too ſtiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And ſo being upon drill——

Hard. You muſt not be ſo talkative, Diggory. You muſt be all attention to the gueſts. You muſt hear us talk, and not think of talking; you muſt ſee us drink, and not think of drinking; you muſt ſee us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worſhip, that's parfectly unpoſſible. Whenever Diggory ſees yeating going forwards, ecod he's always wiſhing for a mouthful himſelf.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your ſtomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod I thank your worſhip, I'll make a ſhift to ſtay my ſtomach with a ſlice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to ſay a good thing, or tell a good ſtory at table, you muſt not all burſt out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then ecod your worſhip muſt not tell the ſtory of Ould Grouſe in the gun room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the ſoul of me. We have laughed at that theſe twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The ſtory is a good one. Well, honeſt Diggory, you may laugh at that—but ſtill remember to be attentive. Suppoſe one of the company ſhould call for a glaſs of wine, how will you behave? A glaſs of wine, Sir, if you pleaſe [*To Diggory*]—Eh, why don't you move?

Digg. Ecod, your worſhip, I never have courage till I ſee the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will no body move?

1ſt Serv. I'm not to leave this place.

2d Serv. I'm ſure it's no pleace of mine.

3d Serv. Nor mine, for ſartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm ſure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numſkulls! and ſo while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the gueſts muſt be ſtarv'd. O you dunces! I find I muſt begin all over again.——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your poſts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's ſon a hearty welcome at the gate. [*Exit* Hardcaſtle.

Digg. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be every where.

1ſt Serv. Where the devil is mine?

2d Serv. My pleace is to be no where at all; and ſo I'ze go about my buſineſs.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frighted, different ways.*

Enter Servant with Candles, ſhewing in Marlow *and* Hastings.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Haſt. After the diſappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking houſe; antique, but creditable.

Mar. The uſual fate of a large manſion. Having firſt ruined the maſter by good houſekeeping, it at laſt comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Haſt. As you ſay, we paſſengers are to be taxed to pay all theſe fineries. I have often ſeen a good ſideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, tho' not actually put in the bill, enflame the bill confoundedly.

Mar. Travellers, George, muſt pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns, you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are fleeced and ſtarved.

Haſt. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often ſurpriſed, that you who have ſeen ſo much of the world, with your natural good ſenſe, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requiſite ſhare of aſſurance.

Mar. The Engliſhman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that aſſurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly ſpent in a college, or an inn, in ſecluſion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a ſingle modeſt woman—except my mother—But among females of another claſs you know—

Haſt. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conſcience.

Mar. They are of us you know.

Haſt. But in the company of women of reputation I never ſaw ſuch an idiot, ſuch a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of ſtealing out of the room.

Mar. Why man that's becauſe I do want to ſteal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a reſolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a ſingle glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overſet my reſolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modeſty, but I'll be hanged if a modeſt man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Haſt. If you could but ſay half the fine things to them that I have heard you laviſh upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker.—

Mar. Why, George, I can't ſay fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or ſome ſuch bagatelle. But to me, a modeſt woman, dreſt out in

all her finery, is the moſt tremendous object of the whole creation.

Haſt. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry.

Mar. Never, unleſs, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eaſtern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never ſaw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtſhip, together with the epiſode of aunts, grandmothers and couſins, and at laſt to blurt out the broad ſtar-queſtion, of, Madam, will you marry me? No, no, that's a ſtrain much above me, I aſſure you.

Haſt. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to viſit at the requeſt of your father?

Mar. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low. Anſwer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the reſt, I don't think I ſhall venture to look in her face, till I ſee my father's again.

Haſt. I'm ſurpriſed that one who is ſo warm a friend can be ſo cool a lover.

Mar. To be explicit, my dear Haſtings, my chief inducement down was to be inſtrumental in forwarding your happineſs, not my own. Miſs Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are ſure of a reception, and let honour do the reſt.

Haſt. My dear Marlow! But I'll ſuppreſs the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly ſeeking to carry off a fortune, you ſhould be the laſt man in the world I would apply for aſſiſtance. But Miſs Neville's per-

ſon is all I aſk, and that is mine, both from her deceaſed father's conſent, and her own inclination.

Mar. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the ſex, and yet to converſe with the only part of it I deſpiſe. This ſtammer in my addreſs, and this awkward prepoſſeſſing viſage of mine, can never permit me to ſoar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the dutcheſſes of Drury-lane. Pſhaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you ſee, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old ſtyle at my gate. I like to ſee their horſes and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aſide.*] He has got our names from the ſervants already. [*To him.*] We approve your caution and hoſpitality, Sir. [*To Haſtings.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dreſſes in the morning, I am grown confoundedly aſhamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll uſe no ceremony in this houſe.

Haſt. I fancy, George, you're right: the firſt blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Haſtings—gentlemen—pray be under no reſtraint in this houſe. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do juſt as you pleaſe here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at firſt, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reſerve the embroidery to ſecure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to beſiege Denain. He firſt ſummoned the garriſon.

Mar. Don't you think the *ventre dor* waiſtcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He firſt ſummoned the garriſon, which might conſiſt of about five thouſand men——

Haſt. I think not: Brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I ſay, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he ſummoned the garriſon, which might conſiſt of about five thouſand men.

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might conſiſt of about five thouſand men, well appointed with ſtores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, ſays the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that ſtood next to him—You muſt have heard of George Brooks; I'll pawn my dukedom, ſays he, but I take that garriſon without ſpilling a drop of blod. So——

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glaſs of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the ſiege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, Sir! [*Aſide*] This is the moſt unaccountable kind of modeſty I ever met with.

Mar. Yes, Sir, punch. A glaſs of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's Cup, Sir.

Mar. [*Aſide.*] So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have juſt what he pleaſes.

Hard. [*Taking the cup*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be ſo good as to pledge me. Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks.*

Mar. [*Aſide*] A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*]

Haſt. [*Aſide*] I ſee this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I ſuppoſe you have a good deal of buſineſs in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections, I ſuppoſe.

Hard. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no buſineſs for us that ſell ale.

Haſt. So, then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the leaſt. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myſelf about the miſtakes of government,

like other people; but finding myſelf every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itſelf. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Heyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my ſervice to you.

Haſt. So that, with eating above ſtairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amuſing them without, you lead a good pleaſant buſtling life of it.

Hard. I do ſtir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the pariſh are adjuſted in this very parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Weſtminſter-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philoſophy.

Mar. [*Aſide*] Well, this is the firſt time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philoſophy.

Haſt. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reaſon manageable, you attack it with your philoſophy; if you find they have no reaſon, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philoſopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalſhip puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You ſhall hear.

Mar. Inſtead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almoſt time to talk about ſupper. What has your philoſophy got in the houſe for ſupper.

Hard. For ſupper, Sir! [*Aſide.*] Was ever ſuch a requeſt to a man in his own houſe!

Mar. Yes, Sir, ſupper, Sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I ſhall make deviliſh work to-night in the larder, I promiſe you.

Hard. [*Aſide*] Such a brazen dog ſure never my eyes beheld. [*To him*] Why really, Sir, as for ſupper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook-maid, ſettle theſe things between them. I leave theſe kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual conſultation upon what's for ſupper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always chooſe to regulate my own ſupper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, Sir.

Hard. O no, Sir, none in the leaſt: yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon theſe occaſions. Should we ſend for her, ſhe might ſcold us all out of the houſe.

Haſt. Let's ſee the liſt of the larder then. I aſk it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To* Hardcaſtle, *who looks at them with ſurpriſe*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's ſupper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Haſtings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel

Wallop. It was a ſaying of his, that no man was ſure of his ſupper till he had eaten it.

Haſt. [*Aſide*] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a Colonel! we ſhall ſoon hear of his mother being a juſtice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Peruſing*] What's here? For the firſt courſe; for the ſecond courſe; for the deſert. The devil, Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up ſuch a ſupper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Haſt. But, let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading*] For the firſt courſe at the top, a pig and pruin ſauce.

Haſt. Damn your pig, I ſay.

Mar. And damn your pruin ſauce, ſay I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin ſauce, is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Haſt. Let your brains be knocked out, my good Sir; I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themſelves. I do.

Hard. [*Aſide*] Their impudence confounds me. [*To them*] Gentlemen, you are my gueſts, make what alterations you pleaſe. Is there any thing elſe you wiſh to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and ſauſages, a florentine, a ſhaking pudding, and a diſh of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Haſt. Confound your made diſhes! I ſhall be as much at a loſs in this houſe as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambaſſador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm ſorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Mar. Why, really Sir, your bill of fare is ſo exquiſite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you pleaſe. So much for ſupper. And now to ſee that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You ſhall not ſtir a ſtep.

Mar. Leave that to you! I proteſt, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I always look to theſe things myſelf.

Hard. I muſt inſiſt, Sir, you'll make yourſelf eaſy on that head.

Mar. You ſee I'm reſolv'd on it. [*Aſide*] A very troubleſome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, Sir, I'm reſolved at leaſt to attend you. [*Aſide*] This may be a modern modeſty, but I never ſaw any thing look ſo like old-faſhioned impudence. [*Exeunt* Marlow *and* Hardcaſtle.

Haſt. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troubleſome. But who can be angry at thoſe aſſiduities which are meant to pleaſe him? Ha! what do I ſee? Miſs Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miſs Neville.

Miſs *Nev.* My dear Haſtings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to aſcribe this happy meeting?

Haſt. Rather let me aſk the ſame queſtion, as I could never have hoped to meet my deareſt Conſtance at an inn.

Miſs *Nev.* An inn! ſure you miſtake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this houſe an inn?

Haſt. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been ſent here as to an inn, I aſſure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a houſe hard by, directed us hither.

Miſs *Nev.* Certainly it muſt be one of my hopeful couſin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk ſo often; ha! ha! ha! ha!

Haſt. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have ſuch juſt apprehenſions?

Miſs *Nev.* You have nothing to fear from him, I aſſure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he deſpiſes me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think ſhe has made a conqueſt.

Haſt. Thou dear diſſembler! You muſt know, my Conſtance, I have juſt ſeized this happy opportunity of my friend's viſit here to get admittance into the family. The horſes that carried us down are now fa-

tigued with the journey, but they'll ſoon be refreſhed; and then, if my deareſt girl will truſt in her faithful Haſtings, we ſhall ſoon be landed in France, where even among ſlaves the laws of marriage are reſpected.

Miſs *Nev.* I have often told you, that, though ready to obey you, I yet ſhould leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greateſt part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly conſiſts in jewels. I have been for ſome time perſuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near ſucceeding. The inſtant they are put into my poſſeſſion you ſhall find me ready to make them and myſelf yours.

Haſt. Periſh the baubles! Your perſon is all I deſire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow muſt not be let into his miſtake. I know the ſtrange reſerve of his temper is ſuch, that, if abruptly informed of it, he would inſtantly quit the houſe before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miſs *Nev.* But how ſhall we keep him in the deception? Miſs Hardcaſtle is juſt returned from walking; what if we ſtill continue to deceive him?——This, this way—— [*They confer.*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. The aſſiduities of theſe good people teaſe me beyond bearing. My hoſt ſeems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and ſo he claps not only himſelf but his old-faſhioned wife on my back. They

talk of coming to ſup with us too; and then, I ſuppoſe, we are to run the gauntlet thro' all the reſt of the family—What have we got here?———

Haſt. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you—The moſt fortunate accident!—Who do you think is juſt alighted?

Mar. Cannot gueſs.

Haſt. Our miſtreſſes, boy, Miſs Hardcaſtle and Miſs Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miſs Conſtance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take freſh horſes here. Miſs Hardcaſtle has juſt ſtept into the next room, and will be back in an inſtant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Mar. [*Aſide*] I have juſt been mortified enough of all conſcience, and here comes ſomething to complete my embaraſſment.

Haſt. Well! but wasn't it the moſt fortunate thing in the world?

Mar. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a moſt joyful encounter——But our dreſſes, George, you know, are in diſorder——What if we ſhould poſtpone the happineſs 'till to-morrow?———To-morrow at her own houſe——It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more reſpectful———To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*

Miſs *Nev.* By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will diſpleaſe her. The diſorder of your dreſs will ſhew the ardour of your impatience. Beſides, ſhe knows you are in the houſe, and will permit you to ſee her.

Mar. Oh! the devil! how ſhall I ſupport it? Hem! hem! Haſtings, you muſt not go. You are to aſſiſt me, you know. I ſhall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Haſt. Pſhaw man! it's but the firſt plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Mar. And of all women, ſhe that I dread moſt to encounter!

Enter Miſs HARDCASTLE *as returning from walking, a Bonnet,* &c.

Haſt. [*Introducing them*] Miſs Hardcaſtle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two perſons of ſuch merit together, that only want to know, to eſteem each other.

Miſs *Hard.* [*Aſide*] Now, for meeting my modeſt gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pauſe, in which he appears very uneaſy and diſconcerted*] I'm glad of your ſafe arrival, Sir—I'm told you had ſome accidents by the way.

Mar. Only a few, Madam. Yes, we had ſome. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but ſhould be ſorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are ſo agreeably concluded. Hem!

Haſt. [*To him*] You never ſpoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll inſure you the victory.

Miſs *Hard.* I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have ſeen ſo much of the fineſt company can find

little entertainment in an obſcure corner of the country.

Mar. [*Gathering courage*] I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an obſerver upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miſs *Nev.* But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at laſt.

Haſt. [*To him*] Cicero never ſpoke better. Once more, and you are confirm'd in aſſurance for ever.

Mar. [*To him*] Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to ſet me up again.

Miſs *Hard.* An obſerver, like you, upon life, were, I fear, diſagreeably employed, ſince you muſt have had much more to cenſure than to approve.

Mar. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amuſed. The folly of moſt people is rather an object of mirth than uneaſineſs.

Haſt. [*To him*] Bravo, Bravo. Never ſpoke ſo well in your whole life. Well! Miſs Hardcaſtle, I ſee that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarraſs the interview.

Mar. Not in the leaſt, Mr. Haſtings. We like your company of all things. [*To him*] Zounds! George, ſure you won't go! How can you leave us?

Haſt. Our preſence will but ſpoil converſation, ſo we'll retire to the next room. [*To him*] You don't conſider, man, that we are to manage a little tete-a tete of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miſs *Hard.* [*After a pauſe*] But you have not been wholly an obſerver, I preſume, Sir: The ladies, I ſhould hope, have employed ſome part of your addreſſes.

Mar. [*Relapſing into timidity*] Pardon me, Madam, I—I—I—as yet have ſtudied—only—to—deſerve them.

Miſs *Hard.* And that, ſome ſay, is the very worſt way to obtain them.

Mar. Perhaps ſo, Madam. But I love to converſe only with the more grave and ſenſible part of the ſex ———But I'm afraid I grow tireſome.

Miſs *Hard.* Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like ſo much as grave converſation myſelf; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been ſurpriſed how a man of ſentiment could ever admire thoſe light airy pleaſures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Mar. It's——a diſeaſe——of the mind, madam. In the variety of taſtes there muſt be ſome who, wanting a reliſh——for——um—a—um.

Miſs *Hard.* I underſtand you, Sir. There muſt be ſome who, wanting a reliſh for refined pleaſures, pretend to deſpiſe what they are incapable of taſting.

Mar. My meaning, Madam; but infinitely better expreſſed. And I can't help obſerving——a——

Miſs *Hard.* [*Aſide*] Who could ever ſuppoſe this fellow impudent upon ſome occaſions. [*To him*] You were going to obſerve, Sir——

Mar. I was obſerving, Madam——I proteſt, Madam, I forget what I was going to obſerve.

Miſs *Hard.* [*Aſide*] I vow and ſo do I. [*To him*] You were obſerving, Sir, that in this age of hypocriſy, ſomething about hypocriſy, Sir.

Mar. Yes, Madam. In this age of hypocriſy there are few who upon ſtrict enquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miſs *Hard.* I underſtand you perfectly, Sir.

Mar. [*Aſide*] Egad! and that's more than I do myſelf.

Miſs *Hard.* You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practiſe in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praiſe it.

Mar. True, Madam; thoſe who have moſt virtue in their mouths, have leaſt of it in their boſoms. But I'm ſure I tire you, Madam.

Miſs *Hard.* Not in the leaſt, Sir; there's ſomething ſo agreeable and ſpirited in your manner, ſuch life and force—Pray, Sir, go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was ſaying——that there are ſome occaſions———when a total want of courage, Madam, deſtroys all the——and puts us——upon a——a——a——

Miſs *Hard.* I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon ſome occaſions aſſumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we moſt want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Mar. Yes, Madam. Morally ſpeaking, Madam—But I ſee Miſs Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miſs *Hard.* I proteſt, Sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Mar. Yes, Madam. I was—But ſhe beckons us to join her. Madam, ſhall I do myſelf the honour to attend you.

Miſs *Hard.* Well then, I'll follow.

Mar. [*Aſide*] This pretty ſmooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever ſuch a ſober ſentimental interview? I'm certain he ſcarce look'd in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable baſhfulneſs, is pretty well too. He has good ſenſe, but then ſo buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing ſomebody that I know of a piece of ſervice. But who is that ſomebody?—that, faith, is a queſtion I can ſcarce anſwer. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY *and Miſs* NEVILLE, *followed by Mrs.* HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, couſin Con? I wonder you're not aſham'd to be ſo very engaging.

Miſs *Nev.* I hope, couſin, one may ſpeak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what ſort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, couſin Con, it won't do, ſo I beg you'll keep your diſtance, I want no nearer relationſhip.

[*She follows coqueting him to the back ſcene.*

Mrs. *Hard.* Well! I vow, Mr. Haſtings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I

love to talk of ſo much as London, and the faſhions, though I was never there myſelf.

Haſt. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I conclude you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. *Hard.* O! Sir, you're only pleaſed to ſay ſo. We country perſons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that ſerves to raiſe me above ſome of our neighbouring ruſtics; but who can have a manner that has never ſeen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and ſuch places where the Nobility chiefly reſort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at ſecond-hand. I take care to know every tete-a-tete from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the faſhions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miſs Rickets of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Haſtings?

Haſt. Extremely elegant and degagée, upon my word, Madam. Your friſeur is a Frenchman, I ſuppoſe?

Mrs. *Hard.* I proteſt I dreſſed it myſelf from a print in the Ladies memorandum book for the laſt year.

Haſt. Indeed. Such a head in a ſide-box, at the play-houſe, would draw as many gazers as my Lady May-reſs at a city ball.

Mrs. *Hard.* I vow, ſince inoculation began, there is no ſuch thing to be ſeen as a plain woman; ſo one muſt dreſs a little particular or one may eſcape in the crowd.

Haſt. But that can never be your caſe, Madam, in any dreſs. [*Bowing.*]

Mrs. *Hard.* Yet, what ſignifies by dreſſing when I have ſuch a piece of antiquity by my ſide as Mr. Hardcaſtle? all I can ſay will not argue down a ſingle button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaſter it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Haſt. You are right, Madam; for, as among the ladies, there are none ugly, ſo among the men, there are none old.

Mrs. *Hard.* But what do you think his anſwer was? Why, with his uſual Gothic vivacity, he ſaid I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tete for my own wearing.

Haſt. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you pleaſe, and it muſt become you.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pray, Mr. Haſtings, what do you take to be the moſt faſhionable age about town?

Haſt. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the enſuing winter.

Mrs. *Hard.* Seriouſly. Then I ſhall be too young for the faſhion.

Haſt. No lady begins now to put on jewels till ſhe's paſt forty. For inſtance, Miſs there, in a polite circle, would be conſidered as a child, a mere maker of ſamplers.

Mrs. *Hard.* And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herſelf as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldeſt of us all.

Haſt. Your niece, is ſhe? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I ſhould preſume?

Mrs. *Hard.* My ſon, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Obſerve their little ſports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. [*To them*] Well Tony, child, what ſoft things are you ſaying to your couſin Conſtance this evening?

Tony. I have been ſaying no ſoft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about ſo. Ecod! I've not a place in the houſe now that's left to myſelf but the ſtable.

Mrs. *Hard.* Never mind him, Con. my dear. He's in another ſtory behind your back.

Miſs *Nev.* There's ſomething generous in my couſin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded——crack.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ah! he's a ſly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Haſtings? The Blenkinſop mouth to a T. They're of a ſize too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Haſtings may ſee you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Meaſuring.*

Miſs *Nev.* O lud! he has almoſt cracked my head.

Mrs. *Hard.* O the monſter! For ſhame, Tony. You a man, and behave ſo!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. *Hard.* Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a ſpoon! Did not I work that waiſtcoat to make you genteel? Did not I preſcribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating.

Tony. Ecod! you had reaſon to weep, for you have been doſing me ever ſince I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huſwife ten times over; and you have thoughts of courſing me through Quincy next ſpring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. *Hard.* Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wiſh you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in ſpirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itſelf; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one ſo.

Mrs. *Hard.* That's falſe; I never ſee you when you're in ſpirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouſe or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monſter!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildeſt of the two.

Mrs. *Hard.* Was ever the like? But I ſee he wants to break my heart, I ſee he does.

Haſt. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can perſuade him to his duty.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well! I muſt retire. Come, Conſtance, my love. You ſee, Mr. Haſtings, the wretch-

edneſs of my ſituation: Was ever poor woman ſo plagued with a dear, ſweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Hardcaſtle *and Miſs* Neville.

Tony. [Singing.] *There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee.* Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have ſeen her and ſiſter cry over a book for an hour together, and they ſaid they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Haſt. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Haſt. Not to her of your mother's chooſing, I dare anſwer? And yet ſhe appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's becauſe you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantanckerous toad in all Chriſtendom.

Haſt. [*Aſide*] Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have ſeen her ſince the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the firſt day's breaking.

Haſt. To me ſhe appears ſenſible and ſilent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when ſhe's with her play-mates ſhe's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Haſt. But there is a meek modeſty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never ſo little, ſhe kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Haſt. Well, but you muſt allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you muſt allow her ſome beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but ſee Bet Bouncer of theſe parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, ſhe has two eyes as black as ſloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cuſhion. She'd make two of ſhe.

Haſt. Well, what ſay you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Haſt. Would you thank him that would take Miſs Neville, and leave you to happineſs and your dear Betſy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there ſuch a friend, for who would take her?

Haſt. I am he. If you but aſſiſt me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you ſhall never hear more of her.

Tony. Aſſiſt you! Ecod I will, to the laſt drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horſes to your chaiſe that ſhall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beſide, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Haſt. My dear 'ſquire, this looks like a lad of ſpirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you ſhall ſee more of my ſpirit before you have done with me.

[*Singing.*]

We are the boys
That fears no noiſe
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcaſtle.

WHAT could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his ſon as the modeſteſt young man in town? To me he appears the moſt impudent piece of braſs that ever ſpoke with a tongue. He has taken poſſeſſion of the eaſy chair by the fire-ſide already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and deſired me to ſee them taken care of. I'm deſirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be ſhocked at it.

Enter Miſs HARDCASTLE, *plainly dreſs'd.*

Hard. Well, my Kate, I ſee you have changed your dreſs as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occaſion.

Miſs *Hard.* I find ſuch a pleaſure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to obſerve them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I ſometimes give you ſome cauſe, particularly when I recommended my modeſt gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miſs *Hard.* You taught me to expect ſomething extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the deſcription.

Hard. I was never ſo ſurpriſed in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miſs *Hard.* I never ſaw any thing like it: And a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modeſty by travelling. He might as ſoon learn wit at a maſquerade.

Miſs *Hard.* It ſeems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal aſſiſted by bad company and a French dancing-maſter.

Miſs *Hard.* Sure you miſtake, papa! a French dancing-maſter could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward addreſs—that baſhful manner——

Hard. Whoſe look? whoſe manner? child!

Miſs *Hard.* Mr. Marlow's: his mauvaiſe honte, his timidity ſtruck me at the firſt ſight.

Hard. Then your firſt ſight deceived you; for I think him one of the moſt brazen firſt ſights that ever aſtoniſhed my ſenſes.

Miſs *Hard.* Sure, Sir, you rally! I never ſaw any one ſo modeſt.

Hard. And can you be ſerious! I never ſaw ſuch a bouncing ſwaggering puppy ſince I was born. Bully Dawſon was but a fool to him.

Miſs *Hard.* Surpriſing! He met me with a reſpectful bow, a ſtammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miſs *Hard.* He treated me with diffidence and reſpect; cenſured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tireſome; then left the room with a bow, and, Madam, I would not for the world detain you.

Hard. He ſpoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Aſked twenty queſtions, and never waited for an anſwer. Interrupted my beſt remarks with ſome ſilly pun, and when I was in my beſt ſtory of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he aſked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he aſk'd your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miſs *Hard.* One of us muſt certainly be miſtaken.

Hard. If he be what he has ſhewn himſelf, I'm determined he ſhall never have my conſent.

Miſs *Hard.* And if he be the ſullen thing I take him, he ſhall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miſs *Hard.* Yes. But upon conditions. For if you ſhould find him leſs impudent, and I more preſuming; if you find him more reſpectful, and I more importunate——I don't know——the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many ſuch at a horſe race in the country.

Hard. If we ſhould find him ſo——But that's impoſſible. The firſt appearance has done my buſineſs. I'm ſeldom deceived in that.

Miſs *Hard.* And yet there may be many good qualities under that firſt appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outſide to her taſte, ſhe then ſets about gueſſing the reſt of his furniture. With her, a ſmooth face ſtands for good ſenſe, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miſs *Hard.* I hope, Sir, a converſation begun with a compliment to my good ſenſe, won't end with a ſneer at my underſtanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may pleaſe us both, perhaps.

Miſs *Hard.* And as one of us muſt be miſtaken, what if we go to make further diſcoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miſs *Hard.* And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *running in with a caſket.*

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My Couſin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother ſhan't cheat the poor ſouls out of their fortune neither. O! my genius, is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Haſt. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amuſed her with pretending love for your couſin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at laſt? Our horſes will be refreſhed in a ſhort time, and we ſhall ſoon be ready to ſet off.

Tony. And here's ſomething to bear your charges by the way, [*giving the caſket.*] Your ſweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang thoſe, I ſay, that would rob you of one of them.

Haſt. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Aſk me no queſtions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouſe ſo often as I do? An honeſt man may rob himſelf of his own at any time.

Haſt. Thouſands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miſs Neville is endeavouring to procure

them from her aunt this very inſtant If ſhe ſucceeds, it will be the moſt delicate way at leaſt of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, ſhe'd as ſoon part with the only ſound tooth in her head.

Haſt. But I dread the effects of her reſentment, when ſhe finds ſhe has loſt them.

Tony. Never you mind her reſentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her reſentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit* Haſtings.

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and Miſs* NEVILLE.

Mrs. *Hard.* Indeed, Conſtance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miſs *Nev.* But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. *Hard.* Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural bluſh is beyond a thouſand ornaments. Beſides, child, jewels are quite out at preſent. Don't you ſee half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mr. Crump, and the reſt of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paſte and marcaſites back.

Miſs *Nev.* But who knows, Madam, but ſomebody that ſhall be nameleſs would like me beſt with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. *Hard.* Conſult your glaſs, my dear, and then ſee if, with ſuch a pair of eyes, you want any better ſparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your couſin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to ſet off her beauty.

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miſs *Nev.* My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. *Hard.* A parcel of old-faſhioned roſe and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-ſhew. Beſides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be miſſing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Apart to Mrs.* Hard.] Then why don't you tell her ſo at once, as ſhe's ſo longing for them. Tell her they're loſt. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're loſt, and call me to bear witneſs.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Apart to* Tony] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I ſay they're gone, you'll bear me witneſs, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll ſay I ſaw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miſs *Nev.* I deſire them but for a day, Madam. Juſt to be permitted to ſhew them as relics, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Mrs. *Hard.* To be plain with you, my dear Conſtance; if I could find them, you ſhould have them. They're miſſing, I aſſure you. Loſt, for aught I

know; but we muſt have patience wherever they are.

Miſs *Nev.* I'll not believe it; this is but a ſhallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be ſo ſlightly kept, and as you are to anſwer for the loſs.

Mrs. *Hard.* Don't be alarm'd, Conſtance. If they be loſt, I muſt reſtore an equivalent. But my ſon knows they are miſſing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witneſs to. They are miſſing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. *Hard.* You muſt learn reſignation, my dear; for tho' we loſe our fortune, yet we ſhould not loſe our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miſs *Nev.* Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. *Hard.* Now, I wonder a girl of your good ſenſe ſhould waſte a thought upon ſuch trumpery. We ſhall ſoon find them; and, in the mean time, you ſhall make uſe of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miſs *Nev.* I deteſt garnets.

Mrs. *Hard.* The moſt becoming things in the world to ſet off a clear complexion. You have often ſeen how well they look upon me. You ſhall have them. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Nev.* I diſlike them of all things. You ſhan't ſtir—Was ever any thing ſo provoking, to miſlay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If ſhe gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have ſtolen them out of her bureau,

and ſhe does not know it. Fly to your ſpark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miſs *New.* My dear couſin.

Tony. Vaniſh. She's here, and has miſſed them already. Zounds! how ſhe fidgets and ſpits about like a Catharine wheel.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. *Hard.* Confuſion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. *Hard.* We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never ſaw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earneſt, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. *Hard.* Why boy, I am ruined in earneſt. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! ſtick to that; I'll bear witneſs, you know; call me to bear witneſs.

Mrs *Hard.* I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I ſhall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to ſay ſo.

Mrs. *Hard.* My deareſt Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I ſay.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. *Hard.* Was there ever ſuch a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jeſt and earneſt. I tell you I'm not in jeſt, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: You muſt be in a bitter paſſion, and then nobody will ſuſpect either of us. I'll bear witneſs that they are gone.

Mrs. *Hard.* Was there ever ſuch a croſs-grain'd brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witneſs that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman ſo beſet with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witneſs to that.

Mrs. *Hard.* Bear witneſs again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my diſtreſs?

Tony. I can bear witneſs to that.

Mrs. *Hard.* Do you inſult me, monſter? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witneſs to that.

[*He runs off, ſhe follows him.*

Enter Miſs HARDCASTLE, *and Maid.*

Miſs *Hard.* What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to ſend them to the houſe as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, Madam, the young gentleman, as you paſſed by in your preſent dreſs, aſk'd me if you were the bar-maid? He miſtook you for the bar-maid, Madam.

Miſs *Hard.* Did he? Then as I live I'm reſolv'd to keep up the deluſion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my preſent dreſs. Don't you think I look ſomething like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dreſs, Madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when ſhe viſits or receives company.

Miſs *Hard.* And are you ſure he does not remember my face or perſon?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miſs *Hard.* I vow I thought ſo; for though we ſpoke for ſome time together, yet his fears were ſuch, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from ſeeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his miſtake.

Miſs *Hard.* In the firſt place, I ſhall be ſeen, and that is no ſmall advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I ſhall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no ſmall victory gained over one who never addreſſes any but the wildeſt of her ſex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an inviſible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you ſure you can act your part, and diſguiſe your voice, ſo that he may miſtake that, as he has already miſtaken your perſon?

Miſs *Hard.* Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar-cant—Did your honour call?——Attend the Lion there——Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, Madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. What a bawling in every part of the houſe; I have ſcarce a moment's repoſe. If I go to the beſt room, there I find my hoſt and his ſtory. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hoſteſs with her curteſy down to the ground. I have at laſt got a moment to myſelf, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muſes.*

Miſs *Hard.* Did you call, Sir? did your honour call?

Har. [*Muſing*] As for Miſs Hardcaſtle, ſhe's too grave and ſentimental for me.

Miſs *Hard.* Did your honour call?

[*She ſtill places herſelf before him, he turning away.*

Mar. No, child [*muſing*] Beſides, from the glimpſe I had of her, I think ſhe ſquints.

Miſs *Hard.* I'm ſure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Mar. No, no. [*muſing*] I have pleaſed my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow pleaſe

myſelf by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and peruſing.*

Miſs *Hard.* Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir.

Mar. I tell you, no.

Miſs *Hard.* I ſhould be glad to know, Sir. We have ſuch a parcel of ſervants.

Mar. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.* Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted——I wanted ——I vow, child, you are vaſtly handſome.

Miſs *Hard.* O la, Sir, you'll make one aſham'd.

Mar. Never ſaw a more ſprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the houſe?

Miſs *Hard.* No, Sir, we have been out of that theſe ten days.

Mar. One may call in this houſe, I find, to very little purpoſe. Suppoſe I ſhould call for a taſte, juſt by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be diſappointed in that too.

Miſs *Hard.* Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in theſe parts. French, I ſuppoſe. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Mar. Of true Engliſh growth, I aſſure you.

Miſs *Hard.* Then it's odd I ſhould not know it. We brew all ſorts of wines in this houſe, and I have lived here theſe eighteen years.

Mar. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miſs *Hard.* O! Sir, I muſt not tell my age. They ſay women and muſic ſhould never be dated.

Mar. To gueſs at this diſtance, you can't be much above forty [*approaching.*] Yet nearer I don't think ſo much [*approaching.*] By coming cloſe to ſome women they look younger ſtill; but when we come very cloſe indeed [*attempting to kiſs her.*]

Miſs *Hard.* Pray, Sir, keep your diſtance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horſes, by mark of mouth.

Mar. I proteſt, child, you uſe me extremely ill. If you keep me at this diſtance, how is it poſſible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miſs *Hard.* And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no ſuch acquaintance, not I. I'm ſure you did not treat Miſs Hardcaſtle that was here a while ago in this obſtropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd daſh'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a juſtice of the peace.

Mar. [*Aſide*] Egad! ſhe has hit it, ſure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere, awkward, ſquinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too ſevere. No, I could not be too ſevere, curſe me!

Miſs *Hard.* O! then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Mar. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't ſee what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies club in town, I'm call'd their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr.

Solomons, my dear, at your ſervice. [*Offering to ſalute her.*]

Miſs *Hard.* Hold, Sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourſelf. And you're ſo great a favourite there you ſay?

Mar. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Counteſs of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miſs Biddy Buckſkin, and your humble ſervant, keep up the ſpirit of the place.

Miſs *Hard.* Then it's a very merry place, I ſuppoſe.

Mar. Yes, as merry as cards, ſuppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miſs *Hard.* And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Mar. [*Aſide.*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miſs *Hard.* I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Mar. [*Aſide*] All's well, ſhe don't laugh at me. [*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

Miſs *Hard.* Ay, ſure. There's not a ſcreen or a quilt in the whole houſe but what can bear witneſs to that.

Mar. Odſo! Then you muſt ſhew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myſelf a little. If you want a judge of your work you muſt apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miſs *Hard.* Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You ſhall ſee all in the morning.

[*Struggling.*

Mar. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of reſiſtance.——Pſhaw! the father here! My old luck! I never nick'd ſeven that I did not throw ames ace three times following.

[*Exit* Marlow.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who ſtands in ſurpriſe.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find this is your modeſt lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble diſtance. Kate, Kate, art thou not aſham'd to deceive your father ſo?

Miſs *Hard.* Never truſt me, dear papa, but he's ſtill the modeſt man I firſt took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I ſee him ſeize your hand? Didn't I ſee him hawl you about like a milk maid? and now you talk of his reſpect and his modeſty, forſooth!

Miſs *Hard.* But if I ſhortly convince you of his modeſty, that he has only the faults that will paſs off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad: I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced.

He has ſcarcely been three hours in the houſe, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modeſty. But my ſon-in-law, Madam, muſt have very different qualifications.

Miſs *Hard.* Sir, I aſk but this night to convince you.

Hard. You ſhall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miſs *Hard.* Give me that hour then, and I hope to ſatisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

Miſs *Hard.* I hope, Sir, you have ever found that I conſidered your commands as my pride; for your kindneſs is ſuch, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter HASTINGS *and Miſs* NEVILLE.

Haſtings.

You ſurpriſe me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miſs *Nev.* You may depend upon it. I juſt ſaw his letter to Mr. Hardcaſtle, in which he tells him he intends ſetting out a few hours after his ſon.

Haſt. Then, my Conſtance, all muſt be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and ſhould he find me here, would diſcover my name, and perhaps my deſigns, to the reſt of the family.

Miſs *Nev.* The jewels, I hope, are ſafe.

Haſt. Yes, yes. I have ſent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promiſe of a freſh pair of horſes; and, if I ſhould not ſee him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Nev.* Well! ſucceſs attend you. In the mean time, I'll go amuſe my aunt with the old pretence of a violent paſſion for my couſin. [*Exit.*

Enter Marlow, *followed by a Servant.*

Mar. I wonder what Haſtings could mean by ſending me ſo valuable a thing as a caſket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the ſeat of a poſt coach at an inn-door. Have you depoſited the caſket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Mar. She ſaid ſhe'd keep it ſafe, did ſhe?

Serv. Yes, ſhe ſaid ſhe'd keep it ſafe enough; ſhe aſk'd me how I came by it? and ſhe ſaid ſhe had a great mind to make me give an account of myſelf.

[*Exit* Servant.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! They're ſafe however. What an unaccountable ſet of beings have we got amongſt! This little bar-maid thought runs in my head moſt ſtrangely, and drives out the abſurdities of all the reſt of the family. She's mine, ſhe muſt be mine, or I'm greatly miſtaken.

Enter Hastings.

Haſt. Bleſs me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in ſpirits too!

Mar. Give me joy, George! Crown me, ſhadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we mo-

deſt fellows don't want for ſucceſs among the women.

Haſt. Some women you mean. But what ſucceſs has your honour's modeſty been crowned with now, that it grows ſo inſolent upon us?

Mar. Didn't you ſee the tempting, briſk, lovely, little thing that runs about the houſe with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Haſt. Well! and what then!

Mar. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, ſuch motion, ſuch eyes, ſuch lips——but, egad! ſhe would not let me kiſs them though.

Haſt. But are you ſo ſure, ſo very ſure of her?

Mar. Why man, ſhe talk'd of ſhewing me her work above ſtairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Haſt. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Mar. Pſhaw! pſhaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this houſe I ſhan't honeſtly pay for.

Haſt. I believe the girl has virtue.

Mar. And if ſhe has, I ſhould be the laſt man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Haſt. You have taken care, I hope, of the caſket I ſent you to lock up? It's in ſafety?

Mar. Yes, yes. It's ſafe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the ſeat of a poſt-coach at an inn-door a place of ſafety? Ah, numbſkull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourſelf.——I have——

Haſt. What!

Mar. I have ſent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Haſt. To the landlady!

Mar. The landlady.

Haſt. You did.

Mar. I did. She's to be anſwerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Haſt. Yes, ſhe'll bring it forth, with a witneſs.

Mar. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occaſion?

Haſt. [*Aſide*] He muſt not ſee my uneaſineſs.

Mar. You ſeem a little diſconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened!

Haſt. No, nothing. Never was in better ſpirits in all my life. And ſo you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Mar. Rather too readily. For ſhe not only kept the caſket; but thro' her great precaution, was going to keep the meſſenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Haſt. He! he! he! They're ſafe however.

Mar. As a guinea in a miſer's purſe.

Haſt. [*Aſide*] So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we muſt ſet off without it. [*To him*] Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as ſucceſsful for yourſelf as you have been for me. [*Exit.*

Mar. Thank ye, George! I aſk no more, Ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own houſe. It's turned all topſy-turvy. His ſervants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my reſpect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your ſervant. I'm your very humble ſervant. [*Bowing low.*

Mar. Sir, your humble ſervant. [*Aſide*] What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, Sir, you muſt be ſenſible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's ſon, Sir. I hope you think ſo?

Mar. I do from my ſoul, Sir. I don't want much intreaty. I generally make my father's ſon welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe, you do, from my ſoul, Sir. But tho' I ſay nothing to your own conduct, that of your ſervants is inſufferable. Their manner of drinking is ſetting a very bad example in this houſe, I aſſure you.

Mar. I proteſt, my very good Sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought they are to blame. I ordered them not to ſpare the cellar. I did, I aſſure you. [*To the ſide ſcene*] Here, let one of my ſervants come up. [*To him*] My poſitive directions were, that as I did not drink myſelf, they ſhould make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm ſatisfied!

Mar. They had, I aſſure you. You ſhall hear from one of themſelves.

Enter Servant drunk.

Mar. You, Jeremy! Come forward, ſirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the houſe?

Hard. [*Aſide*] I begin to loſe my patience.

Jer. Pleaſe your honour, liberty and Fleet-ſtreet for ever! Tho' I'm but a ſervant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before ſupper, Sir, dammy! Good liquor will ſit upon a good ſupper, but a good ſupper will not ſit upon——hiccup——upon my conſcience, Sir.

Mar. You ſee, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can poſſibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unleſs you'd have the poor devil ſouſed in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me diſtracted if I contain myſelf any longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I have ſubmitted to your inſolence for more than four hours, and I ſee no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now reſolved to be maſter here, Sir, and I deſire that you and your drunken pack may leave my houſe directly.

Mar. Leave your houſe!—Sure you jeſt, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to pleaſe you.

Hard. I tell you, Sir, you don't pleaſe me; ſo I deſire you'll leave my houſe.

Mar. Sure you cannot be ſerious? At this time o'night, and ſuch a night. You only mean to banter me?

Hard. I tell you, Sir, I'm ſerious: and, now that my paſſions are roufed, I ſay this houſe is mine, Sir; this houſe is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a ſtorm. I ſhan't ſtir a ſtep, I aſſure you. [*In a ſerious tone*] This your houſe, fellow! It's my houſe. This is my houſe. Mine, while I chooſe to ſtay. What right have you to bid me leave this houſe, Sir? I never met with ſuch impudence, curſe me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my houſe, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to inſult the family, to order his ſervants to get drunk, and then to tell me, This houſe is mine, Sir. By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir, [*bantering*] as you take the houſe, what think you of taking the reſt of the furniture? There's a pair of ſilver candleſticks, and there's a fire-ſcreen, and here's a pair of brazen noſed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Mar. Bring me your bill, Sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a ſet of prints too. What think you of the rake's progreſs for your own apartment?

Mar. Bring me your bill, I ſay; and I'll leave you and your infernal houſe directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may ſee your own face in.

Mar. My bill, I ſay.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular ſlumbers, after a hearty meal.

Mar. Zounds! bring me my bill, I ſay, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modeſt man, as a viſiter here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here preſently, and ſhall hear more of it.

[*Exit.*

Mar. How's this! Sure I have not miſtaken the houſe! Every thing looks like an inn. The ſervants cry, coming. The attendance is awkward; the barmaid too to attend us. But ſhe's here, and will further inform me. Whither ſo faſt, child. A word with you.

Enter Miſs Hardcastle.

Miſs *Hard.* Let it be ſhort then. I'm in a hurry. [*Aſide*] (I believe he begins to find out his miſtake, but its too ſoon quite to undeceive him.)

Hard. Pray, child, anſwer me one queſtion. What are you, and what may your buſineſs in this houſe be?

Miſs *Hard.* A relation of the family, Sir.

Mar. What. A poor relation?

Miſs *Hard.* Yes, Sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to ſee that the gueſts want nothing in my power to give them.

Mar. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miſs *Hard.* Inn. O law—What brought that in your head. One of the beſt families in the county keep an inn. Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardcaſtle's houſe an inn.

Mar. Mr. Hardcaſtle's houſe! Is this houſe Mr. Hardcaſtle's houſe, child!

Miſs *Hard.* Ay, ſure. Whoſe elſe ſhould it be.

Mar. So then all's out, and I have been damnably impoſed on. O, confound my ſtupid head, I ſhall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I ſhall be ſtuck up in caricatura in all the print-ſhops. The Dulliſſimo Maccaroni. To miſtake this houſe of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper. What a ſwaggering puppy muſt he take me for. What a ſilly puppy do I find myſelf. There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I miſtook you for the bar-maid.

Miſs *Hard.* Dear me! Dear me! I'm ſure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that ſtamp.

Mar. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a liſt of blunders, and could not help making you a ſubſcriber. My ſtupidity ſaw every thing the wrong way. I miſtook your aſſiduity for aſſurance,

and your ſimplicity for allurement. But it's over—This houſe I no more ſhew my face in.

Miſs *Hard.* I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to diſoblige you. I'm ſure I ſhould be ſorry to affront any gentleman who has been ſo polite, and ſaid ſo many civil things to me. I'm ſure I ſhould be ſorry [*pretending to cry*] if he left the family upon my account. I'm ſure I ſhould be ſorry, people ſaid any thing amiſs, ſince I have no fortune but my character.

Mar. [*Aſide*] By heaven, ſhe weeps. This is the firſt mark of tenderneſs I ever had from a modeſt woman, and it touches me; [*to her*] Excuſe me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune and education, make an honourable connection impoſſible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whoſe only fault was being too lovely.

Miſs *Hard.* [*Aſide*] Generous man! I now begin to admire him. [*To him*] But I'm ſure my family is as good as Miſs Hardcaſtle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Mar. And why now, my pretty ſimplicity?

Miſs *Hard.* Becauſe it puts me at a diſtance from one, that if I had a thouſand pound I would give it all to.

Mar. [*Aſide*] This ſimplicity bewitches me, ſo that if I ſtay I'm undone. I muſt make one bold ef-

fort, and leave her. [*To her*] Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me moſt ſenſibly, and were I to live for myſelf alone, I could eaſily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, ſo that—I can ſcarcely ſpeak it—it affects me. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Miſs *Hard.* I never knew half his merit till now. He ſhall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll ſtill preſerve the character in which I ſtoop'd to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his reſolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY, *and Miſs* NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may ſteal for yourſelves the next time, I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a ſure thing; but ſhe believes it was all a miſtake of the ſervants.

Miſs *Nev.* But, my dear couſin, ſure you won't forſake us in this diſtreſs. If ſhe in the leaſt ſuſpects that I am going off, I ſhall certainly be locked up, or ſent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worſe.

Tony. To be ſure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horſes that will fly like Whiſtlejacket, and I'm ſure you can't ſay but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here ſhe comes, we muſt court a bit or two more, for fear ſhe ſhould ſuſpect us.

[*They retire and ſeem to fondle.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be ſure. But my ſon tells me it was all a miſtake of the ſervants. I ſhan't be eaſy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I ſee! Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never ſaw Tony ſo ſprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging ſtolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be ſure. But there's no love loſt between us.

Mrs. *Hard.* A mere ſprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miſs *Nev.* Couſin Tony promiſes to give us more of his company at home. Indeed he ſhan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, couſin Tony, will it?

Tony O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd ſooner leave my horſe in a pound, than leave you when you ſmile upon one ſo. Your laugh makes you ſo becoming.

Miſs *Nev.* Agreeable couſin! who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleaſant, broad, red, thoughtleſs, [*patting his cheek*] ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm ſure I always lov'd couſin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that ſhe twiſts this

way and that, over the haſpicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never ſo happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, ſhall be yours incontinently. You ſhall have them. Isn't he a ſweet boy, my dear? You ſhall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the reſt of his education, like Dr. Drowſey's ſermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worſhip.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters firſt.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worſhip mun aſk that o'the letter itſelf.

Tony. I could wiſh to know, tho' [*turning the letter and gazing on it.*]

Miſs *Nev.* [*Aſide*] Undone, undone. A letter to him from Haſtings. I know the hand. If my aunt ſees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employ'd a little if I can. [*To Mrs.* Hardcaſtle] But I have not told you, Madam, of my couſin's ſmart anſwer juſt now to Mr. Marlow. We ſo laugh'd—

You muſt know, Madam—this way a little, for he muſt not hear us. [*They confer.*

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damn'd cramp piece of penmanſhip, as ever I ſaw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are ſuch handles, and ſhanks, and daſhes, that one can ſcarce tell the head from the tail. To Anthony Lumpkin, Eſq. It's very odd, I can read the outſide of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard: for the inſide of the letter is always the cream of the correſpondence.

Mrs. *Hard.* Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And ſo my ſon was too hard for the philoſopher.

Miſs *Nev.* Yes, Madam; but you muſt hear the reſt, Madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. *Hard.* He ſeems ſtrangely puzzled now himſelf, methinks.

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was diſguiſed in liquor. [*Reading*] Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. *Hard.* What's that, my dear. Can I give you any aſſiſtance?

Miſs *Nev.* Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I [*twitching the letter from her.*] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miſs *Nev.* Ay, ſo it is, [*pretending to read*] Dear

'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this preſent. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the gooſe-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle——um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no conſequence, here, put it up, put it up. [*thruſting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

Tony. But I tell you, Miſs, it's of all the conſequence in the world. I would not loſe the reſt of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no conſequence? [*Giving Mrs.* Hardcaſtle *the letter.*]

Mrs. *Hard.* How's this! [*reads*] "Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miſs Neville, with a poſt chaiſe and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horſes yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll aſſiſt us with a pair of freſh horſes, as you promiſed. Diſpatch is neceſſary, as the hag (ay the hag) your mother, will otherwiſe ſuſpect us. Your's, Haſtings." Grant me patience. I ſhall run diſtracted. My rage chokes me.

Miſs *Nev.* I hope, Madam, you'll ſuſpend your reſentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or ſiniſter deſign that belongs to another.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Curteſying very low*] Fine ſpoken, Madam, you are moſt miraculouſly polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courteſy and circumſpection. Madam. [*Changing her tone*] And you, you great ill-faſhioned oaf, with ſcarce ſenſe enough to keep your mouth ſhut. Were you too join'd againſt me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, Madam, ſince you have got a pair of freſh horſes rea-

dy, it would be cruel to diſappoint them. So, if you pleaſe, inſtead of running away with your ſpark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you ſecure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may mount your horſe, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll ſhew you, that I wiſh you better than you do yourſelves. [*Exit.*

Miſs *Nev.* So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a ſure thing.

Miſs *Nev.* What better could be expected from being connected with ſuch a ſtupid fool, and after all the nods and ſigns I made him.

Tony. By the laws, Miſs, it was your own cleverneſs, and not my ſtupidity, that did your buſineſs. You were ſo nice and ſo buſy with your Shake-bags and Gooſe-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Haſt. So, Sir, I find by my ſervant, that you have ſhewn my letter, and betray'd us. Was this well done, young gentleman.

Tony. Here's another. Aſk Miſs there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. So I have been finely uſed here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, deſpiſed, inſulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We ſhall have old Bedlam broke looſe preſently.

Miſs *Nev.* And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Mar. What can I ſay to him, a mere booby, an idiot, whoſe ignorance and age are a protection.

Haſt. A poor contemptible booby, that would but diſgrace correction.

Miſs *Nev.* Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himſelf merry with all our embarraſſments.

Haſt. An inſenſible cub.

Mar. Replete with tricks and miſchief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other——with baſkets.

Mar. As for him, he's below reſentment. But your conduct, Mr. Haſtings, requires an explanation. You knew of my miſtakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Haſt. Tortured as I am with my own diſappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Mar. But, Sir——

Miſs *Nev.* Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your miſtake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My miſtreſs deſires you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horſes are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit ſervant.*

Miſs *Nev.* Well, well; I'll come preſently.

Mar. [*To* Haſtings] Was it well done, Sir, to aſſiſt in rendering me ridiculous. To hang me out for the ſcorn of all my acquaintance. Depend upon it, Sir, I ſhall expect an explanation.

Haſt. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that ſubject, to deliver what I entruſted to yourſelf to the care of another, Sir?

Miſs *Nev.* Mr. Haſtings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increaſe my diſtreſs by this groundleſs diſpute. I implore, I entreat you——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, Madam. My miſtreſs is impatient.

Miſs *Nev.* I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I ſhall die with apprehenſion.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horſes are waiting.

Miſs *Nev.* O, Mr. Marlow! if you know what a ſcene of conſtraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm ſure it would convert your reſentment into pity.

Mar. I'm ſo diſtracted with a variety of paſſions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. You know my haſty temper, and ſhould not exaſperate it.

Haſt. The torture of my ſituation is my only excuſe.

Miſs *Nev.* Well, my dear Haſtings, if you have that eſteem for me that I think, that I am ſure you have, your conſtancy for three years will but increaſe the happineſs of our future connection. If——

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Within*] Miſs Neville. Conſtance, why Conſtance, I ſay.

Miſs *Nev.* I'm coming. Well conſtancy Remember, conſtancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Haſt. My heart, how can I ſupport this? To be ſo near happineſs, and ſuch happineſs!

Mar. [*To* Tony] You ſee now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amuſement to you, is here diſappointment, and even diſtreſs.

Tony. [*From a reverie*] Ecod, I have hit it. Its here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho. Meet me two hours

hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my beſt horſe, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues. *Enter* HASTINGS *and Servant.*

Haſtings.

You ſaw the old Lady and Miſs Neville drive off, you ſay.

Serv. Yes, your honour. They went off in a poſt coach, and the young 'Squire went on horſeback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Haſt. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the Old Gentleman of the houſe have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's miſtake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Haſt. Then I muſt not be ſeen. So now to my fruitleſs appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MARLOW *and* HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he ſent forth his ſublime commands.

Sir *Char.* And the reſerve with which I ſuppoſe he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have ſeen ſomething in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir *Char.* Yes, Dick, but he miſtook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good ſpirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our perſonal friendſhips hereditary; and tho' my daughter's fortune is but ſmall—

Sir *Char.* Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me. My ſon is poſſeſſed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to ſhare his happineſs and increaſe it. If they like each other, as you ſay they do—

Hard. If, man. I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me ſo.

Sir *Char.* But girls are apt to flatter themſelves, you know.

Hard. I ſaw him graſp her hand in the warmeſt manner myſelf; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Mar. I come, Sir, once more, to aſk pardon for my ſtrange conduct. I can ſcarce reflect on my inſolence without confuſion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will ſet all to rights again—She'll never like you the worſe for it.

Mar. Sir, I ſhall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have ſomething more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Mar. Really, Sir, I have not that happineſs.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has paſt between you; but mum.

Mar. Sure, Sir, nothing has paſt between us but the moſt profound reſpect on my ſide, and the moſt diſtant reſerve on hers. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been paſſed upon all the reſt of the family.

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't ſay that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be play'd with, and rumpled too ſometimes. But ſhe has told no tales, I aſſure you.

Mar. I never gave her the ſlighteſt cauſe.

Hard. Well, well. I like modeſty in its place well enough. But this is over acting, young gentleman.

You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Mar. May I die, Sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, ſhe don't diſlike you; and as I'm ſure you like her——

Mar. Dear Sir—I proteſt, Sir——

Hard. I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould not be joined as faſt as the parſon can tie you.

Mar. But hear me, Sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing miſchief, ſo——

Mar. But why won't you hear me? By all that's juſt and true, I never gave Miſs Hardcaſtle the ſlighteſt mark of my attachment, or even the moſt diſtant hint to ſuſpect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modeſt, and unintereſting.

Hard. [*Aſide*] This fellow's formal modeſt impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir *Char.* And you never graſp'd her hand, or made any proteſtations?

Mar. As heaven is my witneſs, I came down in obedience to your commands. I ſaw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a houſe in which I ſuffer ſo many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* I'm aſtoniſh'd at the air of ſincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm aſtoniſh'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his aſſurance.

Sir *Char.* I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would ſtake my happineſs upon her veracity.

Enter Miſs Hardcastle.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Anſwer us ſincerely, and without reſerve; has Mr. Marlow made you any profeſſions of love and affection?

Miſs *Hard.* The queſtion is very abrupt, Sir? But ſince you require unreſerved ſincerity, I think he has.

Hard. [*To Sir* Charles] You ſee.

Sir *Char.* And pray, Madam, have you and my ſon had more than one interview?

Miſs *Hard.* Yes, Sir, ſeveral.

Hard. [*To Sir* Charles] You ſee.

Sir *Char.* But did he profeſs any attachment?

Miſs *Hard.* A laſting one.

Sir *Char.* Did he talk of love?

Miſs *Hard.* Much, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Amazing! And all this formally?

Miſs *Hard.* Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are ſatisfied.

Sir *Char.* And how did he behave, Madam?

Miſs *Hard.* As moſt profeſt admirers do. Said ſome civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatneſs of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a ſhort tragedy ſpeech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir *Char.* Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his converſation among women to be modeſt and ſubmiſſive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means deſcribes him, and I'm confident he never ſat for the picture.

Miſs *Hard.* Then what, Sir, if I ſhould convince you to your face of my ſincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourſelves behind that ſcreen, you ſhall hear him declare his paſſion to me in perſon.

Sir *Char.* Agreed. And if I find him what you deſcribe, all my happineſs in him muſt have an end.

[*Exit.*

Miſs *Hard.* And if you don't find him what I deſcribe—I fear my happineſs muſt never have a beginning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Back of the Garden. Enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I ſee? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Conſtance.

Enter Tony, *booted and ſpattered.*

Haſt. My honeſt 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendſhip.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the beſt friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is curſedly tireſome. It has ſhook me worſe than the baſket of a ſtage coach.

Haſt. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in ſafety? Are they houſed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no ſuch bad driving. The poor beaſts have ſmoked for it: Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with ſuch varment.

Haſt. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why where ſhould I leave them, but where I found them?

Haſt. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the houſe, and round the houſe, and never touches the houſe?

Haſt. I'm ſtill aſtray.

Tony. Why that's it, mon. I have led them aſtray. By jingo, there's not a pond or ſlough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taſte of.

Haſt. Ha, ha, ha! I underſtand; you took them in a round, while they ſuppoſed themſelves going for-

ward. And ſo you have at laſt brought them home again.

Tony. You ſhall hear. I firſt took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we ſtuck faſt in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the ſtones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduc'd them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horſepond at the bottom of the garden.

Haſt. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herſelf forty miles off. She's ſick of the journey, and the cattle can ſcarce crawl. So if your own horſes be ready, you may whip off with couſin, and I'll be bound that no foul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Haſt. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now its dear friend, noble 'Squire. Juſt now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I ſay. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiſs and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I ſhould be dead, and you might go kiſs the hangman.

Haſt. The rebuke is juſt. But I muſt haſten to relieve Miſs Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promiſe to take care of the young one.

[*Exit* Haſtings.

Tony. Never fear me. Here ſhe comes. Vaniſh. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waiſt like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. *Hard.* Oh, Tony, I'm kill'd. Shook. Battered to death. I ſhall never ſurvive it. That laſt jolt that laid us againſt the quickſet hedge has done my buſineſs.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. *Hard.* I wiſh we were at home again. I never met ſo many accidents in ſo ſhort a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, ſtuck faſt in a ſlough, jolted to a jelly, and at laſt to loſe our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my gueſs we ſhould be upon Crackſkull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. *Hard.* O lud! O lud! the moſt notorious ſpot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. *Hard.* The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you ſee any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. *Hard.* O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. *Hard.* As I'm alive, Tony, I ſee a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm ſure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. [*Aſide*] Father in law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*To her*] Ah, it's a highwayman with piſtols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. *Hard.* Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourſelf in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be ſure to keep cloſe.

[*Mrs.* Hardcaſtle *hides behind a tree in the back ſcene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm miſtaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you. I did not expect you ſo ſoon back. Are your mother and her charge in ſafety?

Tony. Very ſafe, Sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Ah death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; ſure, that's too much, my youngſter.

Tony. Stout horſes and willing minds make ſhort journies, as they ſay. Hem.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I ſhould be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myſelf, Sir. I was ſaying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem. As to be ſure it was. Hem. I have got a ſort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you pleaſe. Hem.

Hard. But if you talk'd to yourſelf, you did not anſwer yourſelf. I am certain I heard two voices, and am reſolved [*raiſing his voice*] to find the other out.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*From behind*] Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you. Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, Sir. [*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I inſiſt on ſeeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Running forward from behind*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but ſpare that young gentleman, ſpare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a Chriſtian. From whence can ſhe come, or what does ſhe mean!

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Kneeling*] Take compaſſion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but ſpare our lives. We will never bring you to juſtice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her ſenſes. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. *Hard.* Mr. Hardcaſtle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, ſo far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not loſt your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To him*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceleſs rogue you. [*To her*] Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horſepond, my dear?

Mrs. *Hard.* Yes, I ſhall remember the horſepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To* Tony] And is it to you, you graceleſs varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuſe your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the pariſh ſays you have ſpoiled me, and ſo you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. *Hard.* I'll ſpoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the ſtage. Exeunt.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply.

[*Exit.*

Enter HASTINGS *and Miſs* NEVILLE.

Haſt. My dear Conſtance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is loſt for ever. Pluck up a little reſolution, and we ſhall ſoon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miſs *Nev.* I find it impoſſible. My ſpirits are ſo ſunk with the agitations I have ſuffered, that I am

unable to face any new danger. Two or three years patience will at laſt crown us with happineſs.

Haſt. Such a tedious delay is worſe than inconſtancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happineſs from this very moment. Periſh fortune. Love and content will increaſe what we poſſeſs beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miſs *Nev.* No, Mr. Haſtings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of paſſion, fortune may be deſpiſed, but it ever produces a laſting repentance. I'm reſolved to apply to Mr. Hardcaſtle's compaſſion and juſtice for redreſs.

Haſt. But tho' he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miſs *Nev.* But he has influence, and upon that I am reſolved to rely.

Haſt. I have no hopes. But ſince you perſiſt, I muſt reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes. *Enter Sir* CHARLES MARLOW *and Miſs* HARDCASTLE.

Sir *Char.* What a ſituation am I in! If what you ſay appears, I ſhall then find a guilty ſon. If what he ſays be true, I ſhall then loſe one that, of all others, I moſt wiſhed for a daughter.

Miſs *Hard.* I am proud of your approbation, and to ſhew I merit it, if you place yourſelves as I directed, you ſhall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir *Char.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit* Sir Charles.

Enter MARLOW.

Mar. Tho' prepared for ſetting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the ſeparation.

Miſs *Hard.* [*In her own natural manner*] I believe theſe ſufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can ſo eaſily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might leſſen your uneaſineſs, by ſhewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Mar. [*Aſide*] This girl every moment improves upon me. [*To her*] It muſt not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to ſubmit to my paſſion. The diſparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to loſe their weight; and nothing can reſtore me to myſelf, but this painful effort of reſolution.

Miſs *Hard.* Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as hers you came down to viſit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are theſe advantages without equal affluence? I muſt remain contented with the ſlight approbation of imputed merit; I muſt have only the mockery of your addreſſes, while all your ſerious aims are fix'd on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle *and Sir* Charles Marlow *from behind.*

Sir *Char.* Here, behind this ſcreen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noiſe. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confuſion at laſt.

Mar. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my ſmalleſt conſideration. Your beauty at firſt caught my eye; for who could ſee that without emotion. But every moment that I converſe with you, ſteals in ſome new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it ſtronger expreſſion. What at firſt ſeem'd ruſtic plainneſs, now appears refin'd ſimplicity. What ſeem'd forward

aſſurance, now ſtrikes me as the reſult of courageous innocence, and conſcious virtue.

Sir *Char.* What can it mean! He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Huſh!

Mar. I am now determined to ſtay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's diſcernment, when he ſees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miſs *Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could ſuffer a connection, in which there is the ſmalleſt room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a tranſient paſſion, to load you with confuſion? Do you think I could ever reliſh that happineſs which was acquired by leſſening yours?

Mar. By all that's good, I can have no happineſs but what's in your power to grant me. Nor ſhall I ever feel repentance, but in not having ſeen your merits before. I will ſtay, even contrary to your wiſhes; and tho' you ſhould perſiſt to ſhun me, I will make my reſpectful aſſiduities atone for the levity of my paſt conduct.

Miſs *Hard.* Sir, I muſt entreat you'll deſiſt. As our acquaintance began, ſo let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but ſeriouſly, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever ſubmit to a connection, where I muſt appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addreſſes of a ſecure admirer?

Mar. [*Kneeling*] Does this look like ſecurity? Does this look like confidence? No, Madam, every moment that ſhews me your merit, only ſerves to increaſe my diffidence and confuſion. Here let me continue——

Sir *Char.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how haſt thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your unintereſting converſation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to ſay now?

Mar. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can ſay and unſay things at pleaſure. That you can addreſs a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one ſtory for us, and another for my daughter.

Mar. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whoſe elſe ſhould ſhe be?

Mar. Oh, the devil!

Miſs *Hard.* Yes, Sir, that very identical tall ſquinting lady you were pleaſed to take me for [*Curteſying.*] She that you addreſſed as the mild, modeſt, ſentimental man of gravity, and the bold forward agreeable rattle of the ladies' club; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worſe than death.

Miſs *Hard.* In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to addreſs you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that ſpeaks juſt to be heard, and hates hypocriſy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Mrs. Biddy Buckſkin, till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. O, curſe on my noiſy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I muſt be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you ſhall not. I ſee it was all a miſtake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You ſhall not, Sir, I tell you. I know ſhe'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, ſhe tormenting him to the back ſcene.*

Enter Mrs. HARDCASTLE, *and* TONY.

Mrs. *Hard.* So, ſo, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. *Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Haſtings, from town. He who came down with our modeſt viſiter here.

Sir *Char.* Who, my honeſt George Haſtings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. *Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to conſole us for her loſs.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be ſo mercenary?

Mrs. *Hard.* Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But you know if your ſon, when of age, refuſes to marry his couſin, her whole fortune is then at her own diſpoſal.

Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and ſhe has not thought proper to wait for his refuſal.

Enter Hastings, *and Miſs* Neville.

Mrs. *Hard.* [*Aſide*] What returned ſo ſoon, I begin not to like it.

Haſt. [*To* Hardcaſtle] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my preſent confuſion be my puniſhment. We are now come back, to appeal from your juſtice to your humanity. By her father's conſent, I firſt paid her my addreſſes, and our paſſions were firſt founded in duty.

Miſs *Nev.* Since his death, I have been obliged to ſtoop to diſſimulation to avoid oppreſſion. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to ſecure my choice. But I am now recover'd from the deluſion, and hope from your tenderneſs what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. *Hard.* Pſhaw, pſhaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony boy. Do you refuſe this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What ſignifies my refuſing? You know I can't refuſe her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's deſire to keep it ſecret. But ſince I find ſhe turns it to a wrong uſe, I muſt now declare, you have been of age theſe three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll ſee the firſt uſe I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miſs* Neville's *hand*] Witneſs all men by theſe preſents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, eſquire, of Blank place, refuſe you, Conſtantia Neville, ſpinſter, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Conſtantia Neville may marry whom ſhe pleaſes, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir *Char.* O brave 'ſquire!

Haſt. My worthy friend!

Mrs. *Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

Mar. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy ſincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be leſs arbitrary, I ſhould be the happieſt man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Haſt. [*To Miſs* Hardcaſtle] Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very laſt ſcene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm ſure he loves you, and you muſt and ſhall have him.

Hard. [*Joining their hands*] And I ſay ſo too. And, Mr. Marlow, if ſhe makes as good a wife as ſhe has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to ſupper. To-morrow we ſhall gather all the poor of the pariſh about us, and the miſtakes of the night ſhall be crown'd with a merry morning; ſo, boy, take her: and as you have been miſtaken in the miſtreſs, my wiſh is, that you may never be miſtaken in the wife. [*Exeunt.*


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EPILOGUE.

By Dr. Goldsmith.

Well, having ſtoop'd to conquer with ſucceſs,
And gain'd a huſband without aid from dreſs,
Still as a Bar-maid, I could wiſh it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me ſay, for all your reſolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to pleaſe,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The firſt act ſhews the ſimple country maid,
Harmleſs and young, of ev'ry thing afraid;
Bluſhes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you ſatisfaction.
Her ſecond act diſplays a lovelier ſcene,——
Th' unbluſhing Bar-maid of a country inn:
Who whiſks about the houſe, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the gueſts, and ſcolds the waiters,
Next the ſcene ſhifts to town, and there ſhe ſoars,
The chop-houſe toaſt of ogling connoiſſieurs.
On 'Squires and cits ſhe there diſplays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts——
And as ſhe ſmiles, her triumph to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act ſhews her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher;

Pretends to taſte, at Operas cries caro,
And quits her Nancy Dawſon, for Che Faro ;
Boats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel *of Cheapſide ;*
Ogles and leers with artificial ſkill,
Till, having loſt in age the power to kill,
She ſits all night at cards, and ogles at ſpadille.
Such, thro' our lives the eventful hiſtory——
The fifth and laſt act ſtill remains for me.
The Bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female Barriſter, and pleads for Bayes.

